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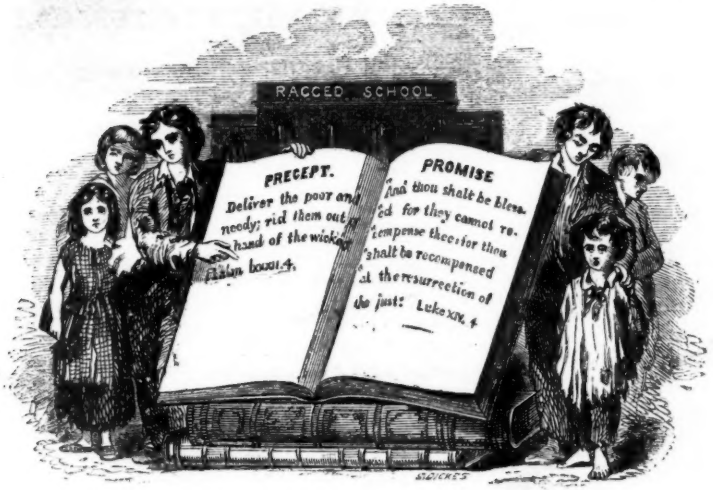
THE

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION

MAGAZINE.

No. CXXXIII. JANUARY, 1860. VOL. XII.


RAGGED SCHOOL
PRECEPT.
Deliver the poor and needy; rid them out of the hand of the wicked. Psalm lxxxii. 4.
PROMISE
And thou shalt be blessed for they cannot recompense thee: for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just: Luke xiv. 4

"The word of the Lord endureth for ever."—1 Peter i. 25.

PROFITS DEVOTED TO RAGGED SCHOOLS.

LONDON:
PARTRIDGE & CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.
JOHNSTONE AND HUNTER, EDINBURGH; ROBERTSON, DUBLIN; AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

* * * All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, 1, Exeter Hall, London.
* Orders for Advertisements to be sent to Robert K. Burt, Printer, Holborn Hill.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—The thanks of the Committee are presented to Miss Bodkin, for a parcel of clothing for Lamb and Flag Court Schools; to Mrs. Ray, for a piece of Derry calico and parcel of clothing; to Mrs. V. Kemble, for thirty frocks, and children's under clothing, &c.; to Miss Ripley, for six bonnets, some frocks and capes; to the Misses Elmes, Brixton, for twelve dozen neckties; to Mrs. Beauchamp, for a parcel of clothing for unfortunate females; to the Ladies' Working Party, Twickenham, for a parcel of warm clothing for Gun Street School; to Mrs. Reade, Hastings, for eight shirts and three caps; to Mrs. Barrow, for a parcel of clothing for New Nichol Street School.

AN AGGREGATE MEETING
OF
ALL RAGGED SCHOOL TEACHERS IN LONDON,

Paid or unpaid, male or female, will be held in

ST. MARTIN'S HALL, LONG ACRE,

On THURSDAY, JANUARY 5th, 1860.

The Chair will be taken at Seven o'clock.

Addresses will be delivered on Revivals, by Ministers and others. In accordance with the desire expressed by the Delegates, the Meeting will be partly of a devotional character.

Ragged School Teachers presenting a card bearing the address of their School and the signature of the Secretary, will be admitted.

The following

SPECIAL MEETINGS FOR PRAYER

Will be held in the second week of January, 1860, to which all the Teachers of the surrounding Ragged Schools are invited, viz:—

WEST LONDON, No. I.

Monday, January 9, 7·30 P.M., at Exeter Buildings, Exeter Street, Sloane Street, Chelsea.

WEST LONDON, No. II.

Wednesday, January 11, 7·30 P.M., at Gray's Yard, James Street, Oxford Street.

NORTH LONDON.

Tuesday, January 10, 7·30 P.M., at Sermon Lane, Liverpool Road, Islington.

CITY OF LONDON.

Wednesday, January 11, 7·30 P.M., at Field Lane, Victoria Street, Holborn Hill.

EAST LONDON, No. I.

Thursday, January, 12, 7·30 P.M., at Carr Street, Stepney, near Commercial Gas Works.

EAST LONDON, No. II.

Friday, January 13, 7·30 P.M., at New Nichol Street, Church Street, Shoreditch.

SOUTH LONDON, No. I.

Thursday, January 12, 7·30 P.M., at Jurston Street, Oakley Street, Lambeth.

SOUTH LONDON, No. II.

Friday, January 13, 7·30 P.M., at Giffin Street, Deptford.

PAID TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION LECTURE.

Saturday, January 7th, at Honduras Street, Old Street, St. Luke's. Lecture, at 3 P.M., by Rev. THOMAS ARCHER, D.D. Subject, "Our Age—its Work, and the Men for it."

Blandford Mews Ragged Schools,

DORSET STREET, BAKER STREET, W.

An earnest appeal is made to the friends of education of the outcast Poor, to assist in maintaining these Schools. The annual cost is £130, while the regular subscriptions do not exceed £40. It has in full and effective operation

A DAY SCHOOL

For Girls and Infants. The attendance averages about 100, who are thus not only rescued from the baneful and corrupting influences of a street education, but taught the elements of secular education, whereby they are the better fitted to occupy useful positions in society, and also instructed in Scripture truths, that they may become wise unto salvation.

A WEEK NIGHT SCHOOL,

Which is held on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings for Boys and Girls. The attendance averages about 60, and is composed of youths who are variously occupied during the day, and to whom an opportunity is thus afforded of either learning the first elements of education, or improving the little they have previously acquired.

A FREE SERVICE FOR THE POOR

is conducted every Sabbath evening by accredited ministers and laymen. These services have been attended on the average by about 30 adults, and have been productive of great good. There are evident tokens of the Word of God having been rendered powerful to the conviction of sin, to reformation in morals, to conformity to outward religious habits, and, in some few cases, to hopeful conversion to God. One person has become a decided character, and is now a member of a Christian church.

SERVICES IN THE OPEN AIR

are held in summer months and suitable weather. In conducting these services the neighbouring clergy have rendered very important and effective service.

Contributions will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, H. Ravenshaw, Esq., 40, Harley Street; by the Honorary Secretary, Mr. W. A. Blake, 38, South Bank, Regent's Park; and at the Office of the Ragged School Union, 1, Exeter Hall.

HOMELESS AND DESTITUTE.

The Committee of the REFORMATORY AND REFUGE UNION desire again to direct Public attention to various Institutions in London for the Relief of the outcast and unfortunate.

NAME AND LOCALITY.	CLASS RECEIVED.
For Males.	
Boys' Refuge, Commercial Street, Whitechapel	The destitute and those on the verge of a criminal course.
Boys' Home Reformatory and Refuge, Wandsworth	Destitute boys, convicted or unconvicted.
Boys' Home Industrial School, 44, Euston Road	Destitute boys, unconvicted, and vagrants under sentence of detention.
Britannia Court Refuge, Gray's Inn Road	Homeless and destitute boys, chiefly from Ragged Schools.
Brook Street Refuge, Hampstead Road ...	Criminal or destitute.
East London Refuge, Mansell Street, Whitechapel	Vagrants under sentence, and destitute or neglected children.
Field Lane Night Refuge, Holborn Hill ...	The utterly destitute.
Grotto Passage Refuge, Marylebone ...	The destitute or criminal.
Home in the East, Bow	Criminals under sentence of detention.
Islington Reformatory, Bryan Street ...	Abandoned, degraded, outcast boys.
London Reformatory, Westminster	Adult male criminals.
Maida Hill Refuge, Hatton Street	The depraved and destitute.
North-West London Preventive and Reformatory Institution and Industrial School, Euston Road	Criminals, the destitute, and vagrants, under sentence of detention.
Ratcliff Cross Night Refuge, Ratcliff ...	Adult destitute males.
Reformatory Factory, Lambeth	Destitute orphan street boys.
School Ship "Cornwall," off Purfleet ...	Vagrants and convicted criminals.
St. Giles' and St. George Bloomsbury, Refuge	Homeless and destitute boys.
For Females.	
Cottage Road Home, Pimlico	Destitute children, or children of very poor parents.
Cripples' Home and Female Refuge, Marylebone	Crippled and destitute girls, and others having depraved parents.
Elizabeth Fry Refuge, Hackney ...	Females, on their discharge from the Metropolitan prisons.
Field Lane Night Refuge for the Homeless, Hatton Garden	Servants and other girls out of employment and destitute.
Industrial Home, Hackney	Girls of good character, but who need industrial training, and vagrants under sentence.
Industrial Home for Girls, Sloane Street	Girls exposed to temptation, or who have commenced a course of crime, and vagrants under sentence.
King Edward, or Eastern, Refuge, Spitalfields	Children of vicious and criminal parents or themselves such.
Paddington Home, Marylebone Road ...	Girls who are destitute, or have bad homes
Refuge for the Destitute, Dalston ...	Young women exposed to crime and destitution, chiefly from prisons.
Rescue Society, Six Homes, various localities	Convicted criminals and vagrants, and those exposed to temptation.
Royal Female Philanthropic Society, Kennington	Criminals, and destitute ignorant girls exposed to temptation.
School for the Destitute, Westminster	Orphan or deserted children, in perilous circumstances.
School of Discipline, Chelsea	Neglected children exposed to temptation and vagrants under sentence.

[Continued on next page

NAME AND LOCALITY.	CLASS RECEIVED.
For Females—*continued.*	
St. Giles' and St. George Bloomsbury, Refuge	The homeless and destitute.
Training Refuge, Lisson Street	Girls exposed to sin and misery, and vagrants under sentence.
For Males and Females.	
Dudley Stuart Night Refuge, Edgware Rd.	All classes of the utterly destitute.
Houseless Poor Asylum, City	The absolutely destitute working-classes.
House of Charity, Soho	Distressed persons out of employment, discharged from hospitals, &c., on trustworthy recommendation.

These Institutions have accommodation for nearly 3,000 inmates, about one-half being those who receive lodging and food only in the Night Refuges, and the other half those rescued from the vagrant, criminal, destitute, and neglected classes, who are lodged, fed, clothed, instructed, and trained for useful occupations, and ultimately are provided with situations or employment at home, or sent to the colonies.

As many of these Institutions, and others in the provinces, are greatly in need of assistance, an earnest APPEAL is made to those who have compassion for the Homeless and Destitute, for PECUNIARY AID, which may be given either directly to these Institutions (an account of which is contained in a shilling pamphlet, to be had at the Office of the Union), or to the REFORMATORY and REFUGE UNION, by which Grants are made out of the "Refuge Fund" to such as are in a needy condition, and are found, on inspection, to be efficiently managed.

In addition to the other operations of the Union, 158 males and females have been placed in permanent Refuges and Reformatories during the past nine months; and the Grants towards the maintenance of Institutions, during the past four years, amount to £1,981; towards Emigration, £414 4*s.*; towards Training of Masters and Matrons, £204 2*s.* 4*d.*; towards the establishment of New Institutions, £85; making a total of £2,684 6*s.* 4*d.*

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CHARLES GWILLIM, *Secretary.*

OFFICE OF THE UNION, 118, PALL MALL, S.W.
December, 1859.

London Female Preventive and Reformatory Institution,

200, Euston Road, near Euston Square, N.W.,

AND AT

18, Cornwall Place, Holloway Road, N.

PRESIDENT—Rev. CANON DALE, 31, Gordon Square, W.C.

THE following is a brief summary of the operations of this Institution from September 1857 to December 1859:—

Two hundred and twenty-three cases have been admitted to the benefits of this Institution, from whom the following particulars have been ascertained.

The relative condition of these cases:—

81 had neither parent living.
40 were motherless.
42 were fatherless.
60 had both parents living.

Occupation before falling into those circumstances which rendered admission into this Institution necessary:—

120 had been domestic servants.
46 „ „ needlewomen, and artificial-flower makers.
57 were not brought up to any particular employment.

Counties in England from whence cases have been received:—

Buckinghamshire	Kent	Staffordshire
Cambridgeshire	Lincolnshire	Somersetshire
Dorsetshire	Lancashire	Suffolk
Durham	Leicestershire	Sussex
Gloucestershire	Norfolk	Warwickshire
Essex	Northamptonshire	Wiltshire
Hertfordshire	Oxfordshire	Worcestershire.
Herefordshire	Radnorshire	
Hampshire	Shropshire	

Scotland, Ireland, Jersey, Guernsey, and also from thirteen Metropolitan Parishes.

One hundred and eighty-nine cases have been disposed of, from September 1857 to December 1859, in the following manner:—

95 to service.
54 to friends.
3 emigrated.
2 married.
6 dismissed.
29 left at their own request.

The Committee would earnestly and respectfully solicit special donations at this season. £10 is the average cost of each case; therefore, every contribution of that amount presents a way of escape from sin and sorrow through this medium.

Contributions will be thankfully received by THOS. RAIKES, Esq., Hon. Sec., 14, Lower Berkeley Street, Portman Square, W.; Mr. F. NICHOLLS, 14, Old Jewry Chambers, E.C.; the Bankers, Messrs. BOSANQUET & Co., 73, Lombard Street, E.C.; and Mr. E. W. THOMAS, 200, Euston Road, N.W. Contributions of flannel, calico, and prints, will also be thankfully received.

THE

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION MAGAZINE.

Papers, Original and Selected.

THE RESPONSIBILITIES ENTAILED BY AN AGE OF REVIVALS.

WHILE we write, the closing hours of the year are fast approaching; and before these words meet the eyes of our readers, its last moments will have departed; its forms of good or of evil, of virtue or vice, of neglected opportunity or of accomplished work, will have been stereotyped for ever: another link added to the chain of human life, another extension of the world's great opportunities. The past year must inevitably have produced an undeniable effect on individuals, on nations, and on the race. Many will have had their fairest hopes disappointed, their costliest erections shattered, their brightest dreams dispersed; some, who began the year in hope, will have closed it in sorrow and despair; others, who commenced it in health, will have felt before it passed the first premonitions of approaching decay. It has crowned the lives of some with melody and joy; the lives of others it has darkened and crushed; inexorably it has rolled onwards, dealing out its varied experiences and its unmistakable realities. Many a bright eye has lost its brilliancy, many a stalwart arm its strength, many an acute intellect its fire, many a loving heart its warmth, within the last twelve months.

But the Ragged School movement with which we have at present to do, like all other causes which are carried on by collective exertion, does not suffer in consequence of these. Defections from our ranks must necessarily take place; one by one the workers may step aside, but the stream still flows on; the hand that gave the last stroke may be paralysed, the voice that spoke the last word may be hushed, but the general movement still continues,

the vacant place is filled, and the ordinary work resumed. Still, schools require to be maintained, scholars are waiting to be taught, subscriptions are seeking for a renewal; time, as it rolls away, does not spread sunshine over the scene, dispersing all shadow, and relieving all want: the same conditions in which the world is found on a year's arrival are maintained also at its departure.

The year 1859 has been in many respects a remarkable one; more than usually the events contained within its compass have been deep and significant. We have had, for the first time for many years, an exclusively European war, with its flashing artillery, its eager contests, its dismal tidings, its deadly hate, its illusive glory, its permanent disadvantage. We have had fresh outbursts in China of treachery and violence; additional news from the Polar regions, the land of eternal ice and snow; new books, new thoughts, new urgencies, and, what must be regarded of more consequence than all, an undoubted revival of religion.

With some little hesitation and delicacy we refer publicly to the fact. The domain of intellect may admit of the most pertinacious and fiery discussion; the world of politics may be open to the most hostile and inveterate debate; the limits even of religious thought may be closely scanned and criticised; but step over the boundary into the territory of religious feeling, and we tread at once on sacred ground. Deep feeling, from whatever source it may arise, loses all its tenderness and consecration so soon as it is exposed or alluded to; its natural tendency is to shrink from sight, and hide itself in the inmost recesses of the heart which was its birthplace; it dreads daylight and scrutiny; it can only preserve its purity and unsulliedness by the solitude and silence it maintains. But there can be no question—and this is our excuse—that in Ireland a most unusual movement has occurred; that just in the very midst of a population where all argument, expostulation, or preaching would have been in vain, a mighty, irresistible influence has descended, has stirred human souls to their very depths, has aroused feelings never felt before, produced changes nothing else could have accomplished, suddenly altered the whole tone and tendency of many lives which a less potent influence would have left untouched. Not to Ireland alone have these occurrences been confined. In several of our London schools—though we deem it prudent to refrain from particulars—the same influences and results have been undoubtedly apparent. Their origin must be ascribed to a higher than human source, for the simple reason that the same agencies have been

carried on for years, the same appeals have been made, the same truths taught, yet no extraordinary effect has ever been produced, no shaking of the dry bones, no standing up of a once lifeless army; and it is, therefore, impossible to resist the conclusion that a superhuman power has been diligently operating.

The great practical question which devolves upon us is, what responsibility we incur by living in an age so remarkably distinguished. Whenever extraordinary developments of Divine influence may occur, they can never, in the natural order of things, be long separated from human agency. Apparently miraculous manifestations may intervene, but their results will be fleeting, unless living, breathing, sympathising men apply themselves to the work they are intended to introduce,—speak honest words, proclaim honest thoughts, endeavour by all the means in their power to exercise a wholesome influence. This, at least, cannot be denied, that all who are participators in a spiritual kingdom have consequent responsibilities necessarily entailed. One of the distinctive characteristics of Christianity is, that it is eminently personal; it separates every leaf from the forest, every drop in the ocean, every man on the earth; it allows no shelter from responsibility by taking refuge in the aggregate; no shrinking from duty by hiding in a mass. To every one on this earth a personal appeal is made,—a direct, unavoidable invitation given; the manner in which they respond to it is their concern. If Christianity is explicit in its offers of acceptance or rejection, it is equally so in its demands of uncompromising effort for its universal propagation. Happiness is no excuse for refusal for all the gentle, tender, softening influences which descend on any heart, bringing peace, and tranquillity, and joy, but should rather induce it to exert itself more in consideration of their origin. Sorrow is no excuse; for, though by some strange and inexplicable dispensation, many lives are merely a perpetual pain; yet, if true to their allegiance, they will not be rendered morose, desponding, or hopeless, but will rise superior—hard as it may be—to their own individual unhappiness, will strive after a clearer vision, a keener perception, a more determined labour.

If this then be the case under ordinary circumstances, with special emphasis must it apply to an age in which these revivals are taking place. Responsibilities deepen in proportion to the surrounding circumstances, and surely no incidents can carry greater weight than these, in which God is adding to human effort the wonderful influences of his own omnipotent power. The moral universe

And for some important purpose,
Not with selfish zeal;
See—humanity is bleeding,
Aid, thy fellow-man is needing.
Hundreds, thousands, millions—hear them
Breathing out their woes—go, cheer them,
Seek their wounds to heal.

Soon another year, all freighted
With the deeds of man,
Will be borne to God the giver,
And recall'd by mortal never!
Oh, be wakeful, watchful, ready,
Heart and hand, to bless the needy,
Thus fill out thy span.

A LODGE ON A HILL.

"Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

On Highgate Hill, hard by the road,
A pleasant cottage stood,
Within whose peaceful walls abode
The gifted and the good.

But now, beneath that honoured roof,
Another form appears—
A female form, with suffering bowed,
Though youthful still in years.

And who is this with feeble step,
And voice so sad and low,
In weakness and in weariness
Must pass her days below?

'Tis she who bathed the fevered brow,
And smoothed the dying bed,
Of those who for their country's sake,
Their blood so freely shed.

The hour is past, the strife is o'er,
The din of war is stilled,
She sees once more her native shore—
Her mission is fulfilled!

But ne'er returns the glow of health,
Which she had known before—
Not human skill, or England's wealth,
The martyr could restore!

To distant lands has spread her fame,
O'er many a hill and dale,
And long shall England bless the name
Of Florence Nightingale!

Her *deeds* are known throughout the earth,
Her *faith* to heaven alone,
Who, thus to save the soldier's life,
Has sacrificed her own!

S. S.

TO JOSEPH PAYNE, ESQ.*

A noble cause!—you stand excused—
Can *such* a plea be e'er refused?
Go follow then the "Eagle's" path—
His noble deeds—his earnest faith—
His ardent hope—his zeal untired,
With heavenly love and pity fired!
Oh! long may he remain to show,
What makes this earth a heaven below!
And when his earthly labours cease,
And he at last shall "rest in peace,"
When he in "mansions" passing fair,
A brighter coronet shall wear;
Go follow to that world unknown,
And *meet* him *there* "before the throne."

S. S.

*These lines were sent to Mr. Payne on his declining an invitation into the country, saying he was engaged to meet "that Eagle of Philanthropy—the noble Earl of Shaftesbury."

Editor's Portfolio.

Prize Writing-case.

We have carefully examined this compact writing-case, and are bound to admit that, for convenience and pocket adaptability, we have seen nothing of the kind equal to it. The Council of the Society of Arts offered a reward of £20, placed at their disposal by the Rev. F. Trench and J. M'Gregor, Esq., and the Society's medal, for a writing-case suited to the use of soldiers, sailors, emigrants, &c. The principal conditions were, that it should not weigh (when empty) above five ounces; that it should be of no greater length and

breadth than necessary to hold note-paper; that it must be made of a substance not liable to be spoiled by wet, in order that it might protect the contents from injury; and that the retail price should not exceed 1s. 6d. To Messrs. Parkins and Gotto has been awarded the prize for inventing a writing-case embracing the above conditions. A description of the one before us will be sufficient to convey an idea of its exceeding utility:—One side contains two quires of note-paper and a ruled blotting-book, the object of the latter being to give the writer lines to guide him and paper to dry his ink in one form; on the other side are envelopes and a diary. The case is also furnished with pens, a metal holder, and an indelible pencil. Of course, the fittings-up are not included in the original 1s. 6d. We recommend the case as being of a most convenient size and weight, of good strength and durability, and remarkably cheap.

STATE OF EDUCATION IN NORFOLK.

THE Rev. N. H. Pilkington, chaplain to Walsingham Bridewell, one of the Norfolk county prisons, draws a gloomy picture of what he describes as "the awful, almost incredible, ignorance of the agricultural classes in this district of Norfolk." During the past year 240 prisoners were committed to the Bridewell, and of these 121 could not read a letter in a book, 157 could not write their names, 57 could not say a word of the Lord's Prayer, and 84 could say it but very imperfectly; 61 could not tell who Jesus Christ was, state how or for what purpose he died, and were "to all intents and purposes heathens, being ignorant of the simplest and commonest Christian truths. . . . Many who could say the Lord's Prayer said it by rote, without knowing its meaning or why it was so called. Many of them had been at school when children, some even for three or four years, but having been early removed, and from time to time uncared for, very soon forgot what they had learnt, and in a short time became perfect heathens, not only practically, but intellectually." Mr. Pilkington strongly recommends adult evening schools as the "best means of checking and counteracting such a melancholy state of things."

Notices of Meetings.

UNION JACK BRIGADE OF SHOE-BLACKS.

THE annual meeting of the Union Jack Brigade was recently held in the Lecture Hall of the Sailors' Institute, Mercer Street, Shadwell. The chair was occupied by Robt. Charles, Esq., and there was a crowded attendance of the respectable inhabitants of the district.

The proceedings were commenced by the Secretary reading the report of the committee for the past year, which stated that the brigade was drafted from the different Ragged Schools in the district, and was called the Union Jack Brigade, because a large majority of their customers were seamen, while some of their stations were in the immediate vicinity of the docks. The brigade was formed in the month of January last, and since that time fifty-six boys had been drafted into it. Of those, twelve had left of their own accord, five had been sent to service, a few had been taken by their parents, thirteen had been discharged, and eighteen still remained in the brigade. The earnings of these boys since the formation of the brigade had been £102 11s. 4d., which would give a total of 27,016 pairs of boots they had cleaned. Of these earnings, 6d. per day was given to the boy, and the balance was divided into three parts. One-third was given to the boy, in addition to the sixpence; another third was appropriated to defray the expenses of the brigade; and the remaining third was put into a bank to the boy's credit, and when the sum amounted to 10s., he could take it up for the purpose of getting clothes. There was, however, a debt of nine pounds against the committee at the present time, and it was hoped the community would not only make up that sum, but place them, by their liberality, in a position which would enable them to extend their efforts.

The Chairman then addressed the meeting, highly commending the object which had called them together, to their liberality, and pointing out the origin of these shoe-black brigades, which were tried as an experiment in the year of the Great Exhibition, and, having then proved to

operate well and beneficially, had been increased and augmented, until now there was not a district in London where they were not to be found. It was not alone in blacking shoes that these boys were employed, but they were also taught to make the blacking used by them, to mend their own clothes, and trained and maintained their own band. (Cheers.)

The Rev. Mr. Kennedy moved the adoption of the report, and that the meeting congratulated the committee on the success which had attended their efforts during the past year.

The resolution was seconded by the Rev. Mr. M'Gill, supported by Mr. George Gowland, and cordially agreed to by the meeting, who backed it up by a liberal contribution in aid of the funds of the brigade.

The meeting was thereafter addressed by the Rev. M. M'Cull and Mr. Joseph Payne, who presented two of the boys with copies of the Bible and the "Pilgrim's Progress" for good behaviour.

KINGSTON RAGGED SCHOOLS.

A PUBLIC meeting was held in St. James's Hall, in advocacy of this Institution, on October 23th. The chair was taken by Alderman Sir Robert Carden, who was supported by the Rev. Thomas Pyne, the Mayor, General Lawrence; Mr. Locke, secretary to the Ragged School Union; Messrs Weston, Dawson, Stevens, Garner, &c. &c. A considerable number of the youths of the schools were present, and presented, with their teachers, an interesting appearance. Many of the pupils were adult young men, who, by their decorous conduct, evinced they had not been taught in vain.

The proceedings were commenced by the Rev. Thomas Pyne offering a prayer.

Sir Robert Carden, on rising, was greeted with welcome. He proceeded to observe that, doubtless, all who were present at that meeting, and also all who were present at the preceding one, would recollect they had two noblemen for their chairmen. On this occasion, when the secretary, Mr. Dawson, solicited him to become the chairman, he felt some little hesitation in following after such men as Lord John Russell and Lord St. Leonard's. He did not possess the eloquence of these two noblemen, but he could say he possessed at heart the interest of the Ragged Schools. On that theme he loved to dilate, and it had been his pleasure to be connected with the movement from its commencement, and when only two or three met together. It was an acknowledged fact that the country owe much to the benefits conferred by the agency of Ragged Schools. He knew, as a magistrate of the county, that one-half of the criminals could neither read nor write, and if the nation had neglected its duty towards these poor outcasts, he hoped now they would make amends for it. Where Ragged Schools had been established, they were invariably followed by mothers' meetings and penny banks. (He inquired if they had those auxiliaries at Kingston, and was answered that they had partially.) He hoped that they would soon have them not only in part, but entirely. (Cheers.) One fact in connection with Ragged Schools was, that they had effected a considerable diminution in juvenile crime. He held in his hand a report of the chaplain of Horsemonger-lane Gaol, which stated that the number of juvenile criminals was considerably less than in previous years, and this was attributed to the influence of Ragged Schools and Shoe-black Brigades. He saw in the "Ragged School Union Magazine," that in London and its suburbs there were 23,800 children in attendance at Ragged Schools. Let them consider what would be the character of these, had they not been rescued and brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. In allusion to the Shoe-black Brigades, of which there are ten in London, the speaker observed that there were 226 boys earning one penny at a time, which produced £4,308 a year, and this large sum was earned honestly. Whatever might be said of Ragged Schools, it must be admitted that the 226 of the Shoe Brigade were *shining* characters. (Cheers.) Then again, they had 1,740 late members of Ragged Schools placed out in good situations, which if they kept twelve months, they were entitled to receive a certificate of good character, which many of the lads prized most highly, so that they had the certificate carefully framed and preserved as a precious treasure. (Hear, hear.) He knew of no spectacle so fine as to see those children brought up in the fear of God, and becoming a blessing to their parents. Again, let them consider the small amount which each Ragged School cost; it only amounted to £1 per boy. Contrast that with the outlay for each juvenile criminal, which cost from £20 to £25 per annum. Then, if such was the fact, would it not be better to prevent rather than to punish? It was a standing disgrace to any place not to raise enough to support, where needed, a Ragged School. Such should never be in debt, and, for himself, he never liked to preside at a bankrupt affair. He saw a preponderance of ladies present, and he would remind them that the schools were £34 in debt, but he hoped to tell them before he left the meeting, that the debt was in a fair way for liquidation. He felt pleasure in presiding at Ragged School feasts, and was glad to find they had one at Kingston. He had served up the plum-pudding himself, and cut the roast beef, and hoped to do so again.

The report having been read, the meeting was addressed by General Lawrence, Rev. Thomas Pyne, Mr. W. Locke, Mr. Strachan, and Mr. Dawson.

THE

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION MAGAZINE.

"There are some bosoms dark and drear,
Which an unwatered desert are;
Yet there a curious eye may trace
Some smiling spot, some verdant place,
Where little flowers, the weeds between,
Spend their soft fragrance all unseen.

"Despise them not, for wisdom's toil
Has ne'er disturbed that stubborn soil;
Yet care and culture might have brought
The ore of truth from mines of thought:
And fancy's fairest flowers have bloomed,
Where truth and fancy lie entombed."

"The poor shall never cease out of the land: therefore I command thee, saying, Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor, and to thy needy, in thy land."—DEUT. xv. 11.

VOLUME XII.

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AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

TO OUR READERS.

THE wheel of time having made another revolution, the period has arrived for bringing to a close, with a few words "to our readers," our records of Ragged School labours and successes, fears and disappointments, hopes and realizations, belonging to the year 1860. We are again on the boundary line that separates an "Old" from a "New Year." It will soon be crossed, for

> The sands run on, Time turns his glass,
> And winged moments swiftly pass.

To many the moments have not passed swiftly enough, and their ingenuity has been taxed to invent new instruments for "killing time." Their great object seems to have been to fill up life with as little pain and labour, and as much mirth and ease, as possible. They could not, with the American poet, say, "Life is earnest;" but rather held with the poet of England, when he calls life

> "A tale told by an idiot,
> Full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

How different is the experience of the labourers in the Ragged School vineyard. As a body, they are the poor of this world, but rich in faith and good works. With them "time" seems to "fly" too fast, and the year rolls round too rapidly to complete all they strive to accomplish in their double capacity of Christian and Philanthropist. Although all has not been realized they desired, yet their labours have been attended with remarkable success; which may be seen,

I. In the decrease of Juveniles imprisoned with bad characters;

II. In the increase of Juveniles employed with good characters;

III. In the manifestations of spiritual life in Ragged Schools.

1st. Mr. Roche, who for sixteen years had been an officer in the Thames Police Court, made the gratifying announcement last May, that the number of persons who passed through his hands in 1859 was 1,100 less than in 1858. The numbers had again diminished for the first four months and ten days of the present year. And he expected that if the diminution went on in the same ratio for the remainder of 1860, the decrease, as compared with 1859, would be 500, or 1,600 less than in 1858. The population, however, during the time, had greatly increased.

A paper was read, on November 20, to the Statistical Society, when it was shown that juvenile crime had generally and steadily decreased from 13,981, in 1856, to 8,913 in 1859, being a reduction of 5,068, or 36 per cent.; while adult crime had unsteadily fallen from 99,755, in 1856, to 98,159 in 1859, or only 1½ per cent.

2nd. The full number of children going from Ragged Schools into situations is not known; but it is ascertained that 2,000 get places yearly from the schools in London. Prizes for good character, and with not less than twelve months in one place, have risen from 144, in 1855, to 870 in 1859.

3rd. In November, 1859, we furnished details of the revival of religion in Ragged Schools; and now that more than twelve months have elapsed, we have the peculiar satisfaction in reporting that this heaven-sent influence has not only not died out, but is at this time extending, and those who were the first subjects of converting grace, are still making a good profession, and by their conduct adorn the profession they make; while some have been admitted as members of Christian churches.

Attention is called to these gratifying facts, to awaken gratitude to the Giver of all good, and as an incentive to further and still more extended action in the cause of humanity and service of God.

THE EDITOR.

1, *Exeter Hall, December*, 1860.

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Donations and Subscriptions for the Ragged School Union, or for any School in connection with the Society, will be thankfully received at the Society's Office, 1, Exeter Hall, London, W.C., or at the Society's Bankers, Messrs. BARCLAY, BEVAN, and Co., 54, Lombard Street, London, E.C.

Post-office Orders should be made payable to Mr. JOSEPH G. GENT, *Secretary*, 1, Exeter Hall, Strand, London, W.C.

THE

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION MAGAZINE.

Papers, Original and Selected.

THE RESPONSIBILITIES ENTAILED BY AN AGE OF REVIVALS.

WHILE we write, the closing hours of the year are fast approaching; and before these words meet the eyes of our readers, its last moments will have departed; its forms of good or of evil, of virtue or vice, of neglected opportunity or of accomplished work, will have been stereotyped for ever: another link added to the chain of human life, another extension of the world's great opportunities. The past year must inevitably have produced an undeniable effect on individuals, on nations, and on the race. Many will have had their fairest hopes disappointed, their costliest erections shattered, their brightest dreams dispersed; some, who began the year in hope, will have closed it in sorrow and despair; others, who commenced it in health, will have felt before it passed the first premonitions of approaching decay. It has crowned the lives of some with melody and joy; the lives of others it has darkened and crushed; inexorably it has rolled onwards, dealing out its varied experiences and its unmistakable realities. Many a bright eye has lost its brilliancy, many a stalwart arm its strength, many an acute intellect its fire, many a loving heart its warmth, within the last twelve months.

But the Ragged School movement with which we have at present to do, like all other causes which are carried on by collective exertion, does not suffer in consequence of these. Defections from our ranks must necessarily take place; one by one the workers may step aside, but the stream still flows on; the hand that gave the last stroke may be paralysed, the voice that spoke the last word may be hushed, but the general movement still continues,

the vacant place is filled, and the ordinary work resumed. Still, schools require to be maintained, scholars are waiting to be taught, subscriptions are seeking for a renewal; time, as it rolls away, does not spread sunshine over the scene, dispersing all shadow, and relieving all want: the same conditions in which the world is found on a year's arrival are maintained also at its departure.

The year 1859 has been in many respects a remarkable one; more than usually the events contained within its compass have been deep and significant. We have had, for the first time for many years, an exclusively European war, with its flashing artillery, its eager contests, its dismal tidings, its deadly hate, its illusive glory, its permanent disadvantage. We have had fresh outbursts in China of treachery and violence; additional news from the Polar regions, the land of eternal ice and snow; new books, new thoughts, new urgencies, and, what must be regarded of more consequence than all, an undoubted revival of religion.

With some little hesitation and delicacy we refer publicly to the fact. The domain of intellect may admit of the most pertinacious and fiery discussion; the world of politics may be open to the most hostile and inveterate debate; the limits even of religious thought may be closely scanned and criticised; but step over the boundary into the territory of religious feeling, and we tread at once on sacred ground. Deep feeling, from whatever source it may arise, loses all its tenderness and consecration so soon as it is exposed or alluded to; its natural tendency is to shrink from sight, and hide itself in the inmost recesses of the heart which was its birthplace; it dreads daylight and scrutiny; it can only preserve its purity and unsulliedness by the solitude and silence it maintains. But there can be no question—and this is our excuse—that in Ireland a most unusual movement has occurred; that just in the very midst of a population where all argument, expostulation, or preaching would have been in vain, a mighty, irresistible influence has descended, has stirred human souls to their very depths, has aroused feelings never felt before, produced changes nothing else could have accomplished, suddenly altered the whole tone and tendency of many lives which a less potent influence would have left untouched. Not to Ireland alone have these occurrences been confined. In several of our London schools—though we deem it prudent to refrain from particulars—the same influences and results have been undoubtedly apparent. Their origin must be ascribed to a higher than human source, for the simple reason that the same agencies have been

carried on for years, the same appeals have been made, the same truths taught, yet no extraordinary effect has ever been produced, no shaking of the dry bones, no standing up of a once lifeless army; and it is, therefore, impossible to resist the conclusion that a superhuman power has been diligently operating.

The great practical question which devolves upon us is, what responsibility we incur by living in an age so remarkably distinguished. Whenever extraordinary developments of Divine influence may occur, they can never, in the natural order of things, be long separated from human agency. Apparently miraculous manifestations may intervene, but their results will be fleeting, unless living, breathing, sympathising men apply themselves to the work they are intended to introduce,—speak honest words, proclaim honest thoughts, endeavour by all the means in their power to exercise a wholesome influence. This, at least, cannot be denied, that all who are participators in a spiritual kingdom have consequent responsibilities necessarily entailed. One of the distinctive characteristics of Christianity is, that it is eminently personal; it separates every leaf from the forest, every drop in the ocean, every man on the earth; it allows no shelter from responsibility by taking refuge in the aggregate; no shrinking from duty by hiding in a mass. To every one on this earth a personal appeal is made,—a direct, unavoidable invitation given; the manner in which they respond to it is their concern. If Christianity is explicit in its offers of acceptance or rejection, it is equally so in its demands of uncompromising effort for its universal propagation. Happiness is no excuse for refusal for all the gentle, tender, softening influences which descend on any heart, bringing peace, and tranquillity, and joy, but should rather induce it to exert itself more in consideration of their origin. Sorrow is no excuse; for, though by some strange and inexplicable dispensation, many lives are merely a perpetual pain; yet, if true to their allegiance, they will not be rendered morose, desponding, or hopeless, but will rise superior—hard as it may be—to their own individual unhappiness, will strive after a clearer vision, a keener perception, a more determined labour.

If this then be the case under ordinary circumstances, with special emphasis must it apply to an age in which these revivals are taking place. Responsibilities deepen in proportion to the surrounding circumstances, and surely no incidents can carry greater weight than these, in which God is adding to human effort the wonderful influences of his own omnipotent power. The moral universe

seems to be instinct with the premonitions of approaching life; a tremulous expectation of the glory of the latter days, of a higher and nobler condition, seems to pervade it. Whence do these indications and impulses come? By what strange, mysterious, unaccountable influence are they produced? Who is responsible for their origination, for the nerves they touch, the impulses they form, the achievements to which they stimulate? We cannot but believe that an age in which revivals are taking place entails extra responsibility on those who are embraced within its circumference. Surely if, under ordinary circumstances, exertion is necessary, it is still more imperative in those which now exist; there cannot possibly be either excuse or absolution. The influences of the Spirit, borne to us across the waste of centuries, are passing now, and are powerful yet. The first faint whisperings of the breeze are heard which is to revivify and freshen the moral creation. In America, Ireland, Wales, Bloomsbury, the most marvellous results have been produced, purely by the operation of a superhuman power; the extent and result of the movement it is impossible at present to foresee. What then are we doing in this age of revivals? Are we standing by in sluggish indifference, not attempting to arrest, yet not endeavouring to aid its progress? Do we sympathise with it, and nothing more? If so, we are shrinking from the duties and responsibilities which the present condition of things imposes; we are proving ourselves unequal to the times in which we have fallen, and inadequate to meet the exigencies which are now arising. Human agency can never be dispensed with for the spread of religious truth. Occasionally the Great Worker himself may step down on to the theatre of the universe, and produce, by one grand irresistible influence, effects which must otherwise have occupied years of time, and resulted only from long and gradual processes; but even these special seasons require to be supplemented by human labour. It is our duty to accept with gratitude these glorious revivals; but we are not to imagine that they supersede the necessity for our exertions. The cause is noble,—the rescue of the world; the time solemn, portentous of the coming day. Are we in earnest? Are we plying the eager hand, speaking the kind word, feeling the tender sympathy, hoping with the earnest expectation, that are requisite? Are we enduring that stern self-sacrifice, striving after that self-abnegation, to which we ought to attain? God works on in his quiet power, evoking out of the seeming the real, out of the false the

true, out of the evil good. Are we standing all the day idle, even when the glory of the latter days is upshooting from the horizon, and silence is being obtained for the still small voice to speak? There are room and work for all—a special niche in which each one may insert himself, particular work which each one is best adapted to execute. Manhood with its conscious strength, womanhood with its gentle tenderness, youth with its glowing hopes, maturity with its sober power, age with its calm and quiet wisdom—all are wanted. If we are faithful to our trust, the new year may be long remembered, and at some future time occupy a prominent position in the annals of the past.

COOKING FOR THE SICK IN RAGGED SCHOOLS.

THE desirableness of establishing Industrial Classes in our Ragged Schools is too self-evident to require comment. For to take children from the foul courts and the still fouler dens of London, without training them to habits of industry, would be only to send them back with that increased power for evil which springs from mental culture. Hence it is a subject of congratulation to find that in the 160 Ragged Schools and Refuges 4,293 boys and girls are more or less industrially employed. As might be supposed, the 3,448 girls who are included in the 97 Industrial Classes of Ragged Schools are chiefly engaged in plain needlework and knitting. But in a few schools—and we see no reason why this plan should not be adopted in *all*—the daily sweeping and the weekly scrubbing of the school-room devolve on the elder girls.

It is, however, to be regretted that Industrial Classes are mainly confined to girls. For, including Refuges, only 655 of our boys are engaged in any manual labour. This fact is the more painful, seeing that there are few lads in our schools who are not fond of the Industrial Class. Very pleasant, for example, is it to visit the Industrial Class of the Ragged School in Victoria Place, Southwark, and to notice the avidity with which they quit their secular studies to ply the awl or the needle. The last report of that school says:—"The Industrial Classes are proceeding satisfactorily. There have been 302 articles of clothing made since the last Report. These articles have been disposed of to the children who have assisted to make them, at one-third less than the cost price of the material: an advantage for which their parents are constantly expressing their thanks. It is a strange though pleasing sight to see great boys come in and ask permission *to be mended;* another boy is ordered, as it is termed, "*to sew him up;*" and he is thankful for the repair of his clothing. But this is not all. If it is found that the applicant is uneducated, he is induced to attend the Evening School, and thus he is *mended* in more ways than one."

There is reason, however, to believe that more Boys' Industrial Classes

would be established were it not for the difficulty of obtaining suitable rooms, and the still greater difficulty in defraying the attendant expenses. But, as 336 lads are employed in the various Shoe-black Brigades, this want is partly met; for in nothing have those valuable societies been more successful than in supplying adequate industrial *tests*. This, indeed, is the main object of an Industrial Class. We do not so much aim at teaching them trades whereby they can "provide things honestly in the sight of all men," as to drill them into habits of regular labour. For, trained as most are by home precept and parental example to idleness or, at best, to *irregular* labour, it is something to show them that to work by fits and starts is not the road to success; in other words, that if Rome *had* been built in a day, it would not have lasted a week. Happily this object has been accomplished in cases not a few; and if hundreds, as sailors or colonists, are now doing a "fair day's work for a fair day's wages," it is in part due to the habits of labour engendered in the humble Industrial Class.

In those homes for the destitute and the outcast yclept "Refuges" such labour is of course systematised, and due provision—averaging seven hours daily—is made in the Time Table for industrial pursuits. There is, indeed, scarcely a trade which is not taught in one or other of our Refuges. For instance, on a recent visit to the Wandsworth Refuge, we found that the boys had just built a dormitory capable of holding ninety; and in a workmanlike manner they were engaged in painting the exterior of that building. Hence it is that in some cases the poor outcasts of London have not only acquired that *handiness* which fits them for any kind of labour in after life, but have learnt trades whereby they are now earning their bread. Nor is this all; for they have contributed, more or less, to their own maintenance whilst inmates of the Refuge. Thus, for example, the boys of Brook Street Refuge contributed last year by their earnings no less than £250 out of the £400 their management and maintenance cost that institution, and have nearly solved the problem, whether Refuges can possibly be made self-supporting.

In every Refuge, in addition to the trades taught, the domestic work is done by the inmates. Very pleasant is it to see the girls of Hill Street Refuge making and baking bread, or cooking their rations; and still more pleasing—because a rare spectacle in a Ragged School—is it to notice the juvenile Soyers of Gray's Yard, whilst preparing and cooking their bi-weekly dinner of rice during the winter months.

It is scarcely needful to intimate that luxuries form no part of the Diet Table of Refuges; but, plain as is the food supplied, it is wholesome in quality and sufficiently varied to discover who are the natural cooks of the establishment. It being, in the boys' Refuges especially, a post of honour, many are the candidate cooks; but, in agreement with the old adage that "too many cooks spoil the broth," to one lad—who has a genius for cooking—the task is usually assigned. Many a savoury mess have we thus tasted in our boys' Refuges such as would not have disgraced a City feast, and which had, at least, one ingredient alien from such a festival—namely, it left no headache as a legacy.

Following the example of the Hastings Ragged School, a step in advance has recently been made by the Lisson Street Refuge; for, with the twofold view of helping the sick poor and of fitting the inmates for domestic service, they

are employed in cooking for the sick. For the quality of the articles vended we can vouch, but further this deponent sayeth not. A certain lady, however, who is versed in the mysteries of domestic economy, intimates that the prices are moderate. But from the following table our readers can judge for themselves:—

"LIST OF PRICES OF ARTICLES COOKED FOR THE SICK.

Beef Tea	per pint	6*d.*
Ditto (extra strength)	ditto	8*d.*
Mutton Broth	ditto	6*d.*
Arrowroot	ditto	4*d.*
Oatmeal Gruel	ditto	2*d.*

PUDDINGS.

Rice		3*d.*
Arrowroot, Ground Rice, Oswego, Batter, Custard	Boiled or baked, each	6*d.*

BLANC MANGE.

Arrowroot, Ground Rice, Oswego	each	6*d.*

From their perishable nature these articles must be ordered the night before they are required. Printed forms are supplied to ladies who desire to confer this boon on their poorer sisters.

An experiment of a somewhat similar character commenced last month at the Gray's Yard Ragged School. Several girls are employed every Tuesday to cook meat and vegetables, under the direction of the lady treasurer. For this purpose a large room on the ground-floor has been fitted up with a kitchen range and utensils. The meat—boiled or roast—is sold at the rate of 1*s.* per pound, with a plentiful supply of vegetables. It will, however, be seen from the price charged, that the training of girls as cooks is the great aim of the promoters, rather than to confer any boon on the destitute poor. But, like the Lisson Street scheme, it is equally worthy of commendation, as the great object is clearly to train up Ragged School girls for domestic service.

We cannot but consider this attempt to meet a pressing want of our poorer brethren a praiseworthy one. As the French truly say, few of the English poor know how to cook even a potato properly; and as for a joint of meat, when their scanty funds permit such a luxury, it is brought to the table either half raw or whole burnt. Again, when they do know how to cook, then there are no proper utensils at hand; or, as they say, "anything will do for cooking a potato." If, however, utensils are provided, *where* can they possibly cook in their scanty rooms? For how few of the poor of London have kitchens; and too many, like an inmate of Lisson Street Refuge, live in homes, or rather *dens*, with eleven other persons! We do not wonder then that this experiment to provide needful luxuries for the sick is appreciated by the poor of the district; for, from many a painful experience, they "know the reason why."

We trust that other Institutions of a kindred character will not be slow to follow the precedent thus set, for there is no district, south or east, where it is not equally needed. Thus, whilst a boon will be conferred on many poor families, the girls will have been taught how to prepare food and to cook it properly before they have entered into domestic service. Nor is this an unimportant part of female education, especially of those who are being trained as domestics. Voltaire sarcastically said, that "England had a hundred religions and only one sauce;" which, doubtless, is preferable to having a hundred sauces and *no* religion. But as good cooking, from the chemical change the meat undergoes, tends to promote good digestion, there is no reason why food should not be properly cooked; and that servant will be most acceptable who does not think that to *spoil* food is to cook it. This lesson they will more

The Kitchen of Lisson Street Refuge.

quickly acquire whilst preparing those delicacies which are the proper diet of the sick chamber. Hence we cordially wish success to the Hastings and Lisson Street friends in their self-imposed task of cooking for the sick, and hope speedily to add other institutions to this list of public benefactors. We do this the more readily because female trades are so overstocked and underpaid; and good domestics, especially good plain cooks, so rare a commodity in the labour market, that we are always glad to hear that the girls of Ragged Schools are being trained for domestic service. For not only are they thereby preserved from the temptations of the low districts they call home, but in cases not a few they are precluded from daily teaching incident to the vicious examples of parents, who too often effectually aid Satan in making the *worst* of both worlds. But, more even than this, if introduced—as we could desire were always the case with Ragged Scholars—into families where the daily

sacrifice of prayer and praise is presented, they will have additional encouragements to serve the Saviour they found in the Ragged School.

Hence, if any one feature of the Ragged School Union Prize Meeting is more gratifying than another, it is to see above 150 rosy-cheeked and modestly attired female servants troop across the platform to receive the reward of good conduct. May this be the case every year, so that many types of Rebecca's nurse may spring from our schools. For then, from their faithfulness and affection, it may be recorded of them, as it was of Deborah, "She was buried at Bethel, under an oak, and the name of it was called Allon-bachuth," or the oak of tears, for the patriarchs felt that the friend of their childhood was dead!

BIBLE HINTS FOR 1860:

A SERMON FOR RAGGED SCHOOL TEACHERS.

"Day by day, from the first day unto the last day, he read in the book of the law of God."—Nehem. viii. 18.

I.—WORDS OF COUNSEL.

1. He shall build my city, and he shall let go my captives, not for price or reward, saith the Lord of hosts.—Isa. xlv. 13.

2. Thou shalt teach them ordinances and laws, and shalt show them the way wherein they must walk, and the *work* that they must do.—Exod. xviii 20.

3. Which things we speak not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth.—1 Cor. ii. 13.

4. Give attendance to *reading*, that thy profiting may appear to all.—1 Tim. iv. 13, 15.

5. Neither will I offer burnt offerings unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing.—2 Sam. xxiv. 24.

6. Be *patient* toward all men.—1 Thess. v. 14.

7. Observe these things without preferring one before another, doing nothing by *partiality*.—1 Tim. v. 21.

8. Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.—Phil. ii. iv.

9. In all things showing thyself a pattern of good works.—Titus ii. 7.

10. The fire shall ever be burning upon the altar; it shall never go out.—Lev. vi. 13.

II.—WORDS OF WARNING.

1. Take heed to the ministry that thou hast received in the Lord, that thou fulfil it.—Col. iv. 17.

2. Thou therefore who teachest another, teachest thou not *thyself?*—Rom. ii. 21.

3. To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin.—James iv. 17.

4. When thou givest him not warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked

from his wicked way, to save his life; the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand.—Ezek. iii. 18.

5. He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool.—Prov. xxviii. 26.

6. They made me keeper of the vineyards: but my own vineyard I have not kept.—Cant. i. 6.

7. See that ye fall not out by the way.—Gen. xlv. 24.

8. The fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is: if any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss.—1 Cor. iii. 13, 15.

9. Be not high-minded, but fear.—Rom. xi. 20.

10. I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection: lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway.—1 Cor. ix. 27.

III.—WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

1. He that receiveth you receiveth me.—Matt. x. 40.

2. In everything ye are enriched by him, in all *utterance*, and all *knowledge*.—1 Cor. i. 5.

3. Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward.—Exod. xiv. 15.

4. The people that do know their God shall be strong, and do *exploits*.—Dan. xi. 32.

5. I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee: for I have much people in this city.—Acts xviii. 10.

6. He shall save the children of the *needy*.—Ps. lxxii. 4.

7. Though it tarry, wait for it; because it will *surely* come, it will not tarry.—Hab. ii. 3.

8. I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.—Luke xxii. 32.

9. I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me.—Phil. iv. 13.

10. Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts. Who art thou, O great mountain? Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain.—Zech. iv. 6, 7.

IV.—WORDS OF PROMISE.

1. Thy work shall be rewarded, saith Jehovah.—Jer. xxxi. 16.

2. God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labour of love.—Heb. vi. 10.

3. It is your reward for service in the tabernacle of the congregation.—Numb. xviii. 31.

4. The hands of Zerubbabel have *laid* the foundation of this house; his hands shall also *finish* it.—Zech. iv. 9,

5. Both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together.—John iv. 36.

6. Behold, I and the children thou hast given me are for signs and *wonders*.—Isa. viii. 18.

7. What is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming?—1 Thess. ii. 19.

8. I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his *work* shall be.—Rev. xxii. 12.

9. And Jesus said, She hath done what she could.—Mark xiv. 6, 8.

10. Of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance: for ye serve the Lord Christ.—Col. iii. 24.

PRACTICAL.

When you evil see eschew it;
Now you know the right, pursue it—
Of it never *boast*, but DO IT!

OPENING OF THE NEW RAGGED SCHOOLS, NOTTINGHAM.

THESE Schools were formally opened on Wednesday, Oct. 19, by the Earl of Shaftesbury. At three o'clock in the afternoon a public religious service was conducted in the building; the Rev. Canon Brooks began the service by giving out the hymn beginning, "Almighty ruler of the skies," after which he read a selection of texts of Scripture appropriate to the occasion, from the Proverbs, the Gospels, and the Epistles; then offered up prayer, imploring the Divine blessing upon the undertaking, and Divine assistance in furtherance of the design. Another hymn, commencing, "Children our kind protection claim," was next sung, after which the Rev. Hugh Hunter engaged in prayer. The Earl of Shaftesbury then rose and said:—"The Committee have directed me to declare that these Schools are now open. And when we remember the spirit in which they are designed, we may hope—nay, we may believe as a matter of certainty—that the blessing of God will rest upon them. I think on this occasion it will be far better for me to do no more than merely to fulfil the plain and simple function of that declaration according to the direction of the Committee. I think it will be more in conformity with the devotional service in which we are now engaged."—The hymn, "We praise, we worship Thee, O God," having been sung, the benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Canon Brooks, and the meeting closed.

THE PUBLIC MEETING.—At the evening Meeting, held at the Mechanics' Hall, the Mayor in the chair, the following letter from the Speaker of the House of Commons was read:—

"*Glasgow, Oct.* 15, 1859.

"Sir,—I have received the notice of the intended Meeting to open the Town Mission Ragged Schools. It would have given me much pleasure to attend, if it had been in my power. But my absence at this considerable distance has made it impossible. With my best wishes for the entire success of the undertaking,

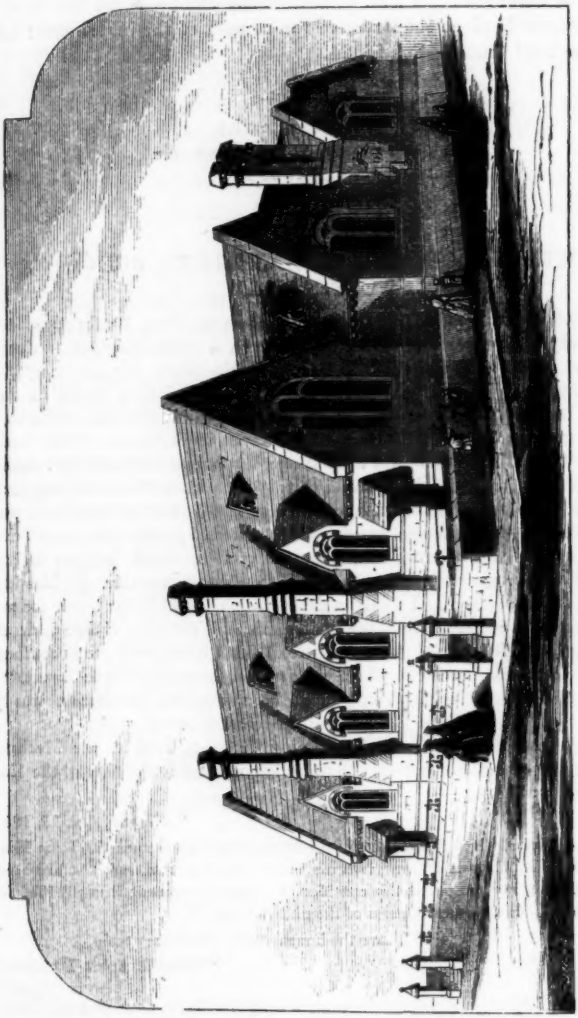
"I have the honour to be, yours very truly,

"JOHN EVELYN DENISON."

From the Report we gather "that twenty years have now elapsed since the first attempt was made to collect together, for the purpose of instruction, the ragged and most neglected lads of the poorest of the Nottingham poor.

"The work was first commenced on the 2nd of June, 1839, in Crosland Yard,

Narrow Marsh—a locality where drunkenness and consequent destitution and depravity abounded; and where many children were running about the streets in rags



NOTTINGHAM TOWN MISSION RAGGED SCHOOLS.

and dirt; growing up in ignorance, and familiarised with sin. None but the very lowest classes were admitted into the School, and for some time it was characterised only by ignorance, rags, and dirt. Those children who presented them-

selves in decent clothing were taken by the Town Missionaries to other schools, and those whose appearance began to improve were also induced to go to regular Sunday schools.

"The premises then occupied being found too small, and the managers meeting with assistance from various Christian friends, the school was removed to Rice Place Chapel, then unoccupied. From 80 to 100 scholars were soon brought together. In addition to teaching in the morning and afternoon, this place was opened on Sunday evenings, when from 100 to 150 people, too poorly clad (as they thought) to attend the regular places of worship, assembled to hear the Word of God; and it is believed that many were led to worship God 'in spirit and in truth.' Many were thus stayed in their course of sin.

"After some time the School was again removed, in consequence of the property being sold. Wool Alley was next fixed upon for its operations. At this place many of the worst class of lads were regular attendants, and for a time proved almost unmanageable. In consequence of complaints by the neighbours, the police deemed it their duty to be in attendance when the scholars were dismissed.

"In 1853 the Mission School was removed to Colwick Street, Meadow Platts, being one of the most suitable localities for a Ragged School. Here it continues with various degrees of success to the present time. *Night Schools* were established and well attended; also a *Clothing Club* for the benefit of the Scholars, and recently converted into a *Penny Bank*.

"These works were carried on with so much success, that the teachers appealed to the Committee for more room. The premises, which will not conveniently accommodate more than 100 children, were often crowded with double that number, and many were refused admittance.

"The Committee being unable to procure more accommodation, some of the teachers were compelled to relinquish their labours, on account of the injurious effects of the over-crowded rooms upon their health.

"The proposal was then made to purchase a site, and build commodious and suitable rooms. The success of the Newcastle Street Ragged Schools was undoubted, and the Committee of that institution, being consulted on the matter, gave every encouragement to proceed with the present work, and even promised, from the funds at their disposal, a handsome donation towards the building. It was this promise which decided the Town Mission Committee to go forward. With great thankfulness the managers of this institution record the good feeling existing between the two Committees; and it is sincerely hoped that, as they have but one object, each may prove an assistance to the other.

"After many unsuccessful efforts to obtain an eligible site, the Committee were led to make application to the Town Council for a plot of ground near the Baths and Washhouses, on such terms as the Council might deem fit. This application was met in a most liberal manner. The land was granted on lease for 75 years, at a rental of £1 per annum. Immediate steps were taken to proceed with the building, and by the exertions of a sub-committee, formed for that purpose, nearly £600 was very soon subscribed towards the proposed object. Plans were carefully selected by the Committee, and approved by the Town Council.

"£400 is still required to complete the Schools and furnish them with the necessary apparatus; in addition to which, a considerable amount will be required as Annual Subscriptions, to meet the increased expenses, so soon as daily instruc-

tion is commenced,—gratuituous teaching on the Sabbath day being all that has yet been attempted. The Committee earnestly solicit such subscriptions, that their efforts may not be cramped in this great work.

"'If we would establish Infant Schools,' said Lord Brougham, 'for all the infants of tender age of the bad part of the population, we might depend upon it, we should do a vast deal more to extirpate crime, than all the criminal courts, all the transportations, executions, and penitentiaries put together.'"

THE BEGGAR-BOY.

"GET away with you, you dirty old beggar-boy. I'd like to know what right *you* have to look over the fence at our flowers?" The speaker was a little boy not more than eleven years old, and, though people sometimes called it handsome, his face looked very harsh and disagreeable just then.

He stood in a beautiful garden, just in the suburbs of the city; and it was June time, and the tulips were opening themselves to the sunshine. Oh! it was a great joy to look at them as they bowed gracefully to the light with their necks of crimson, of yellow, and carnation. The beds flanked either side of the path, that curved around a small arbour, where the young grape clusters, that lay hidden among the large leaves, wrote a beautiful prophecy for the autumn.

A white paling ran in front of the garden, and over this the little beggar-boy, so rudely addressed, was leaning. He was very lean, very dirty, very ragged. I am afraid you would have turned away in disgust from so repulsive a spectacle, and yet God and the angels loved him!

He was looking with all his soul in his eyes on the beautiful blossoms, as they swayed to and fro in the summer wind, and his heart softened while he leaned his arm on the fence railing, and forgot everything in that long, absorbed gaze! Ah! it was seldom the beggar-boy saw anything that was either very good or beautiful, and it was sad his dream should have such a rude awakening.

The blood rushed up to his face, and a glance full of evil and defiance flashed into his eyes. But before the boy could retort, a little girl sprang out from the arbour and looked eagerly from one child to the other. She was very fair, with soft hazel eyes, over which drooped long, shining lashes. Rich curls hung over her almost bare, white shoulders; and her lips were the colour of the crimson tulip blossom.

"How could you speak so cross to the boy, Hinton?" she asked, with a tone of sad reproach quivering through the sweetness of her voice. "I'm sure it dosn't do us any harm to have him look at the flowers, if he likes."

"Well, Helen," urged her brother, slightly mollified and ashamed, "I don't like to have beggars gaping over the fence. It looks so low."

"Now that's a notion of yours, Hinton. I'm sure, if the flowers can do anybody good, we ought to be very glad. Little boy" (and the child turned to the beggar-boy and addressed him as courteously as though he had been a prince), "I'll pick you some of the tulips, if you'll wait a moment."

"Helen, I do believe you're the funniest girl that ever lived!" ejaculated the child's brother, as he turned away, and with a low whistle sauntered down the

path, feeling very uncomfortable; for her conduct was a stronger reproof to him than any words could have been.

Helen plucked one of each specimen of the tulips—and there was a great variety of these—and gave them to the child. His face brightened as he received them and thanked her.

Oh! the little girl dropped a "pearl of great price" into the black, turbid billows of the boy's life, and the after years would bring it up beautiful and fair again.

Twelve years have passed. The little blue-eyed girl had grown into a tall graceful woman. One bright June afternoon, she walked with her husband through the garden, for she was on a visit to her parents. The place was little changed, and the tulips had opened their lips of crimson and gold to the sunshine, just as they had twelve years before. Suddenly they observed a young man in a workman's blue overalls, leaning over the fence, his eyes following eagerly from the beautiful flowers to herself. He had a frank, pleasant countenance, and there was something in his manner that interested the gentleman and lady.

"Look here, Edward," said she, "I'll pluck some of the flowers. It always does me good to see people admiring them?" and then, releasing her husband's arm, she approached the paling (and the smile round her lips was very like the old, child one), saying, "Are you fond of flowers, sir? It will give me great pleasure to gather you some."

The young workman looked a moment very earnestly into her fair, sweet face.

"Twelve years ago this very month," he said, in a voice deep and yet tremulous with feeling, "I stood here, leaning on this railing, a dirty, ragged little beggar-boy; and you asked me this very question. Twelve years ago you placed the bright flowers in my hands, and they made me a new boy; ay, and they made a man of me, too. Your face has been a light, ma'am, along the dark hours of my life, and this day that little beggar-boy can stand on the old place and say to you, though he's an humble and hard-working man, yet, thank God, he's an honest one."

Tear-drops trembled like morning-dew on the shining lashes of the lady, as she turned to her husband, who had joined her and listened in absorbing astonishment to the workman's words. "God," said she, "put it into my child-heart to do that little deed of kindness, and see now how very great is the reward he has given me."

And the setting sun poured a flood of rich purple light over the group that stood there, over the workman in his blue overalls, over the lady with her golden hair, and over the proud-looking gentleman at her side. Although it was a picture for a painter, the angels who looked down on it from heaven saw something more than a picture there.—*Old Jonathan.*

MEETING OF OLD SCHOLARS.

On Monday evening, at the invitation of Lady Charlotte Gordon, the founder of Exeter Building School, about sixty of the old *or former* scholars met to take tea together, and to spend a social evening. It was an experiment, and it proved a very successful one; old scholars and old teachers met, and many a happy face

was there. Tea having been disposed of, the programme for the evening commenced by singing and prayer, the numbers in attendance having increased to eighty, besides teachers and friends. Mr. Stimpson, the superintendent of the Sunday school, opened the meeting with an explanatory address, during which Mr. Freeman, the former master of the day-school, and the instructor of most of the young men and women present, entered the room, which was the signal for a rapturous burst of applause, and this recognition was *one* of the gratifying events of the evening. This ebullition of feeling over, and one of the old hymns sung, short addresses followed by Messrs. Lewis, Freeman, Haslam, and Tozer. Between each address the young people showed that they had not forgotten their "service of song;" the harmony was good. and the time well kept. Some of the young men were then induced to give utterance to their own feelings, one stating his progress from the time he entered the school, without shoes to his feet, and a very ragged coat, now in a position in life, earning a respectable maintenance, in a situation he had held for eleven years; another, that he came to the school and did not know a letter, is now a creditable scholar and doing well in the world; another, when he came to the school had a pair of shoes, but the *bottoms were out*, here he learned to read, here he gained friends, and now, as others had done before him, returned thanks for the good he had received, for himself, two brothers, and a sister; others following in a similar strain, full of expressions of gratitude. Votes of thanks were then moved by the young men to Lady Charlotte Gordon, for her kindness that evening and *on all former* occasions, and to Mr. Freeman, their friend and instructor. The Rev. Mr. Money, in a well-directed speech, acknowledged the vote to her ladyship; but the meeting was not to close. Still followed on one after another, testifying the good they had obtained in the school, and their thankfulness to their founder; and truly it was a scene that called forth thankfulness. Here were those once ragged, neglected, destitute, and turbulent, "clothed and in their right mind," respectable in appearance, orderly in deportment, cheerful in countenance. Well could teachers present remember the time when with these very ones they strove, amidst much discouragement, hoping against hope. Now they had the satisfaction of seeing some of the results of their labours, and could but exclaim, What hath God wrought! The meeting was brought to a close by a short address from one of the teachers, formerly a scholar in a ragged school. Altogether it was one of the most heart-cheering assemblies ever gathered within that building, and will doubtless cheer the hearts of those who still labour on in this work of love and mercy, endeavouring to stem the tide of sin and wretchedness which still flows on, and which calls for no slackening of effort, but rather says to each, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."

SPIRITUAL LIFE IN RAGGED SCHOOLS.

ADJOURNED MEETING OF DELEGATES.

In accordance with the decision of the Ragged School Delegates on Nov. 16th, the adjourned meeting was held in St. Giles's Refuge, 8, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, on Nov. 30th, to take into further consideration the subject of religious revivals among the scholars in the Ragged Schools of London. The attendance of the delegates was large, and Mr. W. Locke again presided. On

opening the meeting he read various passages of Scripture; and Mr. Mirams supplicated the Divine blessing to rest upon all present, and upon the efforts of all Ragged School teachers. A hymn was sung, and after a few introductory remarks by the chairman, he called on

Mr. Gent, who, on rising said:—"That, in relation to the subject under consideration, there was one thought deeply impressing his own mind, which was, that WE, as teachers and office-bearers, *should be the subjects of the Revival*, in order that we may become God's instruments in awakening our scholars to a sense of their sinfulness, and leading them to Jesus, the sinners' Saviour. The term Revival indicates that there had been spiritual life, and that its vigour was lessened, but now revivified. This, then, cannot be applied to the scholars of our schools, for they are spiritually dead. They may have been baptized, and thus recognised as Christians; but, nevertheless, they are dead—dead to God, dead to their souls' interests, dead in trespasses and in sins, and therefore at present without hope and without God in the world; and, if death overtook them in this state, they must for ever perish. Revival relates not to them: they must be *quickened; 'must be born again.'* It is written, 'Except a man be born again he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.' Revival relates to ourselves as labourers in God's vineyard—as men of prayer, as students of Holy Scripture, as teachers of the ignorant, as preachers of the Gospel, as watchmen over God's heritage:—in these things we are to be revived—we are to redouble our diligence, and quicken our efforts. If the outpouring of the Holy Spirit be thus given at Jerusalem, may we not expect that those thus qualified 'will speak as the Spirit gives them utterance? And it may be again, as in the day of Pentecost, that some of those who hear may hold forth the finger of scorn, and others, mocking, say, 'These men are full of new wine;' but the Spirit of God will work by this instrumentality, and the result will be that many will be pricked to the heart, and, thus awakened to a real sense of their danger as sinners, will cry, 'Men and brothers, what shall we do to be saved?' Then may we expect to count the converts to Christ by thousands, and God will 'add to the church *daily* such as should be saved.' We have done well to give attention to Philanthropy in all its phases, with its multiplied objects; but here we must not rest, for it comes infinitely short of the soul's need. Let us then not rest till this Revival is experienced by ourselves; we shall then teach with a power that shall be felt, and the Word thus spoken will be like seed sown in good ground, giving forth fruit in some thirty, in some sixty, and in some a hundredfold."

R. Baxter, Esq., stated he had recently visited Ireland, and conversed with those who had been recent subjects of converting grace, and found that the instrumentality that God had mostly honoured was not so much preaching as it was prayer and simple plain-spoken words of caution, warning, advice, and entreaty. Persons who had been the subjects of prayer had been struck down in the fields when apparently alone. God answered prayer by striking down these spirits, humbling them in his presence, and bringing them to a saving knowledge of Christ as crucified for them; not so much for the world, as for them—individually for them. Unfortunatelly some of these young converts had been much injured by the unseemly and intruding visits of many who were as injudicisous in their remarks as they were curious in their visits. He therefore strongly urged upon the teachers, that when God poured out his Spirit upon them and

their children, they will never allow their scholars to be exhibited to gratify a morbid curiosity.

Mr. Wood detailed the circumstances attending the gracious work among his Refuge boys, which will be found in the first article in our November number for last year.

Mr. Buckingham stated that the girls of his school had heard of the spiritual good being done among the children in St. Giles's, and become exceedingly anxious to learn the facts of the case. A meeting was appointed, when three addresses—by the missionary, the superintendent, and one of the teachers—were delivered. The girls gave breathless attention to those addresses, and their solemn demeanour betokened the inward working of their minds. Tears fell from many eyes, indicating the commencement of a gracious work among them. Towards the close of the service the missionary said, with earnest solicitude, "Now let all who wish to be saved, kneel down and pray." Instantly every girl was on her knees, many giving utterance, in broken accents, to the heart's feelings and desires. The teachers held a prayer-meeting, after which many of the girls remained for serious conversation with their teachers, upon the subject of their souls' salvation. The teachers gladly seized the opportunity for bringing before them Redemption by the blood of Christ. The earnestness of these girls was soon known by their parents and others in the neighbourhood, and these flocked to the preaching in the evening, till the place was filled to overflowing.

The earnest desires were strengthened by this service, and others were awakened. Prayer-meetings were afterwards held with great spiritual benefit to many. Prayers were asked for those far away at sea, in Australia and other parts. Children were praying for parents, the wife for her drunken husband, the mother for a fallen daughter or a prodigal son. A class for inquiries has been formed for further instruction, and it is hoped as preliminary to church-membership.

Mr. Macgregor, Mr. Hardy, and other friends, addressed the Delegates; and at the close it was agreed to recommend the Committee of the Ragged School Union to arrange some plan by which the attention of the general body of Ragged School Teachers would be drawn to the subject under consideration.

This recommendation was brought under the consideration of the Parent Committee at their December Meeting, when a sub-committee was appointed to give effect to it. The sub-committee have made arrangements, and the following circular has been issued to the schools:—

"*Ragged School Union*, 1, *Exeter Hall, Strand, London, Dec.* 21, 1859.

"DEAR SIR,—At the meeting of Ragged School Delegates, held on November 16th, and by adjournment on November 30th, there was a unanimous opinion expressed, that an Aggregate Meeting of all the Ragged School Teachers of London should be convened, for the purpose of calling their prayerful attention to the Revival of Religion in this and other countries, and that it might be a means of inducing earnest desires, and of putting forth special and continued efforts, for God's gracious blessing to rest upon the Ragged Schools and Refuges of London. The Committee of the Ragged School Union, deeply sympathising in this earnest desire, have made arrangements for giving effect to the wishes of the Delegates; and we now beg to inform you that an aggregate meeting of *all* Ragged School Teachers in London, paid or unpaid, male or female, will be held in St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre, on Thursday, January 5th, 1860. The chair will be taken at seven o'clock.

"Addresses will be delivered on Revivals by Ministers who have visited Ireland and other places; and, in accordance with the desire expressed by the Delegates, the meeting will be partly of a devotional character.

"As we cannot tell the number of teachers that may wish to be present from your School, we beg to inform you that any person presenting *a card bearing the address of your School, and your signature*, will be admitted. It is, however, requested that such cards be restricted to teachers, officers, and members of committee of your school.

"We beg also to inform you that the committee have arranged for holding district meetings for special prayer, in the second week in January, the particulars of which you will find on the other side.* The localities for these meetings have been chosen, because they appeared to be most central to the majority of the teachers. It is, however, seen that the distance to these meetings from some of the outlying schools is considerable; and, if this should prevent the friends in the suburban parts from attending, it will give the Committee great pleasure to learn that those friends have arranged to hold special meetings for prayer in their own localities. As the notice for holding these meetings is so short, it will be esteemed a favour if you will embrace the earliest opportunity for making known the particulars to all the friends of your school, and furnishing those teachers, &c., with tickets who may wish to attend the aggregate meeting in St. Martin's Hall on January 5th.—We are, yours very truly,

"William Locke, *Hon. Sec.*
"J. G. Gent, *Secretary.*

"*To the Secretary of* ——— *Ragged School.*"

* These particulars divided London into eight sections, and all the teachers in each were invited to the meeting for special prayer, viz.:—

West London, No. I.—Time of Meeting, Monday, January 9, 1860, 7.30 p.m. Place of Meeting, Exeter Buildings, Exeter Street, Sloane Street, Chelsea.

West London, No. II.—Time of Meeting, Wednesday, January 11, 1860, 7.30 p.m. Place of Meeting, Gray's Yard, James Street, Oxford Street.

North London.—Time of Meeting, Tuesday, January 10, 1860, 7.30 p.m. Place of Meeting, Sermon Lane, Liverpool Road, Islington.

City of London.—Time of Meeting, Wednesday, January 11, 1860, 7.30 p.m. Place of Meeting, Field Lane, Victoria Street, Holborn Hill.

East London, No. I.—Time of Meeting, Thursday, January 12, 1860, 7.30 p.m. Place of Meeting, Carr Street, Stepney, near Commercial Gas Works.

East London, No. II.—Time of Meeting, Friday, January 13, 1860, 7.30 p.m. Place of Meeting, New Nichol Street, Church Street, Shoreditch.

South London, No. I.—Time of Meeting, Thursday, January 12, 1860, 7.30 p.m. Place of Meeting, Jurston Street, Oakley Street, Lambeth.

South London, No. II.—Time of Meeting, Friday, January 13, 1860, 7.30 p.m. Place of Meeting, Giffin Street, Deptford.

The Children's Gallery.

WINTER.

Winter, winter, winter! the rough old fellow has come. Do you not hear him blowing his blast? What does he say? "Take care. Look out for those who cannot look out for themselves." Yes, yes. The poor beasts can no longer cut their own fodder. They must have hay from the mow, and corn from the crib.

But this is taking care of your own.

There are others to provide for—the poor. Winter puts us in mind to share our comforts with the comfortless. "The poor," Christ says, "you have always with you"—to keep our hearts full of fellow-feeling, I suppose.

How do you give to the poor? Do you give only when somebody happens to beg at your door; or do you spare something every week, and make it a *habit* to seek out and sympathise with them? The last is the true way. I know a little boy who earns an Indian loaf every Saturday to give away to a poor family. He goes to mill with the corn, and splits wood for the oven, and helps his mother. That is his way of earning the loaf, and his mother makes and bakes it for him. A loaf a week makes fifty-two loaves a year. That boy spreads a pretty good table to feed the hungry from, does he not? How sweet must be his enjoyment! Oh, I am sure it is.

And there is a dear, good old lady who, though her little living is eked out by charity, contrives to give a flannel petticoat a winter to some one poorer than herself. "I must give a flannel petticoat's worth," she says; and so, little by little, she saves enough to buy one. She begins with the new year to lay her littles by, and when December comes she has enough to buy one. People wonder how she can; but such sorts of "can" depend much more upon a full heart than a full purse.

How many children who read this are giving a loaf's worth or a petticoat's worth to feed the hungry or clothe the naked? You know how highly Christ prizes such things. "Inasmuch," he says, "as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto *me*." Such service done for his sake meets with a gracious and blessed reward.

Poetry.

COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR.

SOUTHEY.

AND wherefore do the Poor complain?
The rich man ask'd of me;
Come, walk abroad with me, I said,
And I will answer thee.

'Twas evening, and the frozen streets
Were cheerless to behold;
And we were wrapt and coated well,
Yet we were very cold.

We met an old bare-headed man,
His locks were few and white;
I ask'd him what he did abroad
In that cold winter's night?

The cold was keen indeed, he said,
But no home, no fire, had he;
And therefore he had come abroad,
To ask for charity.

We met a young bare-footed child,
And she begg'd loud and bold;
I ask'd her, what she did abroad,
When the wind it blew so cold?

She said, her father was at home,
And he lay sick a-bed;
And therefore was it she was sent
Abroad to beg for bread.

We saw a woman sitting down
Upon a stone to rest;
She had a baby at her back,
Another at her breast.

I ask'd her, why she loiter'd there,
The night wind was so chill?
She turn'd her head, and bade the child
That scream'd behind be still;

Then told us, that her husband served,
A soldier, far away;
And therefore to her parish she
Was begging back her way.

I turn'd me to the rich man then,
For silently stood he;
You ask'd me why the poor complain,
And these have answer'd thee!

A SCENE AT JOPPA.

"The blessings of Him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

In Joppa's town a cry was heard,
Of deep and sore distress;
The widow weeping with her child,
Bereaved and fatherless!

For she, who shared the mourner's woe,
And dried the orphan's tear,
In death's cold grasp is lying now,
Upon a lowly bier.

But they have heard of mighty deeds,
By blest disciples wrought;
And Lydda's town, where Peter dwells,
For eager haste have sought.

They see beside the bed of death
The bold Apostle stand,
With dauntless zeal and holy faith,
Amidst the sorrowing band.

The coats and garments she has made,
They speak before his eyes,—
He puts them forth—he speaks the word,
Oh, Tabitha! arise.

O wondrous power, that makes the heart
Once more on earth to dwell;
With joy they hail the blest return
Of her they loved so well.

O, ye, who walk in folly's ways,
And fleeting joys pursue!
When death's stern march shall end your days,
Say, who shall weep for you?

The mourning train, with solemn tread,
May follow from your door;
But ne'er upon your grave be shed
The blessings of the Poor.

But know that of your wasted gold,
And talents vainly given,
A strict account shall be enroll'd
Within the courts of heaven!

And think, ere ye are called upon
To render back your trust,
That generous deeds may still *live on*
When ye lie in the dust.

And when, all transient pleasures flown,
This earth shall disappear,
What joy to meet "before the throne"
All you have succour'd here!

S. S.

Correspondence.

LOOK AT HOME.

To the Editor of the Ragged School Union Magazine.

Sir,—Will you permit me to suggest the above to the kind consideration of those benevolent and patriotic individuals who are subscribing largely to the fund being raised wherewith to purchase instruments of death for the famed Garibaldi? A number of friends and myself some time ago declared war against some powerful enemies of mankind. This war has been carried silently and steadily on, but we have not yet succeeded in all we want. Who will help us? Allow me to give your numerous readers some account of our warfare.

"Seat of War"—Whitechapel, Spitalfields, &c. &c.

"Head-quarters"—George Yard Ragged Church and School, Whitechapel.

"Commander-in-Chief"—Rev. Hugh Allen, M.A.

"Deputy"—Mr. Holland.

"Enemies we fight against"—Depravity, drunkenness, squalid misery, starvation, nakedness, vice, ignorance, infidelity, and many others of the same character.

"Victories we have gained"—A numerous corps of boys who have been taken from the ranks of the enemy, educated, trained, smartened and polished up a little, placed in excellent situations, where they now are serving their employers with fidelity and with honour to themselves. Again, a number of young women who have been rescued from the streets and restored to their friends. Again, we point to thirty or forty poor men and women who have attended our services at "head-quarters" for some time past, who have been formed into a band of Christian brotherhood and sisterhood for the purpose of visiting the poor and needy sick. Among the numerous objects in view, and which they are now carrying out, may be mentioned—visiting the sick, cleaning their rooms, doing a little washing for them, mending their clothes, washing the children and seeing them off to school, getting meals ready, making and giving gruel, broth, &c.; sitting up all night with any poor person needing constant attention, reading to and praying with all they visit, the chief thing being to lead all to look to the great Captain of our salvation, thus smoothing the pillow and softening the affliction of the dying. Other victories have we gained; but respect for your space forbids me entering upon them.

The distress, nakedness, and hunger prevailing among the children in our school (about 400 of both sexes—1,000 might be taken daily did funds allow) are at times quite heartrending, children falling from the forms to the floor through sheer exhaustion, caused by the want of food, the great wonder to all being that these children, taken for the most part from running wild, as it were, in the streets, are kept so strictly honest. Cases have occurred in which they have not broken their fast for two days, and yet have not so much as purloined a bit of bread. Our military chest at the London and Westminster Bank (Whitechapel branch) is very low,—nay, almost empty. Who will help us to prosecute our war with increased vigour, and enable us to extend our field of operations? I enclose my card, and am, sir, yours respectfully,

W. J. L.

Money to carry on the war, and parcels of left-off clothing, will be thankfully received for our new recruits at 1, Exeter Hall.

CHILDREN'S PENCE.

I HAVE adopted a plan in my own school which, if followed in others, would be the means of greatly adding to the funds in support of Ragged Schools, which have done, and still are doing, such real good where good is so much needed.

In the first place I have a "Ragged School box" in my Sunday school-room, which is handed round to the children on the first Sunday in each month; we always find something dropped into it. In addition to this, I have a list hung up in a prominent part of the room, of the names of *monthly subscribers* out of the school, from one farthing to one penny.

This list, I find, answers my end wonderfully, as I have at this time nearly fifty names out of a school numbering about a hundred. We open the box occasionally

for the purpose of inducing other children to become *subscribers*. Should this plan be made public, I feel convinced it would generally be followed. Mine is a poor parish, so is no criterion; but still I have no doubt we shall be able to send upwards of a pound during the year. If every school in England would send its mite,—and I am sure this may be done,—what a sum would be at the disposal of those who bestow so much labour and anxiety in this cause!

Yours faithfully,
F. B. P,

Notices of Meetings.

EAST LONDON (BLUE) SHOEBLACKS.

On Wednesday, 23rd November, the annual meeting of the subscribers and other friends was held in the school-room of St. Mary's, Whitechapel, the Earl of Shaftesbury in the chair. The room was crowded, and in a conspicuous corner of it were placed the shoeblacks and other boys who are employed as tailors, brush and blacking makers, &c., in the refuge.

The report read by the Secretary stated that during the year 371 boys had been admitted, of whom 173 had been received into the refuge, and been disposed of as follows:—25 have obtained situations, 7 have been restored to their parents, 10 are employed as shoeblacks, 8 as brushmakers, 18 as tailors, 4 have emigrated to Canada, 20 have been dismissed as incorrigible, and 81 have absconded. The total number of shoeblacks in the Blue Brigade are 80, and their united earnings for the year amounted to £1,079. The funds for the support of the refuge had this year fallen short, the society being £90 in debt.

The Earl of Shaftesbury made a few observations, urging the claims of the institution, and offered that, if £50 were subscribed for the liquidation of the debt within three weeks, he would undertake to make it £90 (the amount of the debt) immediately thereafter.

Resolutions were then moved by the Rev. W. Tyler, Dr. Tripe, Canon Champneys, and other gentlemen, in favour of the society.

The proceedings were in the course of the evening varied by a somewhat interesting incident. The boys employed in the brush and blacking departments in the refuge advanced to the front of the platform, and two of them having mounted it, presented Lord Shaftesbury with a set of brushes and a bottle of blacking, as a specimen of their workmanship. An address was at the same time read to his lordship, lauding his efforts in the cause of philanthropy, and subscribed by "the poor boys rescued from ruin."

In acknowledging the gift, the Earl said he prized it, humble as it was, more than silver or gold, as it was to him a manifestation of the industry, steadiness, sobriety, and Christian spirit of the poor lads who gave it. He would rather (having reached the time of life at which he had arrived) receive such a mark of respect and gratitude than be invested with a blue ribbon, or receive the highest honour that the Sovereign could bestow; not that he was indifferent to the rewards which the Crown conferred for services performed to the country; but he looked on this presentation as so marked a proof of the beneficial effects which had been produced in restoring so many of the vagrant and neglected classes to the bosom of society, that he felt it to be one of the highest honours he could have received.

DARTFORD RAGGED SCHOOLS.

A crowded meeting in aid of the above schools was held in the new school-room, Lower Waterside, Dartford, on Thursday evening, the 17th November, when the chair was taken by T. H. Saunders, Esq., president. The room had been tastefully decorated for the occasion by Messrs. Buck and Wyatt, the ornaments consisting of evergreens, silken banners, flags, mottoes, &c. Over the platform was a large banner with the inscription "Dartford Ragged School," having on either side portraits of the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal, the former

being described as "England's Hope," and the latter as "Prussia's Pride." At the other end of the room was inscribed "Shaftesbury, the Friend of Ragged Schools." Among those present were Joseph Payne, Esq., Deputy Judge; Messrs. Haslam, Attwood, Berles, W. C. Fooks, Newman, Moore, Keymer, Buck, Reeves, Wyatt, Golding, Green, Collins, Kerr, Waller, Brawn, &c.

The proceedings having been commenced with prayer, the Chairman, in a brief speech, combated the objections raised against Ragged Schools.

The Report stated that the school was commenced on the 10th of May, and the attendance had increased from eighteen to ninety. The attendance of teachers, however, had not been proportionate. The place of meeting having become too small, it was represented to Mr. Saunders, through whose liberality they were provided with that enlarged and comfortable building. The report concluded by observing that the future was full of hope, all that was required being a number of helping hearts and helping hands.

Addresses were then delivered by C. Berles, Esq., W. C. Fooks, Esq., and Joseph Payne, Esq., who delivered one of his humorous speeches, concluding by reading his 1,384th "tail-piece," as follows:—

The present is the day to merge
Distinctions in delight,
And all our way in union urge,
And work with all our might.
The Churchman and Dissenter too,
As to their work they go,
Will meet with quite enough to do
Against the common foe.
They have no room for fear or doubt,
For discord or delay;
They have no time for falling out,
While holding on their way.
Our movement has an onward march,
It has a patriot's tread;
It shows no stiffness, pride, or starch,
But means to go ahead.
Whate'er against it may be brought,
It cannot be put down;
To have its ragged children taught
Is good for Dartford town.

RATCLIFF.

Benjamin Scott, Esq., the Chamberlain of the city of London, delivered gratuitously a most interesting lecture in the Beaumont Institution, Mile-end-road, on the "Wanderings of the Israelites," the proceeds of which were devoted to the funds of the Ratcliff Ragged and Industrial Schools. R. Pollock, Esq., presided, and introduced the lecturer to the audience, which, notwithstanding the very unpropitious state of the weather, was a very large one. The lecture was illustrated by a series of most beautiful dioramic views, which added greatly to the interesting occasion. Mr. Scott said that the point from which the Israelites started was supposed to have commenced at a place called Heliopolis. There were three routes laid down as the pathway of the wanderings of the Israelites, each of which the lecturer pointed out on a map before him. By the aid of the views beforementioned, the eminent lecturer then began by describing in eloquent terms the departure of the Israelites by night, their miraculous pathway through the Red Sea, and over the arid plains of Horeb and Sinai. The latter mount was beautifully illustrated by a view of the summit upon which Justinian built the convent of St. Catherine, now a fortress. The lecturer then proceeded to treat of the tabernacle in the wilderness, and the journey of the Israelites to the promised land. Mr. Scott was repeatedly applauded during the delivery of his lecture, for which a unanimous vote of thanks was accorded to him.

KINGSLAND.

The annual meeting was lately held. H. E. Gurney, Esq., in the chair; who, in opening the proceedings, said he was deeply impressed with the importance of the undertaking. If they looked around the metropolis, they would see how many institutions like theirs had sprung up. They were only, however, in their infancy, and he believed that none would see the great benefits that had resulted from them till the rising generation — those with whom the work had commenced—should be grown up into manhood.

There are 170 children in daily attendance.

123 children were usually present in the evening school.

The Penny Bank has been thrown open to the parents, and 26 have become depositors. There are upwards of 400 depositors—an increase upon the former year of 209, and the amount deposited £73 17*s.* 5*d.*

The school receipts, £178 18*s.* 2*d.*, which left a balance of £12 14*s.* 4*d.*

Papers, Original and Selected.

THE WORLD-WIDE CONCERT OF PRAYER.

THE outpouring of God's Holy Spirit upon the people of the North American Continent has spread its influence around the globe. In India its power has been so felt and recognised, that at the twenty-third annual meeting of the Lodiana Mission, held in the autumn of 1858, resolutions were adopted of which the following is a copy:—

"Whereas our spirits have been greatly refreshed by what we have heard of the Lord's dealings with his people in America, therefore:—

"*Resolved* 1*st*. That we hereby publicly acknowledge the debt of gratitude we owe to him, and our obligations to live more than ever not unto ourselves, but unto him who died for us.

"And in the view of our own spiritual necessities, and of the wants of the perishing millions about us, and in the hope of obtaining similar blessings for this land,—

"*Resolved* 2*nd*. That we will do our best to get Union Meetings for prayer for the outpouring of the Spirit established at our respective stations, and also at other stations, wherever we may find two or three willing to meet together in the name of Christ.

"And further, being convinced from the signs of the times that God has still large blessings in store for his people, and for our ruined race, and that he now seems to be ready and waiting to bestow them as soon as asked, therefore—

"*Resolved* 3*rd*. That we appoint the second week in January, 1860, beginning with Monday the 9th, as a time of special prayer that God would now pour out his Spirit upon all flesh, so that all the ends of the earth might see his salvation; that on the first day, that is, on Monday the 9th, be a holy convocation for solemn fasting, humiliation, and prayer; and that on the last day, that is, Sabbath the 15th, be a holy convocation for thanksgiving and praise; that the intervening time be spent in private and social exercises of prayer and praise, as the circumstances of each community may dictate; that all God's people, of every name and nation, of every continent and island, be cordially and earnestly invited to unite with us in a similar observance of that time; and that from the receipt of this invitation, onward, all be requested, in their secret, family, and public devotions, habitually to entreat the Lord to pour out upon all his people so much of the Spirit of grace and of supplication as to prepare them for such an observance of the time designated as may meet with his approval and secure his blessing."

Christians in all countries have been revived by the same gracious news that reached India, and have cherished earnest desires for similar blessings to be experienced by them, each in

their own country, among their people, their own churches, their own families, and, though last, not least, in their own hearts. "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." Just so the news of a glorious visitation of grace upon one people extends and excites desires, hopes, expectations, in another. To realise the same grace, sanctified effort is put forth, the *spirit* of prayer becomes more general, and presently the *power* of prayer is experienced. This power becomes evident, first by Christians losing sight of minor differences and uniting in worship, prayer, and effort; then by being nerved for the work of evangelization, they go forth to propound God's truth with a simplicity and a power they never before experienced. Their voice is no longer limited to those within the walls of a sacred edifice, but they go forth proclaiming the gospel in the open air; not content with this, they carry the good news of salvation still further, and lay under tribute the strongholds of Satan. To the common theatre and the penny gaff the poor are invited, not to behold the demoralising scenes too common in these places, but to hear the story of the Cross—salvation for the guilty by the blood of Christ. Upon the use of such places for such purposes, the Rev. S. Minton, of Percy Chapel, says—

"Our object is to seek and to save that which is lost. The right place surely is just wherever the lost can be found. They were found, unquestionably, in vast numbers last Sunday evening within the walls of the Victoria Theatre—speaking only of that which I know myself. I have preached at special services held in various places, but never to such an audience as that, whether as regards quantity or quality. I saw and felt at once that we had got into a new stratum altogether. The only question is, could they have been found anywhere else? Possibly a few hundred city missionaries might, by diligently exploring, have got at most of them in the course of the evening; but could they have been brought together anywhere else? Not the slightest chance of it! St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey may do for the upper and middle classes, Exeter Hall and St. James's Hall may suit the small tradesman and respectable artisan—a most important point; but the theatres, and I firmly believe the theatres alone—those of a certain description, and in certain localities—will reach to the bottom."

Thus the gospel is proclaimed to tens of thousands who would go to no other place to hear it, and then being impressed with God's truth, soon find their way to the meetings for daily prayer, that happily are now being conducted in many parts of London. Some thus stricken send up notes begging an interest in the public prayer, while seeking in deep humility and penitence the blessing they feel they need, and cannot rest till it is possessed. These young con-

verts become filled with love and zeal. The burning zeal they feel may occasionally lead them into positions and to actions that may be questioned by the calm, well-balanced mind of a mature Christian; but love to God, and love for souls, is the prompting, moving, compensating, and sustaining principle; and where this is the case, their zeal, while it will not lead them far wrong, will lead them to undertake those self-denying and missionary efforts that have made the Ragged School effort so pre-eminently successful. These young converts seem ready to speak to others of their own class, and to tell them what a dear Saviour they have found; and that he is willing to save them too; "yes, you, and you, and you." They make their application very personal, and by some considered a little rude, but this direct appeal is just what is wanted in these times. On this subject the Rev. Dr. Edgar writes to the *British Banner*. And having described a congregation in Ulster, its minister, the means he employs, and the agents aiding him in the work of the Revival, says, respecting the last—

"Of the fresh young hands which the Revival has raised, many are working at home; nine are travelling around, on invitations from many parties anxious for help. A meeting of such is held every Saturday, specially to ask for God's blessing on the Sabbath service; the place was a butcher's shop. The butcher, two years since, did not know A from B; God converted him; he taught himself to read, and he is now a large tract distributor at his own cost, and a chief hand in the Revival work. The secretary was a working shoemaker—another Carey. Others present were day-labourers, a stone-breaker, and a blacksmith's boy. The stone-breaker, who still sits on the road-side breaking stones to earn his bread, is one of four brothers lately converted. Their mother was sister to a blackguard pugilist, to whom she used to be bottle-holder, and when she entered a shop she was watched as a noted thief. Her sons were pests, but God's grace has made them vessels of mercy, overflowing with goodness for not a few. I have heard them, and others like them, speak and pray in public. I do not defend their pronunciation, grammar, style, or delivery; but I say fearlessly, that their addresses and prayers are scriptural, wise, and powerful, and as effects show, most wonderfully adapted to do great and permanent good to persons in humble life like themselves."

God owning the efforts thus put forth for the promotion of his glory in the salvation of souls, the whole town, city, province, country, world, becomes impressed with the importance of these things. The Ragged School teachers of London responded to the invitation of the friends in India, by holding special meetings for prayer in various parts of the metropolis, on the different evenings in the week, beginning with Monday, January 9th, 1860. The

prayers at these meetings were most fervent, and the burden of them was for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the teachers and children of the Ragged Schools. These special meetings were preceded by an

AGGREGATE MEETING OF THE TEACHERS AND MEMBERS OF COMMITTEES,

In St. Martin's Hall, on Thursday, January 5th.

Mr. LOCKE, the Hon. Secretary of the Ragged School Union, presided.

The proceedings of the evening were commenced by singing and prayer, after which the friends were addressed by the Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel, who said—

God has called us by the Revival in Ireland to give heed to a number of very important truths—truths which we knew before, but which he has very much pressed on our minds and consciences by his own most gracious dealings. He has taught us, for example, that he can convert very young children; that he can give to children a very thorough conversion, in their tender years; and that he can make those children come to Christ very speedily, very thoroughly, very completely, and enter on a course of life which those who know the power of his grace will not believe will ever pass away. Thus children have been converted to Christ in Ireland; sometimes in single families. I know one family at Armagh, in which four boys were brought at once to Christ, to the astonishment and delight of their pious parents. They were brought to Christ in two or three days, and when I saw them the parents were exulting in the grace of God. These boys were favourably circumstanced; but many instances have occurred of children placed in very unfavourable circumstances being brought to Christ, with very little instrumentality. These conversions have taken place in different ranks of life, and there are instances in which whole schools have been most remarkably affected by the Holy Spirit. In a school at Armagh—addressed by my son—eighteen or twenty children knelt down on the ground and cried aloud to God for mercy. At Market-hill, in Armagh, a great revival of religion, by which hundreds were apparently brought to Christ, began in a simultaneous feeling of thoughtfulness, earnestness, apprehension, and a strong desire to be saved on the part of the children of the Sabbath-school there. At Armagh, also, Mr. M'Allister was delighted one day to hear that all the children of the day-school were on their knees at prayer, and that because one of their number had come into the school, with a countenance beaming with joy, saying, "I have found Christ." The whole school was so moved by this that they went down on their knees crying for mercy, and some were speedily found rejoicing in Christ. This has happened in other places also. At Coleraine a school belonging to the Irish Society was similarly visited by a Divine influence. A hundred of the children were seen kneeling together, untaught by anybody, or by anything, but their own feelings, and all asking God for mercy and salvation. The news of this remarkable fact set the townspeople of Coleraine running to the school, and many of them knelt down with the children and prayed also for mercy on themselves. At one time there were as many as the four rooms occupied by the school would hold thus kneeling with the children, and praying for mercy. Not only persons belonging to the working class, but of every class, were found there imploring mercy. Now some thought this was altogether a work of the Spirit of God. My zealous friends were delighted in thinking that all these

were converted because they thus cried for mercy, and said they found peace. But suppose they were not all converted; suppose that only a tenth of them were converted to God, proving, subsequently, by their holy lives, that they were really in Christ; does it not show you clearly what sort of an element you have to deal with? If all these children were found praying at once, as they were, some who doubted its being a work of the Spirit, said it was sympathy. Well, supposing it was that some were converted, and the others out of sympathy cried for mercy, prompted by their own minds, don't you see what sort of material you have to work upon? And should you not use these natural feelings to bring the children to Christ? And do you not think that when their minds were thus softened, even if there was no work of grace upon their hearts, that then is just the time to work and pray that those children might be brought to Christ? You, my friends, have to do with one particular class of children; but are they less likely to be influenced by your kind instructions than any other class? Is it not an advantage to you that these children are friendless, and have, for the first time, perhaps, in their lives found Christian friendship in you? Is it not something to draw affection to you, if you are painstaking? Is it not something to have to do with children whose training is so bad that none of them are disposed to say, "I am not sinful," "I have done no harm," as many who have been carefully and morally brought up might be sometimes inclined to say? You have to do with those who, if you are wise, may be very rapidly brought to see that they have offended God, and are certain of perishing if they don't find mercy. Is it not something that you have to do with children who may look to you as their friends afterwards, because of the sacrifices you make for them? The heart must feel kindness; and these children's hearts —as you know a thousand times better than I do—are very prompt to feel the kindness which you, as their Christian benefactors, show to them. Your work is to bring them to Christ. Your work is not to reform them, not to make them good citizens, not to draw them out from the dangerous classes, not to show them how to be respected, and to get an honest livelihood, not to draw out some of their splendid specimens of intellect and of virtue — though you will do all these things by the way—but your object is to save the souls of these twenty thousand children. Your object is to bring the children to the Saviour, whom they must know or die. I beg of you to keep that object in view whenever you meet them. Say each one to himself, "My object is to save these children from hell. Out of Christ they perish; in Christ they are happy to all eternity. If I can bring them to a Saviour—and they may be brought in a day—they are safe for ever. I die, and other friends die, but God lives and takes care of them, and I shall meet my scholars in glory." Is it not a glorious thing? Is it not a solemn thing? Then keep that in view, and never fail to come to your class without feeling, I trust God will give me the soul of a dear child to-day. Of five, of ten, why not all? at this very time? But to do any work of this sort, you and I must be fitted. Now are we? Are you fitted for it? Am I fitted for it? An evangelical, and faithful, and clever young minister was preaching last summer to his congregation in Wales, and another minister heard him preach, and said to the young man—who was a faithful and evangelical preacher—"Is this the way you preach generally?" "Yes," replied the young minister, "that is about my usual way of preaching." It was a very excellent sermon in doctrine and composition, and, perhaps, for a village congregation, even too eloquent. "Then," said the visitor, "if that is your usual way, your congregation will go to hell under your preaching." That remark fastened itself in that man's mind, and brought him to prayer in an agony of conviction. He agonised in prayer till he felt again fully forgiven, till he felt the blood of Christ applied to his own conscience; and he came forth a new man.

He preached very differently then, and hundreds have been converted by his ministry since. You may be benevolent, well instructed, thoughtful, and consistent in your conduct, and your children may go to hell under your teaching. Are you fitted to bring them to Christ? Are you yourselves disciples of Christ? Are you united to him by a living faith? Have your sins been washed away by his blood? Have you received the Holy Spirit to strengthen you for this noble service in which you are engaged? Can you look to God day by day, and say, "My Father"? Is God your father? Is heaven your home? Does the Holy Spirit dwell within your heart? Can you say before the Heart-Searcher now, "This is all my experience. I have felt it; I know it all"? If not, you are not fitted to lead others to Christ: you have not come yourself. If not, you cannot save souls: you are not saved yourself. Benevolence, knowledge, intelligence, perseverance, won't do. You have often pointed the children to Christ, but you did not teach by example. You were, as Baxter says, like a sign-post pointing the way to the narrow gate that leads to life, but never entering it; or like a cook serving up an excellent dinner to the hungry, but never tasting a bit of it yourselves. But if you can say, "I have been to Christ; I hang on Christ; I have laid my sins upon him, and, believing in him, I know that God has put them away; through Christ I am his child; I can look to God as my father, and to heaven as my home." If you can say that, then you are so far prepared to do the great work to which God's providence now calls you. But you and I want something else. Have you got faith in God that he will work by you? Do you go to your class with this feeling: "God the Holy Ghost is working with me and by me"? Do you look for salvation, not as the result of your intelligence and fidelity, but as the result of God working by your instrumentality on that ductile material? Have you hope when you go to the school? Are you expecting to see the school brought to Christ? Do you look for your whole class to be saved? If so, then you are adapted to the great work to which God's providence calls you. But let me ask again,—Have you faith that God can do this for you as he has done for other teachers—speedily?—that those children can be brought to Christ any Sabbath?—that as soon as you can infuse into their minds the declaration of the Word of God that they are sinners, that all the actions of their lives are opposed to his claims, and then tell them the story of a Saviour's love, that they then know enough for Christ to save them? Are you aware that in this way God blesses you; that your children can be converted and brought under the sanctifying operation of the Holy Ghost, and receive a title to heaven, and a meetness for it at once? If you believe that, then you can go to your work joyously, and God will work by you. But it is as you believe. Remember the Lord Jesus saith, "According to your faith be it unto you." I do not wonder that the children go out of our Ragged Schools just to be lost; that they should imbibe self-righteous notions, contracted by decent habits and outward reformation. Now, have you these qualifications? Well, if not, then at once go home and beg of God to give them. But if you have got them, then see with what courage you may proceed on this great work. Do you suppose that God is unwilling to bless those dear children? Does he wish those ragged children to be damned? Why has he put it into your heart to teach them? Why has he made you have a melting charity towards them? Is it not a pledge of his superior kindness? Do you think your heart is tenderer than that of Jesus? Is the Lord, who knows of your doings, whose eye is upon every school, every class, every child, every teacher, is not the Lord saying still, as he did in the days of his flesh, "Suffer these dear little ones to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God"? The kingdom of God is made up of those who are humble and pliant as a little child. Well then, now is the time to try

to do that for them. Don't waste these precious hours; they will soon be gone; and work hard and pray much, and hope much, and see whether you cannot, within a year, within a month, within a week, win your whole class to the Lord Jesus Christ. Let me say to every teacher here, Aim immediately at the conversion of your whole class; look to bring the whole class to Christ. Begin with the scholar that seems most likely to listen. Then take him aside and talk to him alone, if you can; take him to your house, and pray with him when you are by yourselves. When you speak to, and pray with, a scholar thus by himself, the heart will be found to be more susceptible, and pride less likely to be stirred up, than if you address him specially in the class. Do the same with another, and another, and never rest till your class belongs to Christ. If you will do this, I have no doubt that God will signally bless you soon; and I hope you will do it. And then, if the class of one teacher is brought to Christ, a blessed effect will thereby be produced upon the whole school. One devoted teacher—devoted to Christ, with strong faith—may bless a whole school, by letting a true work of grace be seen in one class. Why not have a Bible-class, in which you could gather the children to pray with their teachers? We want the social principle to be cultivated in our schools much more than it is in London. A great city is a great solitude. Unspeakable good might result, by the blessing of God, if the more promising of the children of our schools were gathered into Bible-classes, and there let them pray with you, and you with them. Do more than that. If you see that God is giving the spirit of prayer to two, four, five, six of different classes, encourage them to meet and pray by themselves. A large experience in Ireland shows how much this feeling spreads from one to another; and if children begin to teach themselves, they will be better teachers than you are. If one school, acting with one accord, with united faith, bring many of their children to God, do you think the example and influence of that school goes for nothing, or that it will not operate powerfully on those around? Having got those Bible-classes, why should you not call a number of the best conducted of them together—say eight hundred or a thousand children, and get some earnest brother, like either of my two friends here [Mr. North and Mr. Ratcliffe], to address them specially about their salvation. If you were to do that, you might begin a work which, by God's grace, should run through the thousands whom you are trying to save. And if the twenty thousand Ragged School children are blessed through your faith and prayers to an extraordinary extent, will the Sunday Schools of London close their eyes to it? Will other teachers not feel quickened by it? And if it runs through the schools of London, do you think that the churches of London will see it unmoved? I believe that you have a great moral power, which only requires to be moved right. I am happy to find that you have arranged for district-meetings for prayer next week. I hope next week will be a week of much believing prayer; then do I think you will do a work for London itself, exceeding your imagination and hopes. But, especially remember this,—that, without God, you can do nothing. You cannot open one child's heart to the gospel but by the direct power of the Holy Ghost. Unless you know how to get the blessing of God, I do not believe that your example, your assiduous teaching, the cleverest views, or the most profound theology, will turn one of these twenty thousand to God; but if you get the blessing of God, all obstacles will melt before you. Can you get the blessing of God? May you look for the blessed Spirit and get it! Do not be doubtful about it. Ascertain whether God is ready to give, in answer to your earnest and united prayer, that needful, that almighty influence by which thousands of these ragged children may be brought to Christ. You have no reason to doubt it—none whatever. Has not Jesus said he is ready to give good things, to give the Holy Ghost, to them that ask?

Has he not commanded you to seek the conversion of others, to seek it by prayer? Has he not told you that when two of you shall ask anything that is for God's glory, and the good of man, that it shall be done? You know this to be so. Will the united prayers you offer for the Holy Ghost fail? Have you ever tried such prayers and find them fail? Here are some hundreds of, I hope, the children of God, devoted to the teaching of a class much needing our charity, met to serve and glorify Christ; and when God sees you in one company after another, imploring his Spirit for the glory of Jesus, and for the salvation of souls; when you are entreating in the very spirit of the Master, in apostolic words, that the same spirit may be in you which was also in Christ Jesus,—do you believe that God will refuse your prayer? I do not; and if, through this next week, you will pray in faith, and pray with one accord, that God the Spirit may work a great work among the twenty thousand children you instruct, it will not be long before you stand in admiration of the grace of God, and bless him that he ever put it into your hearts thus to work and pray.

Another hymn,

"Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer,"

was then sung, and—

Mr. Brownlow North, from Scotland, in a most fervent manner, led the thoughts and desires of the meeting to a throne of grace; and then said—

My dear friend and brother Mr. Noel seems really to have left nothing unsaid that needs to be said, and I firmly believe that if every one of us were to go home and endeavour practically to put into execution what we have heard from him, it would be quite as likely—yea, more likely to do us good than more speeches. But, I assume, from what I have heard of the nature of this meeting, that the great bulk of the people I am now addressing are Christian people. It is not likely that you would devote yourselves to teaching Ragged Schools if you had not at least some desire to do that which you believe will be pleasing in the sight of God; if you were not willing to live in some degree, at least, unselfishly, and to deny yourselves, I do not think you would become teachers of Ragged Schools or of Sabbath Schools. But the great object of all instruction, whether of children, adults, or ourselves, is to impart a knowledge of the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom he has sent. This is the object of all teaching. This world will soon pass away, and at the end the Lord Jesus Christ will come. For what purpose? "To be admired in his saints," and also "to take vengeance on those who know not God, and who obey not the gospel of his Son." That is a remarkable word in Scripture, and one that is, perhaps, often overlooked; that not to know God is damnation! That those only are saved who know God; that it will not be upon murderers, and adulterers, and thieves, and liars, openly wicked and rebellious people, only, that the Lord Jesus Christ will come in the last day to take vengence, but also upon those who know not God. Therefore, the object of all teaching should be to teach people to know God. Now, are we taught to know God ourselves. No amount of philanthropy, no amount of benevolence, no efforts merely to secure the temporal interests of our fellow-creatures, will suffice to do any real or permanent good. We must succeed in teaching those we try to instruct to know God, if we would do them any real good. I have alluded to this subject in almost

every sermon I have preached in London, and I have done so because I believe it to be at the root of all religion, the very foundation of our faith; and upon this great truth other truths must follow. If we know a person, the first thing we must know is the existence of the person. Now have we a real and practical belief in the personal, present existence of the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ? It is written that "without faith it is impossible to please God." It is impossible "because he that cometh to God must believe that he *is*." But oh! how many it is to be feared there are who say their prayers, and read the Bible, and try to teach Ragged and Sabbath Schools, to help missionary efforts, and collect money for charitable purposes, who have never, in their whole existence, realised the personality of "the God and Father of our Saviour Jesus Christ." My dear friends, when you stood up to pray to God to give his Holy Spirit to London, to give it to those who were to speak to-night, and to bless what had been spoken, did you realise literally that you were speaking to a person who was hearing you as much as you realise at this moment that I am a person speaking to you? Did you realise the fact that the Eternal, Immortal, Invisible, was really hearing what you were saying; that he who made your ear was hearing; that he who made your eye was seeing your heart, and knew whether what you was saying was the desire of your heart also? Did you? If not, you have yet to learn the foundation truth of religion; and till you have got that don't go on to other parts of religion. Until you have realised that He is, don't speak to him again. Before you open your lips in prayer, say to yourself, "God is present, he will hear every word I utter;" and never say a thing to God that you don't wish. Never profess to ask God for what you do not feel you want. On the other hand, I say to all who can and do so realise God, Happy are you, because there is nothing that God will not do for you, nothing that he will not give you that it is for his glory to give, and for your good to receive. But our first care must be to have in our own souls that which we wish to communicate to others. It is possible—as Mr. Noel as said—for a sign-post to show a person the way in which he should go, or for a cook to send up wholesome food that he never tastes himself, but I do not believe that, as a rule, it is God's habit to make one who is not his own a very honoured instrument in doing good to other people. I believe that light is to come from those who are light in themselves; that seasoning is to come from those who are salt in themselves; that life is to come from those who are alive themselves; that the fruit that can feed the hungry soul is to be found on the fig-tree, and not on the bramble. I would have you, also, to remember that our manna is not to be got by the week, the month, or the year; the command of our Lord is day by day to gather our spiritual bread, the same as day by day we get our bread temporal. Day by day the body is to be washed and clothed and fed, and it must be the same with the soul. You who desire to do good, and to bring glory to God, must look to your own soul that it be cleansed from its daily defilements; look that you are momentarily clothing yourselves in the righteousness of Jesus Christ, which is the only clothing worth the name. If you have not the robe of Christ, you may have purple and fine linen, and sumptuous fare; but you are spiritually as utterly destitute as the man who was living among the tombs. Daily put on the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ. Whatever your anxiety to do good, do not neglect the interests of your own souls. Let nothing ever induce you to labour so much outwardly as to neglect your own private communion with God, and your own private reading of his Word. You must take in if you are to put out. You must get food before you can feed the hungry. It is only what we have received that we can bestow. It is only what we get from God that we can use for God. Anything else

is of the devil and not of God. And the only way that we can obtain enlightenment and strength from God, is by feeding upon his word, and by a habit of communion with him in prayer. This must be done alone. If a man does not eat of the bread that came down from heaven, he has no life in him; but having this bread, if it should seem only like the three barley loaves and the two little fishes, when he goes forth with it, and the Lord Jesus blesses it, and he distributes to the multitude, he shall find that that which was barely sufficient food for his own soul is enough to feed five thousand times five thousand. He thought there would be barely enough for himself, but with the blessing of the Lord upon it, he shall find that there shall be left more for the scatterer than there was before he began to scatter. There are two things absolutely taught us in God's word. The one is to take in and the other is to put out: "If any man enter in by me he shall find safety, and go in and out and find pasture." That may mean—in to feed, out to scatter. In to get what God will give me, out to give to others the unspeakable riches of Jesus. As he has freely received he has freely to give, but he can only give *as* he has received. You remember in the parable of the sower that four kinds of ground were sown with the good seed, but it only brought forth fruit to perfection in one; and at the close of the narrative it is added, "Take heed how ye hear;" evidently showing what the measure of fruit was; for "to him that hath shall be given, and to him that hath not shall be taken away even that he hath." Thus I hold that both are absolutely necessary to the Christian — that he should not neglect private prayer, nor refrain from active work for the good of others. I have myself a trembling fear of becoming less prayerful; and I would affectionately urge upon you, dear friends, to be very watchful against the first beginning of neglecting private prayer, or study of the Scriptures. But read for quality and not for quantity; read what you are able to remember and turn to good account in your daily business, or in your instructions of others, that it may tend to the glory of God and the welfare of souls. Pray for the Holy Spirit to go with you; and do not go out of your room till you can feel sure of this: "I have asked a real favour from a real God, and I have reason to expect that he will give it." Multitudes of Christians the moment you begin to talk to them say, I think this, and I can't do that. Now, the Lord tells us that out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh; and when we hear so much about "I this," and "I that," we are bound to think that self is there. We are commanded to deny self; and when we have crucified self, the command is, Look to Jesus. Instead of saying, I cannot do this, say, "I am as weak a thing, O God, as ever lived; but there will be the more glory to thee in making me the honoured instrument of doing good, than if I was the strongest." Go forth in the strength of the Lord, and see if he will not do abundantly above all you can ask or think. You are not to wait till the way is smooth, but to go forth in the strength of God against every difficulty, as the Israelities did at the command of God. When they believed in the Lord one put a thousand to flight; but when they began to think that they were only as grasshoppers to the people of the land they went out from Egypt to possess, and that they would never be able to subdue them, then it was that God sware in his wrath that they should never enter into his rest. If you are truly devoted to God, brethren, you may go up boldly to do battle with the armies of the aliens. Remember that Jesus Christ was manifested to destroy the works of the devil; and every true disciple of Christ is able to do even mightier works than Jesus himself could do, because he was "straitened," and we are not, unless we are straitened in ourselves. Oh! may God send you forth saying, "I am nothing, but God the Holy Ghost is everything. He is able to make all grace abound towards me, so

that I may abound, through his power and strength, to every good work." May the Lord bless us thus, for Christ's sake.

The Chairman then called on Mr. Reginald Ratcliffe, of Liverpool, to offer prayer and address the meeting.

Mr. Ratcliffe, on rising, said—

We will, God helping us, pray, and that speedily; and we shall pray to a God that answers right speedily. This is a truth, that the servants of the Lord, whether in the pulpit teaching adults, or in the class teaching the children, have to offer salvation—speedy, instantaneous—through the mighty power of Christ Jesus. But if this is true with regard to the unconverted man, or the ragged child—if we are right in offering to the man, or offering to the child, salvation on the spot, in a moment, on his believing in the Lord Christ, with how much greater force does it come home, or should come home, to the heart of every believing man and woman. If God can act speedily upon the unconverted man, or child, and at once save the soul, translating it from the kingdom of darkness to that of light, how much more should believing ministers in this place now, and believing superintendents, and believing teachers, be sure that our Father, for the sake of Jesus, can answer speedily the prayers of every believing company. Elijah, on the mount, looked right up to God, turning his back upon the priests of Baal, and upon the multitudes; and even speedier than Elijah's prayers from heaven came the fire that burnt up the sacrifice, put the priests of Baal to confusion, and the idolatrous people on their faces. We will go speedily to prayer, and let us ever remember that we have to do with a real loving Father, that prayer is a real thing, that Christ is a real intercessor, and that real answers come down to bless the world. We read in the early history of the Christian church, that the place in which the disciples were assembled praying was shaken by the power of the Spirit; but that was a small thing compared with the shakings which have been felt in these days, when the souls of men, strong men, have been shaken by the Spirit, which before were possessed by mighty devils. The strong and the weak have bowed down together. In London, when we believe, the same blessed effects will be produced as have been witnessed in other parts of the kingdom. If we delay to believe, hesitate to believe, practically disbelieve, because we do not handle the treasures of heaven, and have them, by God's help, down on ourselves, may it not be more tolerable for many than for some unconverted ones here? and may not many sinners, who have apparently been lost, enter heaven whilst we are shut out? Perhaps some of those Romanists and ignorant ones may be before us. We are called upon, as believing ministers, as converted men and women, we are called upon by the living God to believe. We are called upon to consider those great believers in the Hebrews, and to follow them, to take hold of mountains and pluck them up by the roots. We are called upon to believe, and to have devils at our feet. We are called upon to believe, and pant and pray for the Holy Ghost, till we are baptized with it in great measure. In the Apostles' days there were some who had the Spirit but in small measure, and others were *filled* with the Spirit. Seven men were chosen for office in the church because they were devout men, filled with the Holy Ghost. Our Bible is a right book, and it commands us to "be filled with the Spirit." Events that have taken place in America, in Ireland, in the west of Scotland, and in Sweden, call upon us to hang upon God, by the name of Jesus, and to be filled

with the Holy Ghost. Let us all who are converted here, pray earnestly for that gracious power. There may be some teachers of schools here who have not been born again. They cannot sympathise with us, and we shall have something to say to them before we part. But you who are converted men and converted women, let us agree together to ask for no small thing. This is not a day in which God says to us, Ask for small things, and expect small things, believe for small things. Let the honeyed words of Christ Jesus sweetly penetrate into the heart of every converted man and woman here. The Master seems to be saying to some of us, as he did to his disciples in the days of his flesh, "Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name; ask and receive, that your joy may be full." Before I ask you to pray, let me tell you of a Revival scene. A dear minister in Scotland had, with his wife, longed for a Revival in their parish. About this time a few children were religiously impressed, The little ones asked for the use of the vestry; and, to the shame of the parish, I saw them sometimes asking for the keys to go into that place to pray. Presently the minister went away to some Revival scenes, and whilst he was from home he got a friend to preach in his parish, and meetings for prayer were commenced. These praying companies assembled and besought God to give his Spirit to them, and to cause it to descend upon the parish. While they prayed the Spirit was given, and it swept along into extensive districts of the country, and great was the blessing and the joy that was diffused. Now, dear converted men and women, teachers of schools in all parts of this city, do not ask for little things of Him who loves to give liberally.

Let us pray.

Mr. Ratcliffe having offered a very earnest prayer, proceeded to say—

"I trust you will continue in prayer during the rest of the time that I shall address you. I am not myself—and I speak about myself boldly — I am not myself going to look for small results from this meeting. Why should we if we look to God? And I want every one who is looking to God, to look with enlarged vision and strong faith. There may be a goodly number of teachers here who are not converted men and women. Possibly there are paid teachers, and voluntary superintendents, who are not converted. One often meets with persons who are trying to teach, who are themselves unconverted. The Lord Jesus Christ says, "If the blind lead the blind, they shall both fall into the ditch." Deplorable is it when we have the misery of sitting under an unconverted minister; and it is no less deplorable to have our children sitting under an unconverted teacher. It has been said that children are as impressible as wax, but that the impressions made upon them are as indelible as marble. An unconverted teacher is not a mere finger-post; for almost inevitably will he be putting man's work and man's righteousness in the place of Christ and the Spirit, and so doing dishonour to God. He is sure to impress the wax, and the stamp is not for good, but for evil. Years pass on, and if the children thus taught are ever put into our churches and chapels, they are hardened against the reception of the truth, because previous impressions have been made. The blind teacher made the impression on the wax, and soon it has become like marble. I have often had persons come to me and say, We are just what you stated; we are teachers of Sabbath-schools, but we are unsaved. Now if there are any unconverted teachers here, let me tell them faithfully, you are a deplorable calamity in the school. You are in the way of the children finding Christ. A minister asked me to go and preach for him in Scotland. I could not go there. Meanwhile he went to Ireland. He saw people

convinced of sin, but he had little sympathy with it. He saw others rejoicing, but he could not sympathise with it, and yet he thought it to be a work of God. He was like Nicodemus. A lady said, "Now don't you get into the pulpit again, until you are a changed man." He went on hanging his head; still he had not been an idle minister. "Don't lay your head upon your pillow," again urged the lady to him one day, "until you have found a Saviour." The minister that very night was led to Jesus; and he came back and proved a blessing to the men and women of his parish. Numbers in that far-away district in the north country were brought to Christ Jesus. And if it is necessary for ministers to be converted, it is equally so for teachers of youth. I would speak boldly out in love. I do not mean that you who are unconverted have been deliberately misleading the children. I do not forget that you have made great sacrifices. For many nights you have gone from your shops or offices, or places of business, to the schools, where you might have been amusing yourselves. Only would it not be wise to speak and say, "Lord, save me, save me! lest I be, indeed, blindly going to hell myself, and blindly leading others to hell also"? And especially so as the Lord Jesus offers salvation to the unsaved teachers to-night on the spot. He saved the teacher Nicodemus—an unconverted teacher; he saved thousands on the day of Pentecost; and he desires to save you. Am I saying a word to discourage you converted Christians? God forbid! only let not one of you doubt about your state. Whom the Son makes free, is free indeed; and unless we are free indeed, we shall not have much access to a throne of grace, not much power with the children. Therefore, let every teacher judge himself. Do I know that I have passed from death unto life? Am I conscious that I have been born again? Am I sure that I am pardoned? If not, what a pile of rubbish I may be heaping up ready to be burned! Are you prepared to be damned by the very side of your heaps of good works, and in the sight of your class? Will you judge yourselves in this way, calmly and quietly? I want to have you ask yourselves, and I want to ask myself also, the question,—Have I been saved personally by a living faith, and by a living Christ? A school in a town where there had been a blessed revival, came to this resolution: we will not, so far as we can help it, invite another teacher without asking whether he is converted. Nay, more, we will try every one who volunteers, the best way we can, to discover if he has been converted. What was the result? The children were awakened, and cried to their teachers to know how they might be saved. It has been our weakness that we have gone down to Egypt for help. But if we maintain our integrity like the three Hebrew children, and refuse to bow down to the image, we shall be strong. The worldliness of the church has been its weakness. The whole church must become pure if there is to be a Revival in its midst. We live in momentous times. A few poor unknown Christians in Lodiana longing for the Holy Ghost to descend upon the churches, have asked that the church in all lands shall meet on a special week for prayer; and the Revival has reached our land, and I trust next week there will be such a union of prayer as has never been since the day of Pentecost. The world is not being moved by great men and great women, but by the lowly and humble who have faith in God and a spirit of devotion. It is believed that the great work which has been going on in the North of Ireland originated with one poor woman. It was no mistake on the part of the committee of this Union that they arranged for this meeting and for the others which are to follow; and if we know how to use them, they may be the means of leading multitudes to the Lord. Now, dear friends, let me say again, that your first care must be to seek the conversion of the children. Present Christ to them, and when they have received Christ you can teach them

anything. Their ears will be always open. First try to convince them of sin, and next try to bring them to Jesus by the power of the Holy Ghost.

But you must believe the truth yourself before you can hope to teach it to the children. You must know and feel that Christ can convert them on the spot. Those who were at the centurion's house were converted on the spot, and so were the three thousand on the day of Pentecost. But I cannot but feel that there are a number of unconverted teachers here, and if they are anxious about their state, I should be glad to give them an address of seven minutes in the committee-room to point out to them how they can be saved by Christ before they go.

The Chairman expressed the deep interest with which he had listened to the addresses. It was the only meeting of the kind that the Union had had in London during the fifteen years of its existence. He regretted that their noble president, being out of town, prevented his being present, and it was desired that the meeting should be as much as possible a teachers' meeting. He trusted that the effect of the meeting would be to stir them all up to work more zealously for God and the good of their fellow-men.

The Doxology was sung, and Mr. R. Baxter closed the proceedings with prayer.

NEW BUILDING FOR THE NEW NICHOL STREET RAGGED SCHOOL, SPITALFIELDS.

We are pleased to inform our readers that the appeal lately made on behalf of the above schools has been so far successful, that the Committee, acting upon the promises of support already received, have resolved to proceed with the first part of their operations, viz.: that of building two rooms on the entire space of the ground purchased (about thirty feet wide by eighty long), to be used for the general purposes of the school until more ground can be advantageously obtained to complete their plans; which comprise, at least, four large rooms, to be used respectively as School-room, Infant Class-room, Infant Nursery, and Mission-room; the whole of which (such is the hold the school has upon the neighbourhood) have, doubtless, only to be opened to be immediately filled.

Our readers may not be aware that until lately, when the police closed as dangerous some of the premises rented, this important school occupied seventeen rooms, with upwards of one thousand children, besides three hundred adults in weekly attendance; so to provide for this number alone, without any addition (and numbers were continually refused for want of room), extensive premises are necessarily required. The Committee and teachers, who are almost wholly composed of friends residing at Islington, having no local interest in the neighbourhood whatever, beyond that of pity, have our most hearty wishes for their success in their *more* than laborious efforts. We are pleased to see the style of building adopted—unpretending, yet substantial,—and are requested to state the property (which is freehold) has been put in trust for the purposes for which it has been erected, for ever.

Our friends must not imagine this desirable work is yet fully accomplished—far from it. £800 has been received, but as much more will be required, even with the most economical arrangements, before the plans can be completed. The

old premises are about being closed, or pulled down from dilapidations, so that unless the Committee had resolved to build, and the public to sustain the Committee in that resolution, these useful schools must have ceased to exist.

Subscriptions will be very glady received by Mr. GENT, at the Offices of the Ragged School Union, 1, Exeter Hall.

POOR TOM.

I HAD been gone some weeks on a journey. Glancing over a newspaper issued in my absence, I met a paragraph which troubled me. It concerned a boy, one Tom Johnson, put in jail for robbing a gentleman's garden and barn. His accomplices escaped.

"Tom Johnson! Is that *our* Tom? Of course not." Yet I recollected not having seen him since my return. There was was nobody near to inform me. "Tom," I kept saying; "it can't be *our* Tom. No, no." The next morning the first thing was to ask for Tom.

"Tom, our poor errand-boy? Havn't you heard? The poor fellow is in custody, and likely to go to prison." The circumstances were rehearsed more at length than I found them in the paper. "Poor Tom," I could only say—

it was a clear, sunshiny day—"Poor Tom caged up on such a bright day as this—he was free as a bird, and yet I never thought him a vicious boy."

I determined to see him, and took the earliest opportunity of visiting him in his new quarters, and I am sorry to say it was the *first* visit I ever paid him. Pressing through the narrow, damp, foul-smelling gangway that led to his cell on the back side of the building, I felt sad enough.

"A set of young rascals," said the turnkey; "pity the whole gang wern't here; and Tom Johnson's the ringleader of 'em."

"Yet I never saw any vicious leanings in the boy," I said.

"Perhaps you don't know as well as you think for," said the turnkey.

Perhaps I didn't, and so I did not stop to argue the point. When we reached the cell, whose door grated on its hinges as the man unlocked, opened it, and let me in, Tom was lying on his low cot, his head wrapped in the quilt. He started up, and, rubbing his eyes, looked pleased when he saw who had come; then, as if suddenly recollecting where he was, his head dropped on his bosom, and he began to twirl the bedclothes with his fingers.

"Why, Tom, my boy, how are you?" I asked cheerfully.

"So, so," he answered, without looking up.

"I did not expect to find you here, Tom. How did it happen? How came you here?"

"Oh, 'cause," answered Tom, "they put me in."

I motioned to the turnkey to leave us.

"Didn't you know 'twas wicked to steal, Tom?" said I, sitting down by his side.

"Yes, sir; but didn't think much about that part of it."

"Didn't you learn the Ten Commandments in Sabbath-school, Tom?" I asked.

"Never went to Sabbath-school."

"Never went to Sabbath-school? Why not, Tom?"

"Nobody ever asked me to go."

"Nobody ever asked you? Well, you ought to have gone, of course."

"Didn't 'zactly know how," answered Tom. "When the schoolboys got their handsome paper, all pictured, I wished I could go, but nobody asked me."

"Don't you go to meeting, Tom?"

"No, sir."

"Why, Tom, you ought to have gone to meeting, then you would never have come to this vile place."

"My clothes wern't fit. The meetings you go to wouldn't have such folks as I be. Good many times I saw you go in, but was 'fraid to follow; they'd turned me out."

"You've a mother, Tom, hav'nt you?"

"No, sir; she's been dead ever since I gave up selling candy; had nobody to make it after she died."

"Any father?"

"No, sir; he's been dead always. I live with my cousin's folks; but they fight me."

"Poor boy! Why did you never tell me all this before?"

"You never asked me," said Tom, piteously.

When I first knew Tom, he used to come to the store with a clean box well stocked with molasses candy, and his clean and tidy appearance was a decided recommendation to his wares. There was a frank, prompt, respectful air about the boy which took my fancy, and he became our errand-boy. He did well for us, and we paid him well for his small services. But did our account *end* there? Did money pay *all* I owed him? Ah, I began to be afraid not.

"I don't want to stay here," at length Tom said, bursting into tears; "it makes me sick. I feel awfully."

"You see what comes of associating with such a set of fellows, Tom. They led you into evil courses."

"Well, they liked me," said Tom, sobbing; "and I didn't know much of anybody else since I went to my cousin's."

"But you knew it was wicked, Tom."

"Yes, sir; but it was meant more in sport than wickedness."

"Tell me how it happened."

Tom told his story, a perfectly straightforward one, I have no doubt, leaving a wide margin for those palliations of the wrong which the civil law cannot always fully recognise and allow. There was a pause.

"Can't you get me clear, sir?" asked Tom.

"I'll do what I can for you, my poor fellow."

He squeezed my hand as I rose to go, and sobbed violently as I left him.

"The young rogue," said the turnkey, meeting me in the hall; "did you make much headway with him?"

"I don't know," I said, and quickly left.

How much I thought of poor Tom all the day through! Two or three spoke to me about him, and the *way* they spoke pained me exceedingly: "The little scamp," "The young rascal," and the free use of language whose harshness and heartlessness fairly startled me; and yet they were ordinarily accounted kind-hearted men. But they were ignorant, as I had been, of the state of society from which just such a class of boys naturally springs—an ignorance, however, which my conscience would not allow me to excuse. "The poor child," said Conscience; "*you* have helped make him what he is." I twinged. *I!* what had *I* done?

"You left *undone*—you did *nothing*," said Conscience. "You did not pay the debt of *moral* obligation which you owed him. God threw him in your way—a poor, friendless, uncared-for orphan; and if you did not know *who* or *what* he was, you *ought* to have known; you owed him a sympathy, a care, a helpful encouragement, which your superior situation imposed upon you. What might not your advice, your instructions, your warnings have saved him from? What might not your friendly interest in his sorrows and needs have made of him?"

The next day I went to see Tom again. I took an orange and a picture-book to him.

"The boy is sick," said the turnkey, "and I really believe he is."

"Well, Tom," I asked, sitting down by his side, "how are you?"

"So, so," he answered, with a faint smile.

I put the orange in his hand, and laid the little book on the coverlet. Oh, how I wanted to talk to Tom about his soul; but I did not know where

or how to begin. Indeed, it was awkward to begin *now* a friendly care for him, neglected all too long; for aught I knew, neglected till too late. And it was a bitter thought to me. While Tom was sucking his orange, I slipped out and borrowed a Bible of the warder.

"Don't you want me to read to you, Tom?"

"What is it about?" he asked.

"You listen and see."

I turned to the giving of the law on Mount Sinai, and read the account.

"Big thunderstorm, wasn't it?" said Tom, after I got through.

I talked about the commandments, but he listened with very little interest.

"Tom, you've read about Jesus Christ, and Judas who betrayed his Master? He was a thief, and you know what end he came to?"

"What?" he asked.

"He killed himself."

"Killed hisself? Perhaps he hadn't anybody to care for him."

"Yes, he had; Jesus Christ cared for him."

Finding myself making small headway with the poor lad, I comforted myself with the hope of doing better next time. Tom grew worse. The warder moved him, and I ordered everything to be done for his comfort. But it was his poor soul which weighed most heavily upon me. One day when we read to him the story of the cross, of Jesus Christ loving him and dying for *his* sins, tears ran down his cheeks. Tom's ear was gained, his heart was touched, and he listened to the prayer put up for him with serious and heartfelt attention. All exhortation, and warning, and instruction *short of this*, had failed of producing any strong impression upon the poor boy's conscience: this, the simple story of a dying Saviour, moved and melted him as I had never seen him before. Then I felt hopes for Tom. "He will be a good man yet," I said to myself.

The next day his mind was wandering. I hasten to the sad end. A few more days and he was no more, and I followed him to the grave as his chief mourner.

There is a large class of such boys as Tom to be *kindly* cared for. There are multitudes of boys and girls outside the church, outside the Sabbath, outside all religious and moral instruction, who may well say, "Nobody cares for my soul." Many a promising child is growing up in ignorance, to be a blot upon society, a worse than useless citizen, a *lost one*, notwithstanding the death of Christ and his healing, who to all human view *might* be saved. Who is responsible? We must *seek them out*, as a man does his lost sheep, or a woman her piece of silver. This is our proper Christian work. *We are responsible.* "To whom much is given, of him will much be required."

Poetry.

THE TEACHERS' MONUMENT.

"No less than five paid Teachers died during the year, and, at such seasons, the affections of the children have been shown in a most marked manner."—*Fifteenth Annual Report of the Ragged School Union.*

Man writeth his own epitaph. Some leave
Theirs graven deeply in the world's history
Or in its laws embalmed. Some the mystery
Of social progress pierce: and men perceive
These are earth's crownless kings. Thus light divine,
Flaming in mighty deeds, thereby receive
A nobler elegy than poets weave
And carve upon their grave-stone.
What is thine,
Ye prophets of the poor? Shall spring-tides pent
'Mid exhalations foul, bequeath no sign
Save faintest whispers of ripe energies spent
On cleansing leprous souls? When from the mine
Of the heart's wealth the golden ore hath vent,
In outcasts' love is carved the Teachers' monument!

H.

The Teachers' Column.

HEAVENLY THE MODEL OF EARTHLY SERVICE;

Being the Substance of an Address to the Southern Branch of the Ragged School Teachers' Association.

"His servants shall serve him."—Rev. xxii. 3.

We see few things as they really are. This fact is obvious even in physical science. The apparent is not always the true. Measured by the eye, how near the stars; but, gauged by those mathematical laws which cannot err, how unspeakably distant! If this be the rule in those physical phenomena which can be seen, how much more likely is it to be the case in spiritual, which faith can alone grasp! for our apprehension of spiritual subjects is ever, more or less, distorted by our sinful nature, or by our mental infirmities. Hence it is only when we gauge time by eternity, and measure our opinions and actions by Revelation, that we can possibly see things as God views them—and thus as they *really* are!

In service for God in this world, there can be no mistake, if we act on earth as the ransomed do in heaven. Now the passage selected for our motto supplies this clue; in fact, the whole Apocalypse gives an insight into the spirit and mode in which saved men serve God in the Eternal City, and thus presents a true model for service in this lower world. Disregarding the more positive aspects of the subject, six *negative* ways in which they serve God may be indicated.

1st. *They do not serve for human applause.*—Knowing that grace, and not man, fitted them for glory, they heed God's "well done" alone. True wisdom leads to the same conclusion in this world. For we know that, however gratifying praise may be, men die whilst uttering it. Then, again, how often is it withheld from the worthy, and given profusely to the undeserving. This will require that very many earthly decisions shall be reversed at the day of judgment. Hence, saith the Apostle, "it is a very small thing that I should be judged of man's judgment" (1 Cor. iv. 3). For there is another, and truer Judge than the world, even the Lord Jesus; and, as his judgment alone abideth for ever, his "well done, good and faithful servant" is alone worth hearing. We ought then to act like the illustrious

General Havelock: serve our generation faithfully, from love to God, even though earthly rewards are withheld until they are too late to be of any benefit. *Apparently* fail we may in this world; but let us see that we fail not as respects eternity; for that alone is true success which is adjudged as successful by the denizens of the better land.

2nd. *They do not serve with double-heart.*—The redeemed give God *all* their powers; and that not by fits and starts, but continuously. There being "no night there," their energies neither ebb nor flow, but are always fresh and vigorous. Now the same *principle* should actuate us as Ragged School teachers; for so trying is it, that unless the heart be stable and we labour in faith, what is begun in enthusiasm will gradually dwindle into indifference. It is when *whole-hearted* men—like Thomas Wright, of Manchester, who has been the means of reclaiming hundreds of criminals—step into the field, that it is seen that it needs not a large purse, or a powerful intellect, but only a Christ-like heart, and "patient continuance in well doing," to change the vicious and the criminal into good citizens. In God's might, then, "Go thou and do likewise!"

3rd. *They do not withhold any gift.*—Redeemed men do not envy Gabriel's higher gifts. They well know that there is scope enough to task their *own* energies, without wishing that they had some other or higher talents. So should it be in service in this world. Each Ragged School teacher has his own special talent and field of labour, and hence should obey the apostolic injunction, "Study to *do your own business*" (1 Thess. iv. 11). No other person could do your special work so well; nor could you perform the work of others half so satisfactorily. In this division of labour, "the eye cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee" (1 Cor. xii. 21). Hence we infer that every gift of the Holy Spirit is *necessary* in reclaiming outcasts, and so for building up the Church of Christ. Thus it follows that, though we are not responsible for the gifts of others, we shall have to give a strict account of the talents entrusted to us individually. It will not do to say, "Our gift is too small to be of any service;" for in God's plan—and he has both a purpose and a plan—it may be more valuable than those more prominent gifts which seem to move the world. Hence saith the Holy Spirit, by his amanuensis Paul, "those members of the body, which seem to be more feeble, are *necessary*; and those members, which we think to be less honourable, upon these we bestow more abundant honour" (1 Cor. xii. 22, 23). And it must be so in the nature of things; for the Lord, during his absence, has "given to *every* man his work" (Mark xiii. 34); and he alone can tell the real measure of its importance in relation to his ultimate purposes. It is then painful to notice, in the parable of the Ten Talents, that whilst the men of greater gifts used them well, he who had but one, and thus comparatively less to do, slumbered when he ought to have worked. Let us then always give to God what he has entrusted to us, whatever be our special path of Ragged School labour, nor murmuringly say, "If our talent was like so and so's, *how* we would work!" The Director of Kew Gardens is not what is usually deemed a philosophic botanist; yet he is one of the first in England. Why? Simply because he has richly cultivated his one distinguishing talent—namely, the power of discriminating those minute shades, in the shape of plants, which determine classes and nomenclature. Thus he can do that without which a mere philosophic botanist would have no facts whence to deduce the laws which govern plants. This is the way in which we must work—doing what we can do, and not murmuring because we cannot have some other kind of work from which God has pleased to debar us; and so will the destitute and the outcast be the better for our ministry: for, if we do what we can, we shall do more than we ever expected.

4th. *They do not serve in a vaunting spirit.*—There is no sadder spectacle than to see a man proud of his talents; for, after all, they are not his own property.

As they came from God, they are only *lent* for a season. It was well for Jehu to destroy the images of Baal; but it was not so well when he took the upright Jonadab into his chariot, and said, "Come, see my zeal for Jehovah." Better by far have gone forth and destroyed the idols which disgraced the land, and have allowed Jonadab to give praise if he had pleased. If our own works do not praise us, the less we say about them the better. Above all, if more successful as Ragged School teachers than others, do not vaunt of your success, for "what hast thou that thou didst not receive?"

5th. *They do not wish their task finished.*—If it is so in heaven—the true model for earthly service—why is it so different on earth? It is not so, indeed, with those who wish to excel in science or art. They do not spoil the work in which they are engaged by *clock-watching*. German students, for example, will study seventeen hours at a stretch voluntarily, and so without a murmur. Why is this? Either that they may win the prizes of this life; or, what is better, acquire that knowledge without which they cannot do a man's part in this working world of ours. Surely then we, whose special vocation it is to win for Christ the offspring of the profligate and the idle, ought to be above that *furtive* watching of the clock which tells, alas! so truly, that though the *body* is in the school, the *soul is elsewhere*. Let then the measure of our work be determined neither by time-tables nor by clocks, but by our strength and opportunities; and then we shall serve on earth as we hope shortly to do in heaven.

6th. *They do not serve for self-glory.*—The redeemed know that they are not in heaven because they deserved it, but simply because grace was greater than sin. Hence it is that, whatever may be their work in the eternal world,—and no one is idle there,—they ever look to Christ, and not at their own doings. And so will it be during the millennial age; for we are told that "the Lord shall alone be exalted in that day." As a contrast, there is no page of biography so painful as that which records the death-day of Nelson. Clad in his richest uniform, and covered with medals which unnecessarily rendered him a mark for the sharpshooter, he said, "To-day victory or Westminster Abbey!" Thus did his vanity obscure his undoubted patriotism, and lead to his death. Let us then especially avoid this sin, engaged as we are in God's work; for the glare of self-glory will assuredly dim our light. If reputation come as the fruit of diligent labour, in a field which offers but little to gratify the flesh, let it come; but never let it be the incentive to labour, lest we forget the work in ourselves, and so eventually estimate ourselves as greater than the work.

In conclusion, let us, *firstly*, so serve, that Time may only antedate Eternity; *secondly*, let us so labour on earth that—in *principle*—we shall have nothing to learn in heaven: for in both cases we shall have so begun our education here as only to have to finish it in glory. Thus will the key-note of Time melt into the full diapason of the eternal city:

So let us live that not an hour misspent
May rise in judgment on us penitent;
But, till the sunset come, so in Christ's vineyard toil
That every hour a priceless gem may be
To deck the bright crown of Eternity!

The Children's Gallery.

THE GOLDEN RULE SOCIETY.

On a clear cold Saturday afternoon in December, a few little girls met in an old-fashioned brick school-house. They met to talk about the poor children, and see if they could form any plan to help them. Saturday was the children's holiday, and Aunt Kitty feared they might not be willing to give up their play for work; but

they were much pleased with her plan, which was to form a sewing society, to meet every pleasant Saturday afternoon, and sew two hours upon clothes for poor children. Aunt Kittie would prepare their work and meet with them, help them sew, and sometimes tell them a story, or read to them. They had some trouble in finding a name *good* enough for their society; but when "Golden Rule Society" was mentioned, they thought that was "*just* the thing," as they were trying to do for others what they should like to have done for themselves if they were poor and homeless. Any little girl could join it by paying a trifle, and the money went to buy cloth. Aunt Kittie appointed one to write down the names of the members, and keep a record of the meetings; she was called the secretary: another to take the money; she was the treasurer. Two directresses were then chosen to help baste work, and to see that each one had something to do. The children were pleased, and entered into their duties with much energy. The old school-house, with its rattling windows and dirty walls, was thought too cheerless to meet in again, and Aunt Kittie invited them to her home the next Saturday.

After four or five meetings they had made a good many clothes—thick, warm, and comfortable as could be. A bundle was therefore made up, and a letter written, and the clothes sent to the "Refuge for Homeless Children."

For many days the children looked for an answer to their letter, and the little secretary watched the post every day until it came. It was directed to her, though written to all, and such a sweet, thankful letter, that it did their hearts good, and more than repaid them for their labour. The secretary of the Refuge, receiving the parcel, also sent them some magazines with sad and sweet stories of the poor children. Aunt Kittie feared the children would not have time to make up another bundle before winter was over, so they went to all the ladies in the neighbourhood and asked for clothes. No one could refuse them, and famous great bundles poured into Aunt Kittie's little parlour, which were nicely mended; and it is hoped the poor children were as happy in receiving them as the little girls of the Golden Rule Society in sending them. It is very true that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Notices of Books.

Irish Revivals: The Ulster Awakening; its Origin, Progress, and Fruit. By the Rev. JOHN WEIR, D.D. Pp. 219. Arthur Hall, Virtue, & Co., 25, Paternoster Row.

THIS book gives a connected narrative of the work of grace as experienced in the north of Ireland in the year 1859, and is to Erin what the "Power of Prayer" is to North America. The author has, doubtless, felt a deep interest in his theme, and peculiarly fitted to write it, for he is a native of the north of Ireland, and was for years the pastor of a church in the same part of that country. In the volume before us, he not only furnishes a large amount of valuable information collected from every available source, but he also gives what his own eye has seen, and his own ear has heard, of God's gracious doings in this Ulster awakening. So great and marvellous a work ought to be known by Christians of all countries, and doubtless should be chronicled for ages yet unborn. Dr. Weir has well done his part towards the accomplishment of these two objects, and it is now for Christians of all denominations to do what they can to give the volume a wide circulation, and thereby aid, it is hoped, their Master's cause.

Notices of Meetings.

THE "ONE-TUN" RAGGED SCHOOLS, PERKINS'S RENTS.

Among the numerous happy Christmas gatherings there was none more interesting, and apparently more happy, than that of the mothers and fathers of the children attending the "One-Tun" Ragged Schools, who assembled to enjoy the substantial tea provided for them by their kind friends, the ladies of the committee; "Boxing night" being specially chosen for the tea-meeting, as a counter-attraction to the public-houses which abound in that locality. The numbers which assembled proved the experiment to be a successful one, and it was truly gratifying to see so many men and women, cleanly and respectably dressed, and most orderly in their conduct, preferring to partake of "the cup which cheers, but does not inebriate," and to listen to words of counsel, warning, and encouragement, rather than to indulge in the pleasures of sin for a season.

After the tables were removed, and the intellectual part of the proceedings commenced, Mr. Counsellor Payne, who came expressly from the country to be present, and who, by the untiring devotion of his time and talents, proves that, like the Apostle Paul, he is ready "to spend and be spent" in furthering the cause of Ragged Schools and Mothers' Meetings, was voted to the chair by acclamation, and gave an admirable address, conveying, in his own inimitable way, many lessons likely to be long remembered. Mr. Payne concluded, as usual, with the following tail-piece:—

Though Christmas comes but once a year,
We're always glad to see it here;
Especially at times when we
Can take a cheerful cup of tea;

When from the drunkard's wish we fly,
And shun the drunkard's company;
Not reel home late, with aching head,
But, calm and cool, go soon to bed.

It is to me a pleasant thing
My thoughts to this bright scene to bring:
And, since my lay is thus begun,
I'll say a word about "One-Tun."

One ton of coal, in winter days,
If of the proper kind,
Will help to make a cheerful blaze
For body and for mind.

One ton of flour, in starving times,
Will stand the poor in stead,
And keep them from committing crimes
To gain their daily bread.

One tun of gin, or rum, or beer,
Will many people hurt,
And make them feel exceeding queer,
And roll them in the dirt.

But there is here, for great and small,
Who learn by Scripture's rule,
"One-Tun" which far excels them all,
The "One-Tun" Ragged School.

That "One-Tun" has a widish scope,
And in it we may see
One tun of Faith, one tun of Hope,
One tun of Charity.

That "Tun" was by A. Cooper form'd,
And by A. Cooper still
Is neatly kept, and nicely warm'd,
And taught with Christian skill.

God bless the workers in their work,
And hasten on the day,
When tons of ills that round them lurk
Shall all be swept away.

And oh! may those whom here I see
In friendship join'd to night,
Be glad through all eternity,
When time shall take its flight.

When the meeting broke up, after singing the Doxology, each mother received, as she left, a ticket for a cwt. of coals and a quartern loaf, an appropriate and most considerate "Christmas-box" from the Lady Virginia Sandars.

KINGSTON.

The children of these schools, and also a considerable sprinkling of men and women who have taken advantage of the facilities for learning offered to them, numbering together upwards of 180, met at the Boys' School-room, River Side, to partake of the good old English Christmas cheer annually provided by kind friends interested in the work of Ragged School instruction. There was a considerable number of visitors, both ladies and gentlemen, besides a large array of teachers. The room was pleasingly decked out with holly and evergreens, interspersed with oranges, while various appropriate religious mottoes were placed to meet the eye. The

diners were arranged at three long tables, in dense array, and the scene presented must be witnessed to be appreciated. The appearance of the children was clean and tidy, and although some were poorly clad, all had clean faces and hands, and well-combed hair. The dinner having been done ample and rapid justice to, and thanks having been returned, the Superintendent, Mr. Strachan, addressed them as follows:

My dear boys and girls, men and women, scholars in the Ragged Schools, my fellow-teachers, and kind visitors,—I am happy again to meet you at our annual Christmas dinner, and to congratulate all you that have partaken on the justice you seemed to have done to it. This is not the time for speech-making, which I will not attempt, only I wish to let the visitors know that the schools are open every evening in the week except Saturday, and that some of our pupils are making good progress. Two gentlemen last year offered prizes for best papers sent in on the Life and Sufferings of Christ. He who has gained the first prize is a man 28 years of age, who first came to the Ragged School two years since, and could neither read nor write. He will receive a Bible from our kind friend Mr. Clabon, who would have been with us to-day had he not been residing in London. The other prize is gained by a lad 17 years old, who very modestly signed his name "——, a Ragged School Boy." This prize is given by another true friend, Mr. Hogg. Two other Bibles will be given by the school for papers sent in; and six New Testaments and twelve copies of "Locke's Little Sermons for Little People" will be given for regular attendance. I have no doubt but the visitors came to see a Ragged School Treat, and I am sure they will not go away disappointed. The Rev. Mr. Medhurst will now distribute the prizes, and have a word of encouragement for each.

The Rev. T. W. Medhurst, in delivering the various prizes, expressed the delight that he felt in being present, and offered to present twelve Bibles on next Christmas day to the twelve best boys as chosen by the Superintendent, and also to contribute 5s. to the Dinner Fund. He then distributed the prizes in a most interesting manner, having a word both for old and young, which they will do well to remember.

Among the pieces sung were the *Treat*, from the Ragged School Moral Song Book, and the *Pet Lamb*, from Curwen's Selection, which showed, by the way in which they were executed, that the labours of Mr. Swane, the paid week-day teacher, have not been in vain.

THE RAGGED SCHOOL.

SUGGESTED BY THE CHRISTMAS DINNER AT KINGSTON.

'Twas Christmas Day, 'twas Christmas Day,
And lightly the children bounded away,
Each with a knife and fork in hand,
And soon at the door of the school they stand;

Their faces lit up with smiles of joy,
As pleased as children with new-bought toy.
What gave such buoyancy to their feet?
I'll tell you, It was the Ragged School Treat.

The room in the school was with laurels hung,
And red berries of holly a brightness flung
O'er ivy and box so dark and green,
And oranges graced the festive scene.

The boys and girls soon took their seat
Round tables loaded with potatoes and meat,
But ere to eat they had begun
Their grace they very sweetly sung.

And when they had had sufficient meat
The children sang the "Ragged School Treat,"
And then plum pudding in glorious slices
Proved the treat had gained its crisis.

Then Mr. Medhurst himself address'd
And gave books to the boys who'd behaved the best,
And the children dispersed with mirthful fun,
Each trying the other to outrun.

'Twas a glorious sight to see such joy
On the face of every girl and boy;
It made the heart in prayer ascend
To Him who is the children's friend,

And ask of him to guide in love
These children dear to his home above,
That in his crown each might shine a jewel
And bless the Kingston Ragged School.

Papers, Original and Selected.

SCHOOL AMUSEMENTS.

"Overcome evil with good."

It is one of the most remarkable features of the Ragged School movement, that its conductors are constantly discovering new fields of labour opening up before them, so that, by a gradual increase, the work has grown from a mere system of schools for the young to a gigantic moral power, extended enough to embrace the adult population within its grasp, and so penetrating as to tell on every domestic and social relation of the destitute poor. The first prominent branch of labour thus collaterally undertaken, was the providing for the physical wants of our scholars. Clothing Societies for supplying raiment to the body, and Refuges where it might enjoy a hospitable shelter, were established in connection with many schools. Subsequently, industrial necessities put forth their claim for serious attention, and the admirable Shoe-black Societies have one by one been organised, with what success would be superfluous to say; while, besides these, many smaller schemes have at the same time been carried on, as Penny Banks, Mothers' Meetings, &c., the mere enumeration of which would be impossible. If life be measured by growth, our work is a living one indeed.

There is a necessity now making itself felt, though hitherto comparatively unheeded, which is of at least equal importance with any of those supplied by the agencies mentioned above. The teaching of the facts and doctrines of religion in Ragged Schools is in most cases amply provided for; and, thanks to those noble men and women who devote themselves to the instruction of the day-schools, a very valuable amount of secular knowledge is generally conveyed. But is there enough, or nearly enough, done for the intellectual requirements of our scholars? However sunk in ignorance and brutal insensibility these children may be, in the very great majority of cases they are not long in attendance at our schools before symptoms appear of an awakening to mental life. Questions are asked with a real desire for satisfying answers; well-informed teachers are looked upon with reverence, even with awe, as a kind of sacred

phenomena; and the boy sets himself with diligence to acquire the art of reading, in the hope that even he may some day be able to enjoy those delightful narratives, and to learn those strange yet intensely interesting facts, which he perceives are found in books. When such an awakening has taken place (and these cases are the rule, and not the exception, in our schools), how eager is the spirit for all knowledge! We do not speak of the desire of knowledge as a means to some ulterior end, such as that of the lad who wishes to master a trade in the industrial class, with the view of supporting himself in future by that particular branch of labour, but of the *intense desire of knowledge for its own sake*, the longing of the spirit to know all that can be known of what lies around. Endless are the questionings, the wonderings, and the speculations of such a mind, and the supplies which it requires are almost endless too. It is ready to devour books by the dozen, and lectures by the score. Yet what does the young inquirer actually receive? Perhaps, in the space of two or three months, a small "magazine," or, in the course of a whole winter, *one* lecture or a *single* exhibition of the magic lantern!

The consequences of this paucity of instruction are painful to dwell upon; yet, for our enlightenment as teachers, let us not shrink from the view. In the first place, think of the suffering which that youth must endure who can find no means of satisfying his ardent spirit. His mind is tortured with a hundred questions ever recurring, which no one in his family-circle is capable of answering, and for which the spelling and writing lessons of the school make no provision; and be assured that the pain of finding oneself still doomed to ignorance while longing for information, is far deeper and more poignant than is generally supposed. Then, beyond this, see consequences sadder still. One of two processes must ensue. The mind, under the long-continued, ever-increasing pressure which lies upon it, becomes absorbed in its own workings, falls victim to a permanent melancholy, manifesting itself according to the constitution and circumstances of the individual, in peevishness, idleness, &c., as the case may be, and at last in morbid frenzy preys upon itself, and so lapses of course into a state of fearful disease—disease most difficult to cure. Or, on the other hand, the youth, wearied with unsuccessful endeavours, gives up the pursuit of knowledge in despair; finds no resource but that of sensual delights; drinks deeper draughts of these than ever before, in order to kill that better nature which, while it lives, will still remonstrate, yet is

so provokingly unwilling to die; and so "the last estate of that man is worse than the first."

If the foregoing remarks are true—and we think no candid reader will gainsay them—much light is thrown upon the subject of the Penny Theatre, so far as regards its influence over our scholars. The increasingly frequent visits of the children to this and similar places are matter of grief to all teachers; but, to any one who perceives the reason of such a state of things, the effect, lamentable as it is, is not so much to be regretted as its cause. Does any reader ask, "What is the cause?" We beg to answer his question by another. Pray, sir, what was the reason that, after your return from business last night, you went to spend a few hours at your club? or what is your motive this evening in settling yourself so comfortably beside the library fire, to look over the last Review? From the very same motive, and nothing worse, those two bright fellows Tom and Jem, and very likely two or three other boys in your class, have gone into that Penny Theatre in the next street, to which you have so decided an objection. As to Jem, he certainly is a thoughtless lad; and, happening upon his return from work to meet that smart boy who lives next door just setting off for the play, it didn't take five words to induce him to go too. Yet he doesn't care much for what is passing upon the stage, he has seen and heard the piece a dozen times before. All that he wants is some outlet for the animal spirits which, by a law of our nature, rise to high water-mark after a period of long-sustained labour. And certainly it is capital fun, whatever we may think of it in other respects, to meet with "such a lot" of boys, and mutually to tell the feats of trickery and the deeds of daring in which they have distinguished themselves since last they met. Suppose, however, that, instead of a play, an exhibition of the Magic Lantern was to be seen under the superintendence of such a man as his respected teacher, the thing would have suited Jem quite as well. Then as for Tom, that boy has no mother (I beg your pardon, sir, of course you are aware of the fact), and, having been very busy to-day at the shop in which he works, he came home somewhat tired and dispirited. His father, a cabman, was out when he returned, and there was nobody indoors but little Jack (just three years old). Now, although the said Jack goes to the Infant School, and is a fair enough specimen of little-boy-hood, he is not found exactly companionable to his big brother, now entering on his sixteenth year. Tom turned instinctively to the fire-place; but,

instead of the bright warm glow he was hoping for, nothing was to be seen but a heap of black cinders: the fire had gone out for want of some hand to keep it up. He felt very chilly, and, to make matters worse, there was no candle in the house. Now Tom, having a few pence in his pocket, might certainly have gone out and purchased a little fuel for the grate, and a dip to set upon the table. But a drizzling rain, you know, has been falling all the evening; and he felt besides that he had done a good day's work already, and was not inclined to bestir himself greatly, even for his own comfort. So there he sat, moodily, as much perplexed as you or I would have been under the circumstances to know how to dispose of himself. At last a bright idea flashed across his mind, viz., that he might get something to see by just going to the gaff. True it is raining fast, but the place is so close by that weather is no consideration. He starts from his seat to reach his cap, when for the first time he thinks of you, and of the earnest manner in which last Sunday you charged your scholars to keep at a distance from such haunts. For the whole space of three minutes he fortifies himself in the resolution to be a martyr to principle; but virtue with poor Tom is yet in its infancy, a heavenly babe indeed, but newly-born, and has not yet acquired strength to bear quite so great a stress. So, somewhat *against his own will*, Tom goes to the theatre, and there at this moment you may find him—not along with Jem (I wish he were in that corner)—that boy sitting next to him is a thief, and, to judge by the free conversation now passing between them, I fear that their acquaintance will not cease with this casual interview. And that girl now joining in the talk! Do you know her? Oh! dear sir! henceforth, for pity's sake, keep your eye upon poor Tom! save him from the grasp of the destroyer!

To any unprejudiced observer the truth is clear that Ragged Scholars are in most cases led to the Theatre, &c., not from any particularly vicious or low inclinations, but from mere lack of occupation, *simply for the want of something else to do.* They do not love the play; they do not find it satisfying; but they are driven to it whenever the evening-school is not open by the mere absence of any other entertainment.* This being so, we discover that the

* The term "entertainment" used here, and subsequently throughout this paper, must not be understood in the sense of *amusement* or *recreation*, unless that meaning be specially assigned. The writer employs it as a comprehensive name for all engagements of the mental powers, serious as well as playful.

remedy lies in our very hands. If we were to provide interesting lectures, musical entertainments, exhibitions of the magic lantern, &c., our scholars would flock to them as they now do to the play, and with immeasurably greater zest. I say "with greater zest," because by so much as they are more attached to their school-house than to any other building—by so much as they prefer their fellow-scholars' company to that of strangers'—by so much as pictures and narratives of what is true are more pleasing than fiction—and by so much as they love and venerate their teachers more than actors and musicians whom in their secret souls they cannot but despise, in the same degree will they prefer an evening's entertainment of our providing to any that is to be had elsewhere.

Thus it appears that, both on the general grounds first alluded to, and also on the particular ground of opposition to the Penny Gaff, Ragged School teachers are called upon to provide for their scholars a far larger intellectual supply than is now existing, both in the form of instruction and of recreation or amusement. How is such a provision to be made?

To the solution of this question a few earnest friends of Ragged Schools, some of whose names, if mentioned, would carry authority with them, have given much attention; and, as the result of earnest thought, they would now present to their fellow-labourers a scheme which, if judiciously carried out, they believe would fully answer both the ends designed. The objects contemplated by this scheme are—

1st. To keep *every* Ragged Scholar, of *every* school, out of the streets and under the protection of the teachers *every* evening, from September in autumn, to April in spring inclusive.

2ndly. To provide an adequate amount of mental entertainment for every Ragged Scholar, both in the shape of wholesome knowledge, and of recreation or amusement.

3rdly. To create and foster a spirit of mutual interest and sympathy between the scholars of different Ragged Schools.

For these purposes, the means proposed are as follows:—At the commencement of every winter, *i.e.*, as soon as the dark evenings set in, let the schools of every district associate themselves for the purpose of mutually providing as above for the scholars of that district; let the number of schools thus associating themselves be twelve; let each of the twelve schools undertake to provide some kind of entertainment, for the benefit of all, on one evening of every fortnight throughout the winter, so choosing the particular

evening as that an entertainment shall be given every evening at one or other of the associated schools; let the entertainment provided be generally an interesting lecture (illustrated of course), but very often something to afford amusement, and an evening of downright "fun;" and let the children of every school in the circle be furnished with tickets which will admit them to the entertainments of any of the twelve.

To illustrate the working of the above plan, let us suppose that twelve schools situated within a radius of a mile-and-a-half have united themselves for a winter season. A—— Street School commences the work, say on Monday, the 5th of September. As soon as doors are open, a number of A—— Street scholars are ready to present themselves, and presently little groups of twos and threes begin to arrive from B—— Street, F—— Yard, and other associated schools, every stranger presenting his ticket at the door. None are present this evening from C—— Place, D—— Yard, or E—— Street, although these are included in the circle, for there is evening-school held at those places every Monday. When the room is full doors are closed, and boys and girls in their respective places eagerly await the evening's operations, not knowing beforehand what they are to be. They are not kept long in suspense, when, to the great delight of A—— Street scholars, it turns out that one of the most popular of their teachers, whom we shall style Mr. Lovegood, has promised to supply this evening's entertainment. As soon as the enthusiastic greetings of his admirers will allow, Mr. Lovegood commences, by stating that he is going to tell something about a great and good man of our own times whom some of them must know is a good deal talked about just now — the famous African traveller, Livingstone. To judge by the glistening eyes of the little audience, this subject "will do," and now they begin to understand the use of those pictorial lions and buffaloes upon the wall which they have been wondering at since first they came in. The lecture proceeds, lively, full of matter, at many points amusing, and the boys unanimously declare it "capital," and wish, as young people at such moments will do, that Mr. Lovegood would give a lecture "*every* night." All has passed off well this first evening, and, though a good many children from other schools were present, the A—— Street teachers have had no greater difficulty than usual in maintaining order, for the strangers seemed to think themselves privileged in being allowed to share the enjoyments of a neighbouring school, and made good behaviour a point of honour. Tuesday

evening comes, and the place of rendezvous is B—— Street School. Here the young auditors are gratified with some account of our Domestic Animals, the countries to which they originally belonged, &c., by one of the teachers. That young man is not so skilful at work of this sort as our friend Mr. Lovegood, but never mind—he has the true spirit of a teacher, and will find himself powerful enough by-and-by. On the following evening, Wednesday, the place of meeting is C—— Yard, and a numerous company listen to a description of that newly-opened land, Japan. The audiences of these three evenings have been almost entirely different on each occasion: those boys and girls for instance of A—— Street, in whose premises the gathering of Monday evening was held, have been in school on Tuesday and Wednesday; and the children of H—— Yard who were present to-night did not hear Mr. Lovegood's excellent lecture, nor that upon Domestic Animals. On Thursday evening, instead of a lecture there is an exhibition of the Magic Lantern, place of meeting L—— Street School. A very lively teacher superintends, and there is an evening of simple amusement, pronounced by the children to be "as good as the gaff, and ten times better." On Friday comes a description of the manners and customs of China, by a gentleman who has long resided in that land. On Saturday an interesting lecture is given upon "Britain in the Olden Time," and, all the evening-schools being closed on that night, there is a very large gathering, so that the school-room at N—— Court is full to the doors. Thus the plan proceeds, meetings being held in the course of a fortnight at every one of the associated schools, till on Monday the 19th of September the children are gathered in A—— Street school-room once more.

This scheme has already commended itself to several superintendents and teachers, and a sanguine hope is felt that its simplicity and completeness will insure for it generally a favourable reception. Should this be the case, and the plan be found working next winter in every quarter of the metropolis, with the principal source of opposition effectually closed, and the moral influence of teachers increased to an infinite degree, what an accession of strength to the Ragged School cause! *

I. S.

* Any further information desired in regard to this scheme may be obtained by addressing a note to I. S., care of Mr. Gent, 1, Exeter Hall.

THE SHOE-BLACK SOCIETIES.

On Monday evening, the 6th February, the usual Winter Festival of the London Shoe-black Societies took place in St. Martin's Hall, and was presided over, as on former occasions, by the Earl of Shaftesbury. The boys were regaled with tea and cake in the lower rooms of the building, and were then marched on to the platform of the Hall, where their varied uniforms and bright banners presented a very picturesque appearance. By this arrangement, the whole of the body of the Hall and the galleries were left for the visitors, and were crowded in every part. Among those present were Lord Radstock, Sir R. Mayne, Mr. R. Hanbury, M.P., Mr. Pownall (the Chairman of the Middlesex Magistrates), the Rev. W. Cadman, the Rev. H. Blunt, Mr. Joseph Payne, and the principal supporters of the various Shoe-black Societies.

The following is a list of the Societies present, with the number of boys in each, and the amount of their earnings during the last year:—

Name of Society.		No. of Boys.	Total Earnings.
Ragged School Shoe-black Society .	Red Uniform	59	£1,746
East London Shoe-black Society .	Blue „	106	1,094
South London Shoe-black Society .	Yellow „	40	669
North-West London Shoe-black Society	White „	16	140
West Kent Shoe-black Society .	Green „	13	120
West London Shoe-black Society .	Purple „	15	206
Islington Shoe-black Society . .	Brown (Red Facings)	26	240
Notting Hill Shoe-black Society . .	Blue (Red Facings)	26	200
Union Jack (Limehouse) Shoe-black Society	Red (Blue Facings)	18	133
		319	4,518

The meeting was opened with prayer; after which,

Mr. G. Oliphant was called upon by the noble Chairman to explain the objects and operations of the Societies. He pointed out the boys of the various "brigades" arranged on the platform, and expressed his opinion that the officers of the various volunteer corps to be presented to Her Majesty on the 7th of March would not present a better display of uniform. Although all present had not been boys, yet all was more or less acquainted with their habits. They all knew that there was in boys a vast amount of suppressed energy requiring an outlet. Unless this was properly supplied, it showed itself in mischief of various kinds. The question had always been how this power could best be utilised. We had seen the powerful but unproductive stream afford employment and profit when applied to the fitting machinery; so also we had found Shoe-black Societies afford an honourable and useful field of labour. The Red Society was established in 1851, the year of the Great Exhibition, and a few boys were taken into it as a reward for good conduct in their Ragged Schools. The movement prospered, and in 1852 evidence was given on the subject by Mr. MacGregor and himself before a Committee of the

House of Commons. Since that time a number of other Societies had been established.

Mr. Oliphant then explained the mode of management and the daily routine, which are in great measure common to all the Societies, and with which most of our readers are familiar; and proceeded to say that the stations used by the boys were sanctioned by the police; and in return the Committees undertook to keep them occupied, and to ensure the due supervision and control of the boys. All Societies suffered much from ragged boys, who, prowling about from place to place with their boxes, interfered with the Society boys at their fixed stations. The Committees did not complain of competition, but of their boys being mobbed, their customers insulted, and their blacking and brushes stolen. They were quite willing that ragged boys should clean boots when and where they pleased; only let them be prevented annoying the Society boys when in their appointed stations.

Mr. Oliphant then referred to the statistics of the various Societies as stated in the list given above, and observed that they all presented an excellent field for temporary employment to enable boys to acquire good characters, and so to be recommended to permanent situations. The occupation had moreover the advantage of being carried on in the open air, and was therefore conducive to health; and from the discipline and supervision exercised over the boys, it produced habits of self-restraint. He concluded by exhorting all present to encourage the movement: First, by their money. The Red Society was nearly self-supporting, but all the others were greatly in need of increased funds. Secondly, by assisting to get situations for boys. Great numbers had already done very well after leaving the Society, and had given full satisfaction to their employers. Thirdly, by taking notice of the boys at their stations, and give them kind encouragement, but at the same time by making a point of informing the Committee of the Society to which a boy belonged, of any misconduct.

Appropriate addresses were afterwards delivered by the Rev. W. Cadman and the Rev. H. Blunt.

Between the addresses, pieces were sung by the boys of the Red, Blue, and Islington Societies. We subjoin that sung by the Islington Society, which was composed by a lady, to the air of "Auld Lang Syne."

The brush is safely in the box,
The blacking stowed away;
To welcomes sweet our hearts shall beat—
This is our festal day!

CHORUS.

Then pass the tempting cake, good friends,
Kind helpers of our joys,
And pray the while you sweetly smile,
God bless the Shoe-black Boys.

The Shoe-black clad in sober brown,
A soldier brave is he!
"I stoop to conquer," aptly might
The Shoe-black's motto be.
Then pass, &c.

For indolence, the lad's worst foe,
Before his brush doth fly;
And want, and rags, and wretchedness,
Around him vanquish'd lie.
Then pass, &c.

All honour to the noble hearts
Who taught and clothed us thus!
If "Heaven helps those who help themselves,"
'T will surely smile on us.
Then pass, &c.

For the good God who reigns above,
He made both great and small:
The belted Earl and Shoe-black Boy
He made, and cares for all.
Then pass, &c.

The Earl of Shaftesbury then said it was impossible to attempt to carry on this great movement, if it were to be separated from religion. If it could be so carried on, it would be more pernicious than if it were to stop at once; but he contended that it never would be able to succeed without religion, and if they tried the experiment it would prove a miserable failure. His lordship then stated that he had seen 3,000 of the worst characters in the metropolis assembled in the Victoria Theatre on Sunday evening; and such was the decorum of all present, that during the whole of the sermon, which lasted an hour and a-quarter, a pin might have been heard to drop in that vast assemblage; and when they left such was the order observed, that not the slightest inconvenience was experienced. This, he contended, was entirely attributable to the influence of religion on the people; and that influence, which was so potent in this instance, ought to be maintained in the management of the Shoe-black Societies. His lordship apologised for being obliged to leave, and said that Mr. Pownall would supply his place. His lordship, on leaving the chair, was enthusiastically cheered.

Mr. Pownall, on taking the chair, distributed prizes to those boys who had distinguished themselves during the past year by industry and good conduct at their stations.

Mr. J. Fowler then read some verses which he had written for the Red Society, called—

THE SHOE-BLACK'S SONG.

Learn away cheerily,
Not slow or wearily,
Paying attention, boys, fix'd as you can;
Reading and writing
And summing uniting,
To make ev'ry scholar a wise little man.

Be kind to the others,
As if they were brothers,
And mind what the master says, that is the rule;
Wash your hands properly,
Comb your hair tidily;
See, what good order we keep in the school.

When in the morning's glow
Off to our stands we go,
Dress'd in our uniform all spick and span;
Brushing and brightening,
The polish still heightening,
We 'll make every shoe shine as much as we can.

"Clean your boots, high and low,
"Only a penny, too,"
Gaily we call as the people go by;
Civilly, steadily,
Working so readily,
To earn a good living and character try.

Brush away busily,
Work away merrily,
"Statues" and "Stocks" have got plenty to do;
Medals and prizes,
And other surprises,
Await the best Town boys and City boys too.

Stick to it steadily,
Work away readily;
Soon Mr. Howard or Charles will be round,
Chasing the wanderers,
Warning the squanderers,
Driving the "freebooters" off of our ground.

And when the day is done,
Back to Ship Yard we run,
All in good order, a box on each head,
Counting the coppers there—
Won't the Committee stare
When they behold such a number out-spread?

Counting them carefully,
Telling them truthfully,
Down on the desk all the earnings we lay;
Bearing in mind, boys,
We're leaving behind us
What adds to our Bank fund for clothing to pay.

Then such bread and butter!
We scarcely can utter
The praises of all in the good Matron's store;
Hot coffee, ginger-beer,
Winter and summer, cheer
Diligent workers when labour is o'er.

Home we go cheerily,
Hoops rolling merrily,
Bringing the wages we've earned in the day;
"Father and mother dear,
"Look what I've brought you here,"
"That 's a brave boy," with a smile they will say.

Then to school haste away,
Don't let us stop to play,
Learning will help us life's battle to fight;
So for an hour or two
Each his best tries to do,
When we come back we shall sleep well at night.

Learn away cheerily,
Not slow or wearily,
Paying attention, boys, fix'd as you can;
Reading and writing
And summing uniting,
To make ev'ry scholar a wise little man.

The proceedings were concluded by singing the National Anthem, and the boys then marched out through the Hall with their banners displayed, the bands of the Blues and Yellows playing with great spirit.

TESTIMONIALS TO TEACHERS AND SCHOLARS.

We have had occasionally the pleasure of recording the presentation of tokens of esteem to teachers and others who are prominent in Ragged School work. It is true that they are rarely of much value, if gauged by the miser's eye; but they are, nevertheless, of priceless value, as testifying to kindly feelings on the part of co-labourers in this important part of Christ's vineyard. Next to the record on high, it is pleasant to feel that fellow *missionaries*—for such all earnest Ragged School teachers really are—are not so much absorbed in their own special path of labour as to forget ours. In so doing they have obeyed an injunction of the Holy Ghost, as binding as any of the Ten Commandments: "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." But, above all, it leads to the impression that those who have adorned our library with some valuable books

have not forgotten us when pleading for Ragged Schools—the work, and the workers—at the throne of grace. For, after all, *that* token of Christian esteem is most precious which is indicated by compliance with the injunction of Paul, "Brethren, pray for us." It is that which alone can crown the temporal success of Ragged Schools with those spiritual blessings for which we so earnestly yearn.

Actuated by these feelings of brotherly love, the friends connected with the Ragged School in Robert-street, New Cut, have recently presented Mr. William Dubber with "Kitto's Cyclopædia," a purse of gold, and a suitable address inscribed on vellum. For many years Mr. Dubber has been a hard-working labourer in that depraved district; and the Penny Bank and Parents' Meetings owe much of their success to his exertions. Ill health precludes his devoting as much of his time to these good works as heretofore; but, as in all works for God, though the worker may cease his labours, *the work remains.*

We are glad to notice that testimonials have recently been presented by the voluntary to two paid Ragged School teachers; both of them men highly esteemed in their respective districts. Thus, on Mr. Waugh leaving the Park-road School, New Peckham, to become the pastor of a village church, the voluntary teachers presented him with a purse of gold. So, when in consequence of some alterations in their plans, the committee of Church-place School, Paddington-green, dispensed with the services of Mr. Bryceson, the voluntary teachers presented him with a valuable timepiece, as a token of their esteem for his many services of love. May we have to report many more such illustrations of the cordial co-operation of voluntary and paid teachers; for we know no class of men who, from energy and faithful performance of duty, more deserve respect than do our paid—or, more accurately speaking, our *under-paid*—teachers.

Nor are graceful tokens of esteem wanting on the part of the parents. Some schools are decorated with rare fossils and shells, which have been presented as marks of affection, by navvies and other hard workers. One master much prizes a well-polished, but quaint-looking, walkingstick, made of the offal of some animal. It was made by a man employed in a Bermondsey tan-yard, who, at his death-bed, presented it to the master as a mark of gratitude for the kindness shown to his children.

Similar tokens, proving that patient kindness will, sooner or later, evoke kindly feelings in the roughest classes, have been presented to teachers by many scholars. For example, the school of Richmond-street, Maida Hill, is decorated with old helmets and accoutrements, sent by former scholars from the Crimea, and other scenes of war, or from emigrants in far-off lands. So, many of the friends of the school in Nelson-street, Camberwell, possess nicely-worked book-marks, rendered the more valuable by the well-selected texts by which they are adorned. These marks of affection are the more prized, because they are the humble offerings of the poor Romanist girls who throng the dens of this reproduction of an Irish village. Often, too, are suburban Ragged Schools decorated with wild flowers gathered on the adjacent commons, or with the simple flowers culled from cottage gardens. These, whilst they make the school fragrant with sweet odours, render it still more odorous with the gratitude with which these once neglected

children feel for those whose best energies are given for their temporal and eternal welfare.

Nor are Ragged Scholars without *their* testimonials. Probably none are more appreciated than the gift of Bibles, rendered, if possible, still more precious by the autograph of the teacher, and the text inscribed on the fly-leaf. Often have we inscribed appropriate texts in the Bibles given by teachers to scholars on leaving the school. One lad, about to emigrate to America, we well remember, selected a striking passage, and asked us to insert it. This lad, now a young man, went to America, where he has become the editor of a successful newspaper, and, what is better, a Christian man.

In some respects the prizes given by the Ragged School Union for servitude, may be regarded as a testimonial to scholars. Many, we know, look forward to the *public* reception of the card as *the* event of their lives; as, so to speak, their public admission into this true "Legion of Honour." Framed and glazed, these cards decorate many a lowly home, and become palpable signs that they have not toiled in vain. And when we remember the temptations incident to the homes and position of a Ragged child, we may be truly surprised that so many have successfully fought this battle on their entrance into the great world. Nor do we doubt that many of our scholars display as much moral heroism in disentangling themselves from the special temptations and sins of the *wretched alleys* where they were born and bred as Luther did when he resisted the enchantments of the Papacy. Nor is this all; for by such moral heroism they become models to their class, and thus the moral tone of the district becomes elevated.

But we have to record a testimonial to a Ragged Scholar of a different class—namely, one given by his fellow-workmen to a boy who formerly attended the Ragged School in Magdalen-street, Bermondsey. Having through his good conduct obtained a situation at Messrs. Batty & Co.'s, the wholesale Italian dealers, of Moorfields, he won the goodwill of his fellow-workmen by his steadiness, integrity, and, above all, by his willingness to oblige. As a mark of respect, the ninety workmen there employed subscribed and presented him with a handsomely-bound book, on which was inscribed, "Presented to Thomas Mansfield by the workpeople of Messrs. Batty & Co., for his uniform good conduct and honesty."

Thus does the Ragged School tree branch out, like some strong oak, into new forms of life and beauty. Not only is it a good work for society, in enabling those who might have become its plague-spots to become good citizens, and, from their native energy, to be successful pioneers into new realms, but it is, also, a good work as respects individuals—fostering as it does affection betwixt widely-separated classes, and thereby creates that unity in feeling without which the State must eventually totter and fall. Indeed, when such feelings become the rule, and not the exception, and man not merely "looks on his own things, but also on things of others," that golden age will have arrived for which Plato sighed, and which a greater than he hath predicted. For then the great truth will be *practically* realised, that whatever be their station or gifts, all men are brothers, seeing that God "hath made of one blood *all* nations of men." It is something to be permitted to antedate that glorious era; and such is the privilege of the humblest Ragged School teacher. For whatever their special path of labour

—whether it consist in home-visitation, or in patient seed-sowing, they are prophets of a time when all men shall love and serve one another, because lovers and servers of the same Christ!

SPIRITUAL LIFE IN RAGGED SCHOOLS.

SPECIAL MEETING OF DELEGATES.

As the gracious work of spiritual awakening is progressing among the scholars in Ragged Schools, without apparent relapsing of those who, in last autumn, were the subjects of converting grace, the Committee of the Ragged School Union considered it advisable for the Delegates from the various schools to meet for the special purpose of "communicating any facts in relation to the religious awakening in the Schools, and to confer as to the best course to pursue in relation to the scholars in general, and the young converts in particular." The meeting was held on Feb. 8th, in the New School-room, West Street, West Smithfield. Mr. Alexander Anderson presided. Mr. Harvey supplicated the Divine blessing upon Ragged School labours, and, after the singing of a hymn, the Chairman called attention to the three points of the subject submitted for consideration, and then referred to the spirit of prayer that evidently rested upon the Christians of London:—that the power of prayer was felt was evident from the results already witnessed, but he believed those results were only as earnest drops of the fulness of the coming shower. The times in which we are living are interesting and full of hope; they, however, call for increasing effort, watchfulness, and prayer. If Christians are faithful, and put forth the effort required, we may expect an outpouring of God's spirit in full abundance, and that speedily.

The meeting was then addressed by Mr. Scott, of Spicer Street, Mr. Newton, of Foster Street, Mr. Bough, of Chelsea, Mr. Holland, of Whitechapel, Mr. Harvey, of St. Giles's, Mr. Newton of Greenwich, Mr. Day, of Stepney, Mr. Purcell, of Shoreditch, Mr. Cuthbertson, and Mr. Gent. Many other gentlemen were prepared to furnish information in relation to their schools, and attended the meeting for that express purpose; but the usual hour for closing the meeting having passed, and many of the Delegates having far to go to reach home, it was deemed prudent not to prolong the meeting to a late hour.

The particulars furnished were of a most gratifying character, indicating that this religious movement was not confined to a few of the schools, nor to any one particular part of London. Schools in the North, South, East, and West, are experiencing more or less of this gracious visitation; and in those schools where as yet the indications of this Revival have not appeared among the children, yet among the teachers there is much earnest prayer, expectant faith, and the persevering efforts which have so frequently proved to be the harbingers of real Revival work.

The following is furnished as a specimen of the kind of information supplied at the meeting:—

"Of late our teachers and friends have been greatly encouraged in their work, for an abundant blessing has followed their labours for those committed to their care.

"One morning, when school was concluded, after a Bible lesson which had been given, two boys came to the teacher, and one, who was an habitual liar, said, with tears in his eyes, 'Teacher, I want you to pray for me and my companion, that God may help us to give up our bad ways, and that we may always be able to speak the truth.' The teacher did pray, and the boys prayed, and from that time the one referred to has been the most truthful and obedient in the school.

"On school concluding one Friday, just before Christmas, a little girl, about eight years' of age came to the teacher with several others, and said, 'Teacher, we want you to stay a little while and pray for us, that our hearts may be changed.' The teacher prayed for them, and they prayed for themselves, and both teacher and children were deeply affected. The meeting was concluded, and the children sent home. The little girl referred to went away, never to return. On Sunday she was taken with fever, and on the following Thursday she died.

"During her short illness she was visited every day by some of the teachers, and on one occasion she was heard to say, 'Mother, I hope you will leave off swearing, for I am going to heaven, and I want you to meet me there, mother.' She was asked if she had any messages for the children of the school; she said, 'Tell them to prepare to meet their God.' And when near the verge of eternity, she said, 'Oh, teacher! what numbers of persons I can see, all in white, and crowns upon their heads; and there is one for me. Yes! for me. I shall soon be there;' and while repeating the following verse:—

"'With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine!
Fill up this foolish heart of mine'—

she died.

"I will also give one or two cases from the many adults who have been benefited by our feeble endeavours.

"The first is that of a man, who is known to many as a pigeon-fancier and dog-stealer.

"This man is a shoemaker by trade, and was first induced by his daughter to come to our meetings. The first time he came was at seven o'clock one Sunday morning. He chose this because it was dark, and no one would be likely to see him. The second time he came the Spirit of God came upon him in such a manner, that he was quite broken down and led to cry, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' He went home, and the next day he caught his pigeons, took them to the market and sold them, and with the money he bought his wife and daughter some clothing, in order that they might come to the meetings. This man, for some time past, gives pleasing evidence of a change of heart. His wife, also, appears to be in an anxious state of mind.

"Her testimony of his conduct, since the change, is very pleasing. She said, on one occasion, 'Why, Mr. P., our house is so changed now, that it is more like a church than anything else. For he, and the children, are singing

all day, "I love Jesus. Yes! I do. Jesus smiles, and loves me too;" or else, "I have got a Saviour in the Promised Land." And now and then he reads a bit out of the Bible; and he always prays with us all when we get up, and when we go to bed. Ah! I am sure it is a good thing for us he ever came to this place, and I hope God will change me like he has done him.'

"This man has told us, at the school, of some of his sinful ways:—'What a blasphemer I was and a liar, Sabbath-breaker, and how many times I have taken what didn't belong to me. I have often got more money by taking other people's pigeons than I could earn at my work. My room has been searched many times for pigeons. I've declared all the time I had not got them, but I had them all the same, and they were in the room. I used to put them alive into a big tin saucepan, and put it on the hob by the side of the fire, and they never was found.' 'On a Sunday,' he says, 'I have had two or three hundred people watching me flying my pigeons, and making bets upon them.' 'But, thank God, all old things have passed away!'—He is now a new creature in Jesus Christ. He is at every meeting, also attends the house of God, and is becoming useful in our Sunday School.

"There is another man, a turner by trade, known to many as a skittle-sharper. He was induced to attend the meetings, and the word proved itself the power of God unto salvation to his soul.

"He, for some time past, has been a teacher in our Sunday School. 'I used,' says he, 'to serve the old devil with both hands and all my might; but, by the help of the Lord, I mean to serve Jesus Christ with hands, feet, eyes, head, and heart, too. His wife was brought up a Roman Catholic, but he has prevailed upon her to come, and she often sheds tears while at our meetings.

"The second and third weeks in January we held special meetings for prayer at every mid-day, also every evening. These, I am happy to say, were well attended by the poor.

"A costermonger, who stands in Shoreditch, used every day to clear his stall of turnips and onions, to come and hear, as he called it, a bit of prayer.

"One of our lads, who works near the Lower-road, Islington, used to come from there in his dinner-hour, eating his food on the road. This lad, when first he came to our school, was connected with a gang of thieves. I am thankful to say he has been received into church-fellowship, and we have hope of his becoming a useful young man.

"Two young women, sisters, who attended the special services, were brought to decide for God, and have since united themselves with the people of God; and one of them has offered her services as a teacher to our Sunday School."

The practical suggestions thrown out at this meeting were—

1st.—Form children's prayer-meetings, to be presided over by a kind and prudent teacher.

2nd.—Invite parents to a social meeting, consult with them, and interest them in their children's present hopeful state of mind.

3.—Take special notice of every child under religious impressions, that those impressions may deepen and develop into principles of action.

4.—Form the young converts into special classes to meet weekly, superintended by a person who will consider himself responsible to God for the

spiritual growth of each member, and will feel that he is not freed from that responsibility until he has put forth every power he possesses to advance each member's eternal welfare.

5.—An aggregate meeting of the young converts might be occasionally held for united prayer, social intercourse, and relation of Christian experience.

A PLEASANT SIGHT.

Every Wednesday evening a prayer-meeting for children is held in the House of Industry, connected with the Five Points Mission, New York city. It is said to be a most interesting spectacle to see the poor children—who are orphans, or worse than orphans—assembled on these occasions. A portion of the exercises of the meetings is thus described by a writer in the New York "Christian Intelligencer":—

At the close of the general exercises, any who wished to express their views on the subject of religion, or ask the prayers of Christians, were invited to do so. A little boy arose.

"I thank God," said he, "that I ever came to this prayer-meeting. One evening Mr. Camp told of a little boy who died suddenly. I thought, What would become of me if I should die suddenly? That night, I prayed to God to forgive my sins, and I feel happy in loving my Saviour. I want all these children to love Jesus."

"I want you to pray for my mother," said a little girl; "pray for me also."

Another said: "I can't tell how happy I feel since I began to pray and love the Saviour."

"Pray for my father," said a disconsolate-looking little girl; "he hinders me from going to meeting, and whips mother."

The childlike simplicity with which these, and many other statements, were made, impressed all present with their sincerity and truthfulness. At the close of the meeting, about twenty lingered to converse with Christian friends; all felt that the Holy Spirit was present, convincing of sin, and causing many a little pilgrim to turn from the broad into the narrow way.

Was the Saviour now upon earth, gladly would he spend an evening hour in such a circle as that! Yes, where his followers had

> "Gather'd them in from the lanes and streets,
> Gather'd them in from their dark retreats,"

thither would his footsteps tend. Beholding one, he would say, "She loves much, for she has had much forgiven." To others he would reiterate, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." But upon none would he look with so much delight as on the children. Passing from one to the other, he would say, "Suffer little children to come unto me." Placing his hand on their heads, methinks he would add, "Like you I was once poor and homeless, a manger being my cradle; the little birds slept

quietly in their nests, but your Saviour had not where to lay his head. Hope on, pray on, for I love them that love me, and they that seek me *early* shall find me."—Reader, have you asked God to forgive you your sins? In the sublimity of simple faith, do *you* trust in Jesus?

INFANT SEAMSTRESSES IN LONDON.

It is said that one-half the people in the world do not know *how* the other half live. This is true. Never until the final day will be known the secret histories of wickedness and wrong; of struggle and suffering; of pain, and sorrow, and hunger; of momentary happiness and almost constant despair, that fill up the lives of myriads of people in every country. God alone can see all these; but now and then a picture like the following is uncovered, which reveals the bitter lot of some portion of the human family. It is a description of the daily occupation of the daughters of a class of poor people in London. While reading it the young reader must remember that even their toilsome, gloomy life is paradise almost, compared with the wretchedness of thousands of other children all over the world.

It was a small and very wretched apartment. In it was a bed and one chair. There was no table, but there were three low forms, which were constantly tumbling over. On these forms were seated eleven "little girls." The four on the front form could hardly, any of them, have been six years old. One of them was "going of five." The four girls behind were about seven years, perhaps, and there was one very well-behaved girl on the hindermost seat who might be ten, and two others a year or two younger. The eldest girl had evidently all the fixing and all the responsibility, and was the only one among the number that was paid for her work.

These children were sewing "on slops;" the little things on the front form doing the hemming, while the others were steadily at work on "band, and gusset, and seam." Perfect silence was commanded, but the little hemmers were continually disobeying. They all seemed in the utmost distress. One declared, with many tears, that the next child had made her lose her needle; the accused protesting that "she didn't make her lose it, for she last it her own self, and so that was a story that she had told." Then another complained that another girl had said "she hadn't done the most."

The poor old woman had scarcely quieted them, when the little girl "going of five," a cleanly, loveable, kissable little creature, burst forth with a most grievous lamentation, because somebody behind had said thather "father was transported, and he wasn't transported, because he had gone in a bootiful sip."

Hereupon the old woman threatened to "bang" the offender, and at the same time declared that the story of the "bootiful sip" was true. But the wicked girl continued to nod persistently as the little five-year old looked over her shoulder. Then followed another burst of grief, for "she had said so again." And now the old woman proceeded to "bang" the tormentor. The operation was quite a grandmotherly affair, after which there was a temporary silence.

The little creature of five years, we were grieved to see, had hemmed nearly a yard of calico in the neatest manner, but all along there were crimson specks of

blood, showing how sadly the little finger must have been pierced. As a reward for her industry she was allowed, for a few minutes, to look at and play with a new little pocket handkerchief on which was an inscription and a picture of "Hoop de dooden doo," and then her little eyelids drooped. Oblivion was gently stealing over the image on the handkerchief and withdrawing all the dreary surroundings of misery. Then the expression of petulance and pain relaxed; she was asleep.

Intelligence of this fact was instantly reported to the old woman, by one of the other children; but she graciously permitted her to sleep a few minutes, declaring that she was worth two of the "tell tale," and would get her task done first.

For the making of the shirt, of which this baby did the hemming, a whole day's hard work, of course, and which had also expended on it another day's cruel labour on band, and gusset, and seam, the old woman received twopence-halfpenny, or in the phraseology of the trade, the little girls were on the slops at half-a-crown a dozen.

The mothers of these children were out in the city, most of them at least, at various kinds of employment, and were glad to have their children taken care of and taught to sew besides. The old woman made them each a mug of warm coffee during the day, and took care they didn't eat all their victuals at once. They hadn't half enough to eat.

Compare your pleasant home and happy lot with their wretched and toilsome life, young reader.

POVERTY AND HEATHENISM IN NEW YORK.

THERE is a benevolent society in New York, established for the purpose of providing good respectable homes in the west, for poor children who are picked up in the streets of that city. The conversation given below, which took place in the Office of this Society, will show the pitiable condition of many of these children.

There are at this moment some forty boys and girls in our Office, being washed and dressed for an expedition to the west. We have just been talking with one, who will do for an instance of all. He is a manly, intelligent-looking little fellow of about thirteen, his clothes just hanging to his body, and his hair considerably tangled.

"Johnny, where do you live?"

"Don't live nowhere, sir."

"Well, what do you do for a living?"

"Smashes baggage, sir."

"Where do you stay nights?"

"I sleep in the markets, sir, and sometimes I goes in with the bummers in the hay barges, and last night I went to the station house."

"What can you make, John, carrying baggage?"

"Some days four shillings, sir, and others only two."

"Can you read and write, John?"

"No, sir."

"Where are your parents?

The little fellow's eyes filled with tears. "Hain't got none. They's dead, sir, long ago. Hain't never had none to take care of me;" and the poor lad wipes his eyes violently with dirty fingers.

"Did you ever hear of God, Johnny?"

"No, sir (reflectingly), except I heard a feller swear at him."—*Youth's Companion.*

The Children's Gallery.

VISIT TO A "BLIND" SCHOOL.

HAVING been blind myself, I take a great interest in blind people, and will, therefore, give you an account of a visit I made some little time ago to a blind school. To prevent mistakes, I may say that it was not the blind school in the Borough Road, where curious mats and baskets made by the blind are exhibited in the windows. The school was in a dirty street, at the back of one of the great highways leading out of London; and no stranger could have guessed from the look of the outside—which was very poor and dirty—that such a wonderful institution was to be found within. Neither were there any manufactures to be seen; for although called a *school*, the great object of the institution was to *cure* the blind, and it was, therefore, in many parts very like to an hospital. On entering the school I noticed that although every attempt was made to maintain order and regularity, yet the appearance of the whole was of a cheerful character. Indeed the eyes of the patients being unbandaged, all were apparently open, and you would not have supposed that they were blind. I was soon, however, quite convinced of their total blindness, for I held up before them a golden crown which I found in the hospital, but none seemed desirous to get it; but the sound of a penny, which rolled from the pockets of one of them on the floor, seemed to set them almost into a scramble. There were several doctors in attendance, and from them I learned many interesting facts. They had, they said, under their care, persons in every stage of blindness, from the totally blind to those who were beginning to see, and some whose case was the most distressing of all, who were growing blinder and blinder every day. I inquired of them at what age and whence this disease arose. They told me they had observed it in the youngest under their charge, though these generally had it in its mildest form; the disease, if left to itself, grew with their years. The youngest were the easiest cured; cures were possible with the oldest, but very seldom took place. They also told me that there was no doubt that the blindness arose from disease of the heart, as it was observed that the hearts of all were affected who had it; and as the heart ossified, or grew hard like a stone, so the blindness increased; whereas, as soon as the hearts were softened, and could be purified and cleansed, the blindness diminished. Some had attempted to effect cure by medicining and patching up the bad hearts, but failed; and they found the hearts so diseased, that the following was the only real mode of cure. The patients were washed in a bath of blood, which had been bequeathed to the hospital by its founder at his death; after which the old diseased heart was entirely removed, and a new heart formed in the

patient; but it was the Head Physician who alone had skill to do this. This change of heart, they added, generally took place in young patients with but little pain, whilst the relief afforded was so great as soon to make them sing with joy. With those, however, who had suffered the disease to go on for a length of time, the process was attended with great pain, making them to cry as if their hearts would break; and although after recovery they seemed as joyous as others, they often, to the end of their lives, felt many a sudden sharp pang. I next inquired as to the peculiarities into which the disease developed itself, and I was told these were very curious. The most strange part was the dislike of being cured; this seemed a kind of madness, for no reason could be given for it. It was especially exhibited in the elder patients, who, as the doctor had no power to compel their stay in the hospital, often refused to come in at all, or, if attending, did so irregularly, preferring to wander about in blindness. Another most annoying thing was, that when the doctors had coaxed the patients into a fit frame to receive a cure, and had got out their instruments to touch the heart (which is a very delicate matter), the patients would suddenly shift their position, and by throwing about their arms and legs, gaping, coughing, and shoving one another, render it totally impossible to perform the operation. The only way often to get at their hearts at all was to catch them unawares by a sudden turn. The blindest patients were the most riotous in their conduct, and difficult to manage. I was very much astonished at the stupidity of the patients, and tried to account for it; so I asked my informants again whether they were sure they were using the right means. They told me that they acted upon the orders of the Head Physician, as contained in an old book, of which they gave me a copy, telling me that the directions it contained would not only cure blindness, but prevent relapses into it, or return of the attack. I took great care of this book, although I saw that those used for consultation in the hospital had been sadly damaged by the patients. They also told me, in answer to my question, that they had had several cures, and showed me some who had once been totally blind, but could now see, in whom I found a great cheerfulness of disposition. I noticed some also who were recovering their sight, and who could be distinguished by their behaving like rational beings.

As I took my leave, I inquired of the doctors what pay they got. They said that the patients gave them nothing in money. From those they cured they got thanks; from those who remained blind seldom anything but ill names and ill-will. We look, however, they said, to the Chief Physician for reward; he gives just what he pleases; but none of us have any cause to grumble at our present allowance, and in a few years we hope to have a house given us in his great estate in his native country, with other rich rewards. I thanked them for their courtesy, and withdrew.

The Teachers' Column.

"SHE WAS ENCOURAGED."

THE teacher of a large school had a little girl under her care who was exceedingly backward in all her lessons. She was at the bottom of the class, and seemed to care but little about what passed in it. During the school hours, singing was sometimes employed as a relaxation, and noticing that this girl had a very clear, sweet voice, her teacher said to her, "You have a good voice, and you may lead in the singing." She brightened up, and from that time her mind seemed more active. Her lessons were attended to, and she made steady progress. One day, as the teacher was going home, she overtook this little girl and one of her schoolfellows.

"Well," she said, "you are getting on very well at school; how is it that you do so much better now than you did at the beginning of the half-year?"

"I do not know why it is," she replied.

"I know what she told me the other day," said her companion.

"And what was that?" asked the teacher.

"Why, she said shewas encouraged."

There was the secret—she was *encouraged*. She felt she was not dull in everything. She had learned self-respect, and thus she was encouraged to self-improvement.

Take the hint, fellow-teacher, and try to reach the intellect through the heart. Endeavour to draw out the dormant faculties of your children by discriminating culture and well-timed praise. Give them credit whenever you can, and allure them on with hopeful words. Many a dull-minded child has been made irretrievably stupid by constant fault-finding or ungenerous sarcasm. And, on the other hand, how often has a genial smile or an approving remark wakened into new life some slow-learning scholar! Little Charley was one of this description. He was *the* dull boy of the school. All the rest either laughed at or pitied him. Even his master sometimes taunted him with his deficiencies. He became sullen and indifferent, and took no pains to get on. One day a gentleman, visiting the school, looked over some boys who were making their first attempt to write. There was a burst of amusement at poor Charley's efforts. He coloured, but was silent.

"Never mind, my lad," said the gentleman, cheeringly, "don't be discouraged; just go on and do your very best, and you'll be a brave writer some day. I recollect when I first began to write being quite as awkward as you are; but I persevered, and now look here." He took a pen and wrote his name on a piece of paper, in fine legible characters. "See what I can do now," he added.

Many years afterwards that gentleman met Charley again. He had turned out one of the most celebrated men of his day, and he expressed his firm conviction that he owed his success in life, under God's blessing, to the encouraging speech made by the school visitant.

Who can tell whether there is not a "Charley" or a "Lucy" in *your* class? We cannot always predict the future from the present. So hope on, hope ever, and hope the best. It is seedtime and planting-time now. Wait till the harvest time before you determine what your ingathering will prove. How far it may exceed your languid and unworthy expectations it is impossible for us to say. But we know, that those who have sown in tears have frequently reaped in joy.

Besides, allowing that your children are dull, that they remain dull, and ever will be dull, just recollect what is the object, the grand object of all Sunday school teaching. It is the salvation of the soul. And is this dependent upon quick intellects and taleuted minds? Does it require great mental energy to grasp the "faithful saying," which is "worthy of all acceptation," and to "lay hold on eternal life?" Feeble as the understandings of your children may be, they are strong enough for the realisation of a Saviour's incomparable love.

A little girl who was considered by her neighbours to be "not quite sharp," went to a Sunday school. Her father was an idle, drunken man, and her mother was of a violent, hasty, temper; so that the poor child met with but little care and comfort in her home, and was not only neglected, but often harshly-treated. Ill-usage, combined with a naturally weak intellect, had given a vacant, half-frightened look to the girl's face. She did not like being spoken to, and gave very unintelligible answers when she attempted to reply. Why she came, or what good she got by coming, was a mystery to her teacher. She did not appear to enter into the meaning of anything that was said, nor did she manifest the slightest kind of interest in the school proceedings. Yet she was in her place regularly—indeed more than any of the others. At length she was absent, and upon inquiry it was ascertained that she

was ill, and probably dying. Her teacher went immediately to see her, and asked her two or three questions, with the view of finding out whether she was conscious of her danger, and, to her surprise and delight, the child calmly expressed her assurance of soon going to be for ever with the Saviour whom she loved, and showed a simple but thorough acquaintance with the one only way of salvation. Hath not "God chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty?"

Then "judge nothing before the time: be not weary in well doing; for in due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not." Strive to lead your children to Christ; he will gather them in his arms, and carry them in his bosom, and will say approvingly to you, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me!"—*The Sunday Teachers' Treasury.*

Poetry.

THE RICH CHILD.

How many poor indigent children I see,
Who want all the comforts bestow'd upon me!
But, though I'm preserv'd from such want and distress,
I am quite as unworthy of all I possess.

While I am partaking a plentiful meal,
How many the cravings of appetite feel—
Poor creatures as young and as helpless as I,
Who yet have no money their wants to supply!

If I were so destitute, friendless, and poor,
How could I such hardships and suffering endure?
Then let me be thankful, and humbly adore
My God, who has graciously given me more.

And since I with so many comforts am bless'd,
May it be my delight to relieve the distress'd!
For God has declared (and his promise is sure)
That blessed are they who consider the poor.

Notice of Meeting.

ST. GILES REFUGES AND RAGGED SCHOOLS.

On the 15th February, the annual meeting of the subscribers and friends of the St. Giles' and St. George Bloomsbury Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children, and Ragged Schools, was held in the Music Hall, Store Street; R. Hanbury, Esq., M.P., in the chair. There was a large attendance, principally composed of ladies.

The chairman on opening the proceedings, said there were much fewer idle vagrant children in the metropolis than formerly, and it was entirely owing to the fact that these and other institutions were thrown open to these poor children, and became fathers and mothers to these

poor lost ones. He did not wish to make any comparisons, but he could sincerely say that he did not know of any institution in London that more deserved support than the St. Giles' and St. George Refuges, in which 150 poor helpless children, who would otherwise be left uneducated and trained for evil, were now brought up to be useful members of society. If they looked at the question as one of merely pounds, shillings, and pence—as one of mere economy—the institution had a strong claim upon public assistance; but, in a religious and morals point, its claims were still higher. By the blessing of God, they were enabled not merely to give these children a good industrial training, but also to inculcate those divine truths which would be a guide and a stay to them in their future career, and he therefore most cordially and affectionately commended the institution to their support from a Christian point of view.

Mr. Williams, the secretary, read the report, which stated that the labours of the committee comprise two distinct branches of operations, viz., the Refuge operations and the Ragged School operations. The Refuge work consists of two branches, viz., one for boys and one for girls. The boys' is situate at 8, Great Queen Street, the premises being well adapted for the work carried on. At the end of 1858 there were 71 inmates, and during last year 105 boys were admitted; and notwithstanding the great increase in the number the funds to maintain them had been forthcoming. 176 boys had benefited by the Refuge, who would otherwise have been added to our mendicant or criminal street population, and the community at large have, therefore, profited by its operations. Out of the boys thus admitted and trained, 23 entered the Royal Navy, 3 entered the army, 12 emigrated to South Africa, 1 to America, 1 to Canada, 1 apprenticed, 15 were sent to situations in London and the country, 8 were returned to parents who had lost them, 7 left of their own accord, and 3 died; leaving 102 in the Refuge at the close of 1859; 56 in all, of these helpless lads had thus been rescued from a hapless fate, and well placed in life. The accounts received from them have been most encouraging, and the report mentioned several very gratifying instances. All the boys in the Refuge are fed, lodged, clothed and trained to useful occupations, and the sale of the goods made by the boys amounted during the year to £774 13s. 6d. The girls' branch grows more and more important. There were 41 girls in December, 1858; last year 56 more were admitted, making in all 97, of whom 20 have been sent to service, 24 restored to friends, 10 emigrated to New Zealand, 1 sent to another institution, 1 left of her own accord, and 1 to be married; leaving 40 in the Refuge on the 31st December, 1859. The girls are fed, lodged, clothed, and trained in the domestic services of the institution. The total number of children admitted into the Refuge up to the end of 1859 was 781, viz., 469 boys and 312 girls.

The total number who have left the institution up to the end of 1859 was 506, comprising 257 boys and 249 girls, viz.: boys emigrated to Australia, Canada, United States, and South Africa, 89; entered the navy, 34; the merchant service, 15; were placed in situations, 76; sent to other institutions, 4; restored to friends, 41; apprenticed, 2; entered the army, 3; and 3 died—total 257. Girls: 99 sent to service; 88 restored to friends; 13 removed to other institutions; 5 sent to Australia; 26 sent to Canada; 16 sent to New Zealand; 1 married, 1 left on her own account—total 249. In addition to the Refuges there were Ragged School classes taught not only at the Refuges in Great Queen Street and Broad Street, but also in Neal's Yard and Little Coram Street. Connected with these classes there were lectures to men, mothers' services, penny banks, and provident clubs, all of which were doing much good. The Refuges were full and out of debt. The income for the year was £4,737 7s. 3d., which added to a balance last year of £697 18s., made a total of £5,435 5s. 3d. The expenditure during the year, including £1,000 paid off the mortgage on the Girls' Refuge, and upwards of £400 in extending the schools in Little Coram Street, left a balance of £603 11s. 7d. in the hands of the treasurer. It was evident that this was far too small a sum to continue their operations on so large a scale, and the committee therefore earnestly appealed to Christian charity for continued support.

The report was received and ordered to be printed and circulated, and the meeting having been addressed by Mr. J. F. Pownall, Mr. H. Lloyd, the Rev. J. Graham, Mr. J. H. Fordham, Mr. C. T. Ware, and Rev. S. Minton, resolutions in favour of the institution were adopted, and the proceedings closed with a vote of thanks to the chairman.

Papers, Original and Selected.

A TRIAD OF SOCIAL EVILS.

I.—London Homes.

Not the least of the social evils our scholars have to contend with, is ill-ventilated and over-crowded houses. The moral evils of such over-crowding are patent; for, from what they hourly witness, they become practically initiated into vice before they are even capable of discriminating betwixt right and wrong. The physical evils, too, are equally glaring; for the frame, through the constant respiration of foul gases, becomes so dwarfed and debilitated, that many when they attain manhood are utterly unable to do a fair day's work. Hence, too, many of the poor prematurely break down, or they necessarily become public pensioners before age gives them the claim to, or the need of ease.

We had hoped that the "Lodging-house Act" would have placed the relics of such houses in the museum of the antiquary. So far, indeed, as it has been enforced, the physical evils of ill-constructed dwellings have been materially lessened. But, like most statutes, the Lodging-house Act has *crannies* through which the crafty manage to creep. Hence cases of evasion on the part of those unfeeling "middle-men," who live by farming stacks of broken-down houses, are continually brought under the notice of the magistracy. Take, for example, the following photograph of some houses in White Hart Place, Robin Hood Lane, Poplar. There were three rooms in each house, one above the other. Each room measured twelve feet by eleven and eight feet high, and contained 1,054 cubic feet, allowing only 300 feet cube for each person. In addition, there was a sad want of ventilation. The rooms in most cases were let separately; some at 1*s.* per week, and others at 1*s.* 3*d.* per week. Some of the rooms were inhabited by only two persons, others by four, and one ground-floor room, where the poisonous atmosphere was intolerable, by a family of no less than six persons, and it was their parlour, bed-room, kitchen, and all, with a very few articles of furniture in it. The whole of the inhabitants were

poor Irish. In No. 4, a wretched and dilapidated building, called the "Irish freehold," an Irish labourer in possession said he had lived forty years and paid no rent. The walls and ceilings of the tenements were blackened with smoke and dirt, which had been accumulating for many years, and were like the interior of a large chimney-shaft. There were no grates in the fire-places, but a few bricks were a substitute. The floors were rotten, defective, and dangerous. The "flank walls" at the back of each house were defective, and caused them to be very damp. There were no back yards; and the alley called White Hart Place was a narrow, dirty thoroughfare, ten feet nine inches wide. Sixty-nine persons were living in the houses, some of whom were half naked. There is no water supply. The ashes and refuse of the houses are thrown into the street, and there are only three retiring places in the place, which are common to all the inhabitants.

II.—London Drunkards.

It is a trite truth, that moral cannot be divorced from physical evil,—the latter ever being the fruitful parent of vice. One illustration is presented by the prevalent vice of the lower classes—namely, drunkenness. Ruinous as is this sin to body and soul, we can never regard it without thinking of one great cause why it is so rife in New Cut and Kent Street, and other Ragged School districts. Vitiated air so depresses the nervous system, even when it is not exhausted by over-work and under-feeding, that stimulants are too often resorted to that the flagging energies may be revived. Thus the habit becomes so fostered, that what was at first used as a kind of medicine becomes at length regarded as a necessary of life—and eventually hundreds die the drunkard's death.

Several calculations have recently been made in order to test the amount of drinking that goes on in the metropolis. Thus it has been pointed out that, in 1848, there were 11,000 public-houses in London, while there were only 4,000 butchers and bakers. Again, 270,000 persons were counted entering fourteen of the principal gin-palaces in one week, which gives an average of nearly 40,000 daily attendants at fourteen out of the 5,000 gin-palaces of the metropolis. Again, it is stated that more than 30,000 persons are annually taken up by the police for drunkenness in the streets of London.

III.—British Crime.

Evils like the foregoing—for they are all linked together by a natural law—are the fertile parents of the crimes which disgrace our land. If, then, we really desire to preserve the young from this moral contagion, we must take them by the strong grasp of Christian love, and place them under the moral and religious influence of Ragged Schools. Every prison inspector intimates that already juvenile crime has much diminished through the Christian discipline of those Institutions; and this fact conveys a prophecy of what will yet be, *if* men with Christ in their hearts and the Bible in their hands, do not become "weary in well doing." For it is a truth for all time, that it is only "when men sleep" that the enemy *can* "sow tares."

What a dark record is furnished by the British "judicial statistics" of last year, making the land to reek as a very Sodom. From the annual report of the prison inspectors for 1859, it appears that the number of criminals at large amounts to 134,922 in England and Wales. These live either by the plunder or by the vices of the community. Each spend less than £25, though they cost the public double that sum. This amounts to £7,746,100, which, added to the charge for the expense of offenders in gaol, shows that the criminal classes entail an annual expense upon the community of not less than £10,000,000. The constabulary force in England and Wales consists of 20,256 persons, and the cost of maintaining them is £1,447,019 3*s.* 7*d.* There are 138 detective officers. In September last the criminal classes numbered 160,346, nearly 126,000 of whom were in prison: 101,657 were males and 58,689 females. There are 3,122 houses of receivers of stolen goods, and 2,402 public-houses, the reputed resort of thieves and prostitutes. There are 7,915 brothels and houses of ill-fame. The number of felonies committed in the year ending September last was 57,868. In the same period 30,458 persons were apprehended. Last year there were 85,472 persons charged with "drunkenness," and of that number 51,861 were convicted. The assaults committed were 83,086 in number. Proceedings were adopted against 24,636 common prostitutes, and the number at large was 28,760. There were in the year 1858 as many as 260,290 summary convictions. Last year there were 19,846 coroners' inquests, the cost of which was £58,973 11*s.* 9*d.*, or £2 19*s.* 5*d.* each inquest: 13,246 persons

were sentenced, and of that number 53 were capital convictions, of which 16 were for murder. The number executed was 11, all males.

From a survey of these social evils—the parent and his foul children—we are constrained to feel that this is not the time to slacken our efforts for the temporal and spiritual benefit of the pariahs of London. For unless we use every effort to take these poor victims of neglect from scenes where virtue cannot live—or rather, so improve their *surroundings* as to render their homes fit for Christians to live in—we ought rather to inquire, "Am I guiltless of my brother's blood?" As the worldling will not perform this great work, even if he could, it necessarily devolves upon those true disciples of Christ, who remember that their Divine Master, during his earthly ministrations, never forgot that men have bodies as well as souls. At all events, let us never fall into the old mistake of treating men like brutes, and then of expecting them to act like angels. For if, through cowardice or love of fleshly ease, we slacken in our zeal for the temporal and spiritual welfare of the forlorn or the vicious, we may at the great day find ourselves classed with those priests whom the Holy Spirit, by the pen of Jeremiah denounced—"in thy skirts is found the blood of the young innocents!" May grace keep every Ragged School teacher free from the blood of souls!

THE BISHOP OF RIPON ON RAGGED SCHOOLS.

THE following speech was delivered by the Bishop of Ripon, at the last Annual Meeting of the Field Lane Ragged School:—

It is a truly Christian effort to seek after the lost and perishing; to try to find them out in their want, misery, and degradation; and to bring to bear upon them the influences of the blessed Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, which has efficacy sufficient to elevate the lowest, to purify the most corrupt, and to raise the most ignorant and wretched to a life of happiness here, and one of immortality hereafter. It is characteristic of the efforts of this institution that you are not content simply to erect your schools, and found your various other institutions—in which the needy, the wretched, and the ignorant may find shelter and instruction—but you go forth after them that are ignorant and out of the way, and endeavour to bring them within the home you have so provided for them, and beneath the influence of that Christian instruction which it is your aim to impart. In times past, this peculiar feature of your work has been scarcely sufficiently recognised in some of our great schemes for the moral amelioration of the

condition of the people. We have erected churches, and expected that the people would flock to them as a matter of course; we have built our penitentiaries, and thought that the poor outcasts would rush to seek refuge within them. But how often have we found that churches have been built, but not filled; that penitentiaries have been founded, but the poor lost ones, for whom they were provided, have not come to the shelter prepared for them? But in the great efforts set on foot in this Christian country, of late years, and particularly in this metropolis, the plan of going out after the miserable and wretched has been wisely adopted; for a better state of things has been discovered. We have brought ourselves down to the level of those whom we seek to raise, and have endeavoured to lead them into that shelter which we have provided for them. This has been the case, for example, with institutions for the blind. For many years societies for their relief existed, but no effort was made to go to their homes, and find them out in their chambers of sorrows; but, of late years, associations have been formed for the express purpose of going after them to their houses, and of bringing to bear upon them schemes designed for their relief, both temporally and spiritually. So in dealing with another form of misery, in the present day, called "the great social evil." There were asylums and penitentiaries to which the poor outcasts were permitted to resort; but no one thought of going out after them, and telling them of it, speaking to them words of tenderness and love, and of inviting them to enter the homes opened for them. Thus, in our Christian work, we had neglected one precept of our blessed Lord, who bade us go out into the very highways and hedges, and to use all the moral suasion in our power to compel the destitute to come in. So was it again with reference to these poor little ragged children whom you, in this institution, are seeking to elevate socially, and to bless spiritually; now we go out after them, and try to fetch them home. We tell them that, prodigals as they are, there is yet a Father above who loves them in all their rags and wretchedness, although he hates the sin which has disgraced and degraded them. There is another principle which seems to underlie all the operations of this society, and which particularly gives its efforts the claim to a Christian character. The committee, teachers, and all who take part in this truly noble institution have, from first to last, gone forth upon their blessed work in the firm conviction that there is no depth of human misery and degradation from which the lever of the Gospel of Christ is not able to uplift the lost and the ruined. Ragged as these poor outcasts are—their outward rags being too often but the resemblance of that moral wretchedness and destitution which characterises their souls within—you have felt that they are not beyond the reach of that blessed Saviour's love who came to seek and to save the lost; and, therefore, in humble imitation of him, you have gone forth strong in the conviction that if you could but bring the principles of the Gospel to bear upon them, you would get them within an influence by which they would not only be elevated for this world, but be enriched unspeakably in that eternity which is to come. Another feature in your efforts, which constitutes them Christian in character, is, that from first to last you have recognised the importance of caring for the bodies as well as the souls of men. You have recognised the great Christian principle, too often lost sight of in spiritual efforts, that man is a compound being, having

a material body and an immortal and immaterial soul. You have felt that it was necessary not to neglect men's physical wants, while caring for those which were more especially spiritual. In so doing, you have acted in strict harmony with the course pursued by our blessed Lord in his earthly ministry, who went about doing good, healing the sick, feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked. From my own experience, I can fully corroborate the truth of some remarks of Lord Shaftesbury, respecting the paramount importance of attending to the dwellings of the poor, if you wish to do them spiritual good. For many years, in the providence of God, I was placed in the charge of a large parish in this metropolis—[St. Giles's-in-the-Fields]—not far from the place where we are now assembled. From my experience there, I can testify that nothing tended more to counteract—aye, I will say, to paralyse—our efforts for the moral and spiritual welfare of the people as the wretched physical circumstances in which tens of thousands of them dwelt. I tried the agency of Scripture Readers and City Missionaries in some of the worst districts of that parish. Again and again I asked them what success attended their labours; and their answer was, that their efforts were entirely useless to effect any change in the morals of the inhabitants. How could it be otherwise; for their physical circumstances were incompatible with common morality, and how much more so with the principles of religion? Now and then a case occurred where a man was roused to a perception of his degraded moral condition; but what was the consequence? Why, the moment he became alive to his condition, from the very instinct of self-preservation, he abandoned the place where he formerly lived. What does that fact show? Why, the absolute necessity of improving the physical circumstances of the poor, if you intend to aim at elevating them morally and spiritually. It is in vain to hope that religion can thrive where common morality cannot exist. It is because the Ragged School teaches habits of cleanliness, order, and sobriety—because one of the indirect efforts at which it aims is the improvement of the social condition of the people—that I would characterise it as a most truly Christian movement; for it is based on the highest and soundest principles of Christian morality. Of all the reports to which I have ever listened, I never heard such a collection of blessed results brought together into one focus as is contained in the marvellous document which has been presented. It seems to me that every high, holy, and Christian effort which the imagination of man can conceive is combined in the work of this great and comprehensive institution. As for a blessing resting on such a work, it seems to me that it would be the height of presumption in any individual to come forward and express his approval of such a society as this. It wants no earthly commendation; its success speaks for itself. If there be an individual who can rejoice in what ministers to the glory of God or the welfare of man, whether temporal or spiritual, he has but to read the collection of results presented in this report, and he must see in the society's success abundant cause for thanksgiving to God. Look at some of them. Christian education; large free day schools for boys, girls, and infants of both sexes; the imparting, not of mere secular education—not of a training which aims at the enlightenment of the intellect, without caring for the purification of the heart; not a mere scientific teaching, which shall learn men how to count the stars which stud the blue canopy of heaven, without

leading them to the knowledge of the Bright and the Morning Star, by the light of which alone we can navigate the waters of this troublesome world to the haven of everlasting rest; not a mere commercial education, which shall teach men to know all the numbers of arithmetic, but never impress them with the great calculation, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"—but it is instruction based upon and interwoven with the principles of God's holy Word, and the very aim of which is, as stated on the front of this report, the bringing the principles of the Gospel and the civilising influences of religious training to bear upon those whom you seek to influence. Not only does the society provide Christian education for the poor, but it follows it up by house to house visitation. It carries its efforts into the homes of the parents. It has evening schools for the instruction of adults, and those who cannot attend in the day time. It has its industrial classes; and we read of 288 pupils having come to learn one trade, and 328 another. Then you have the Mothers' Class, the Penny Bank, the Male Night Refuge, the New Female Refuge, and various other movements, all comprised in this one great institution, called by the name of "The Field Lane Ragged School;" and, finally, we are told that 10,000 of the poor and destitute of London have participated in some of the advantages conferred by the institution during the past year; and that of this number 1,580 have been taken from the streets, and placed out where they now exercise their own powers, and enjoy the blessing of self-dependence. Are not these blessed results? Do they not exceed what the most sanguine expectation of those who originated the institution could possibly have looked forward to some years ago? The resolution, however, not only speaks of Christian efforts, and of the blessings which have resulted therefrom, but of praise and thanksgiving to Almighty God. As it seems to me, this brings us to a true Christian and proper level. We thank God, indeed, for the exertions of those noble-minded men and women, for their self-denying labours, for their having year after year gone forward perseveringly in their unostentatious efforts in this cause; we thank him for the labours they have undertaken, and for the work they have effected; but, after all, when contemplating the grand results that have flowed from their efforts, we look above human instruments to Him who alone can make use of them, and render them effectual to his own glory. In all the blessings which have been derived from this institution we recognise the hand of our God upon us, inspiring the good thought, and enabling those in whose breast it dwells to bring it to a practical effect. May we not, then, thank God and take courage, and go forward in this blessed work, feeling that it does indeed redound to his glory and to the good of our fellow-creatures? May God be pleased to prosper it more and more; may the dew of heaven rest upon it! That we have such evidences of his blessing resting upon our efforts should be a fresh incentive to us to abound in the work of the Lord, knowing that our labour shall not be in vain.

INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION—REFORMATORY AND REFUGE UNION.

THE Fourth Exhibition of the Industrial Work from Reformatories, Refuges, and Industrial Schools, was held at Willis's Rooms, St. James's, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 6th and 7th of June, 1860. Thirty-five institutions were represented. The room was arranged so as to classify the several descriptions of work. The general divisions were—Manufactured articles, straw work, cabinet work, ornamental articles, needlework, and trades at work. In these were included the work of cabinet-makers, carpenters, tailors, shoemakers, brushmakers, printers, and bookbinders; together with matmaking, modelling, paper-bag making, wood chopping, fancy-box making, straw work, plain and fancy needlework, &c., &c. The inmates of some of the institutions were at work in the room, and boys from the Shoe-black Brigades were also in attendance.

On the evening of the 6th, a *conversazione* was held in the large room, the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY presiding. The Rev. WM. CHALMERS commenced the proceedings with prayer.

ROBERT HANBURY, Esq., M.P., referred to the number of Reformatory Institutions throughout the country, and to the reduction—amounting to twenty-six per cent. in two years—in the number of juvenile offenders committed to prison. The principle of all these institutions was, to teach their inmates the saving truths of the Gospel, basing all their teaching on the Word of God; and next to train them to habits of industry. It was gratifying to add that in most, if not in all of them, a very great improvement was visible within the last few years.

The Rev. WM. BROCK dwelt on the advantage of *preventive* over *reformatory* efforts, illustrating his remarks by facts from the St. Giles's and St. George's Refuge and Ragged Schools, the especial object of which was the reception of homeless and neglected children, as distinguished from convicted criminals. This was precisely the class whence criminals were derived, and of whom bad men and worse women made a prey. He cited several affecting instances of the condition of both sexes on admission, and read some touching letters from some of the former inmates now in the colonies. He concluded by pointing out that the only true principle of reformation or prevention was that which struck at the heart, and that it was only as the heart within became a new heart that the life without would become a new life.

The EARL OF SHAFTESBURY expressed his deep sympathy with the movement, and his conviction of the vastness of the benefits which it conferred on the nation, not only by the prevention of crime, but by the training up to honest and godly lives those who, but for it, would have been criminals. *He would be glad to hear that the number of Reformatories and Refuges had been reduced one-half, on the ground that the necessity for them had ceased. He wanted to see a great extension of Industrial Schools, because they constituted the best preventive system.* This system was now on foot, and if carried into effect with sympathy and co-operation, it would supersede, in a very short time, the reformatory system, the gaol, the gaoler, and in many instances, perhaps, the hangman. He had just been informed by the chaplain of Parkhurst, that in that great gaol for juvenile criminals, which was built to accommodate 650 inmates, and which

sometimes had 720, there were at this moment only about 300 in the prison —not from any deficiency in accommodation, but because juvenile criminality had so largely diminished of late years. They had a right to attribute that fact to the influence and operation of such refuges as those which had been described by his friend, Mr. Brock; but he would go further, and say it *was also owing very largely to the institution of Ragged Schools, which had reclaimed tens of thousands of our outcast and orphan children from vice and crime, and made them now an honour and security to the country.* He referred to the great diminution of juvenile offenders brought before the police magistrates as practically illustrating the beneficial effect produced to society. He then adverted to the preventive efforts made amongst adults, and to the necessity of increased efforts among the classes of outcast women.

The Right Hon. JOSEPH NAPIER observed that crime cost the country £10,000,000 annually. The germ of the reformatory system was embodied in the inspired precept, "Overcome evil with good;" and what, in fact, was the whole Gospel but a reformatory system, applicable not only to removing the guilt, but to destroying the power of sin.

On the evening of the 7th a second *conversazione* was held, attended by nearly 700 of the practical workers in the reformatory enterprise, Ragged and Sunday School Teachers, members of the Young Men's Societies, managers and officers of the refuges, and others. Tea and coffee were served throughout the evening, and the company were entertained with selections of music, admirably performed by three instrumental bands of the East London Shoe-black Society's Refuge, the Boys' Refuge, and the North-west London (Euston Road) Training School.

R. HANBURY, Esq., M.P., presided, and expressed the pleasure which the Committee of the Union felt in meeting that evening those practically engaged in this great and noble cause. The present prosperity of these institutions was, under God, greatly attributable to the exertions of those he was then addressing. They owed much of the efficiency with which these institutions were conducted to the experience which many of them had gained in connection with the Ragged School movement. It was said, and he fully believed it, that there was no treatment so well adapted to meet the wants of the classes they sought to benefit as the Bible and the spade. He did not mean that they should all be taught agriculture, but that industrial training and religious teaching should go hand in hand together. He thought no one could examine, without great satisfaction, the industrial products in the room below, which carried out the scriptural injunction, and taught those who stole to steal no more, but rather to labour with their hands.

The Rev. A. W. THOROLD, rector of St. Giles's, said, If they would take his advice, he should say they ought to avoid the two extremes; on the one hand they ought not to be over-sanguine, and fancy everything had been done when they saw such a meeting as this, and such an exhibition as was down stairs; and, on the other hand, they ought not to be too desponding, and fancy nothing at all had been done. Unless they communicated to their children the great truths of the everlasting Gospel, they might rest assured they were failing to accomplish their great mission. Mr. Thorold then gave an interesting and encouraging illustration of the blessed influence of teaching of the right sort in one of the Ragged Schools in the district of St. Giles's, and concluded by giving some

valuable counsel to those who are practically engaged in conducting these institutions.

The proceedings closed with the National Anthem, performed by the brass band and sung by the audience.

OUR GREAT MEN

Who have risen in life by their own efforts, mostly taken from Mr. Smiles' book, called "Self Help:" a book well worth reading by all our Ragged School friends.

The history of great men who have risen from nothing—or from a very low position by their own efforts, in spite of all difficulties and discouragements—is very interesting, and also very encouraging to all those who have to depend upon their own exertions for success in life.

The record of such examples has lately interested us very much; and it has struck us that a few notes of such cases might animate and cheer some who have to fight "the battle of life," with few suitable weapons and fewer friends—some workers in humble life—who may not have leisure to study, or opportunity to examine, such records for themselves.

The spirit of "self-help" is the root of all genuine growth in the individual; and biographies of great men, who have shown this spirit in great measure, are most instructive and useful, as guides and incentives to others. Much good may be done by citing examples, and British biography is full "of illustrious examples of the power of self-help, of patient purpose, resolute working, and steadfast integrity, issuing in the formation of truly noble and manly characters, exhibiting in language not to be misunderstood, what it is in the power of each to accomplish for himself, and illustrating the efficacy of self-respect and self-reliance in enabling men, of even the humblest rank, to work out for themselves an honourable competency and a solid reputation."

Help from without is oftentimes enfeebling, but help from within invariably invigorates, and the best patriotism and philosophy is to stimulate our people of every class to elevate and improve themselves. It matters little, indeed, how a man is governed from without; it is everything how he is governed from within. There are many kinds of slaves in the world, but the greatest is he who is the slave of his own moral ignorance, selfishness, and vice; and as all experience proves, that the worth and strength of a state depend far less on the form of its institution, than on the character of its men, it becomes very important to prove to all engaged in training the young, that it is the energy of individual life and example which makes up the best practical education of our young people as well as our older. That education which is given daily in our homes, and shops, and counting-houses, and factories, as well as in our colleges and schools, by mind acting on mind, by individual energy and noble example; it is this that fits Englishmen for becoming free men and active workers in social and political life, and we should strive to get rid of that formal book-rote style of teaching that has been so common amongst us for many years. The study of such books as that now under review, and of such examples as we intend to quote, may

tend to guide us into a better mode, and we trust that these remarks will be instrumental in doing so.

The English are regarded by foreigners generally as complete men, and it is their individual freedom and energy of action that makes them so; and this spirit is not confined to one rank or class, but pervades all in this our free, native country.

"Men, great in science, literature, and art, apostles of great thoughts, and lords of the great heart, have sprung indiscriminately from the English farm and Scotch hill-side; from the workshop and the mine, from the blacksmith's stithy and the cobbler's stool."

"The illustrations which present themselves are, indeed, so numerous, that the difficulty consists in making a selection from them. Take, for instance, the remarkable fact, that from the barber's shop rose Sir Richard Arkwright, the inventor of the spinning-jenny, and the founder of the cotton manufacture of Great Britain; Lord Tenterden, one of the most distinguished of English judges; and Turner, the very greatest amongst landscape painters."

Shakespeare's father was a butcher and grazier. Cook, the navigator, and Burns, the poet, were common labourers. Ben Jonson was a mason, and so was Hugh Miller, the geologist. So were also Telford, the engineer, and Allan Cunningham, the poet; while, among carpenters, we find Inigo Jones, the architect; John Hunter, the physician; Rowney and Opie, the painters; and Professor Lee, the Oriental scholar. From the weaver class have sprung Simpson, the mathematician; Bacon, the sculptor; Wilson, the ornithologist; Dr. Livingstone, the traveller; and Tannahill, the poet. From shoemakers, we have Sturgeon, the electrician; Samuel Drew, the essayist; Gifford, the editor of the *Quarterly Review;* Bloomfield, the poet; and William Carey, the missionary: whilst Morrison, another zealous and persevering missionary, was a maker of shoe lasts. Cardinal Wolsey, De Foe, Akenside, and Kirke White, were the sons of butchers; Bunyan was a tinker, and Joseph Lancaster a basket-maker. Among the great men who are identified with the steam-engine are Newcomen, Watts, and Stephenson—the first, a blacksmith; the second, a mathematical instrument maker; and the third, an engine-fireman or stoker. Dr. Hutton, the geologist, and Bewick, the father of wood engraving, were coal miners; Dodsley was a footman, and Holcroft a groom; Baffin, the navigator, a common seaman; and Sir Cloudesley Shovel a cabin-boy. Herschel played the oboe in a military band, Chantrey was a journeyman carver, Etty a journeyman printer, Sir Thomas Lawrence the son of a tavern keeper, and Dr. Michael Farraday the son of a poor blacksmith.

"It is the glory of our country that men such as these should so abound in it; not all equally distinguished it is true, but all penetrated alike by the noble spirit of self-help. They furnish proofs of cheerful, honest-working, and energetic effort to make the most of small means and common opportunities—for opportunities, as we shall afterwards find, fall in the way of every man who is resolved to take advantage of them. The facts of nature are open to the peasant and mechanic as well as to the philosopher, and by nature they are all capable of making a moral use of those facts to the best of their power. Thus, even in the lowliest calling, the true worker may win the very loftiest results."

Let our Ragged School workers and friends take heed to themselves that they lose not the opportunity for raising themselves in position, intelligence, and

piety, that a kind Providence throws in their way; and let them look well to those under their care, and use all means to draw out their peculiar tastes and talents; for assuredly the God, who of the stones can raise up children unto Abraham, can bring out the loftiest intellect, the greatest achievements, and the most exalted piety, if it please him, from the scholars in our Ragged Schools.

W. L.

(*To be continued.*)

ITALIAN ORGAN BOYS IN ENGLAND.

Signor Ferretti, an Italian gentleman, who has long been labouring for the religious welfare of his countrymen in London, who number about 7,000, tells the following story of the poor Organ Boys:—

I had only been a short time in London, when late one evening (it was in the winter, and it was raining heavily), as I was returning home, I heard a voice saying to me,

"In the name of God, Sir, help a poor Italian boy."

I asked him if he was hungry, and he said "Yes!" and he accepted the invitation which I gave him to come and eat something at my house. When he was somewhat restored, he told me as well as he could his distressing history. "I believe," he said, "I am nine years old, and am a Piedmontese. My father is a poor peasant, who labours hard to support his family by his work. The produce had been scanty, and to remedy in some degree our misfortunes, we had need of a loan of at least fifty francs; but we knew no one who could do us this kindness. One fine day the curate, or Catholic priest of the parish, came to my father, accompanied by a gentleman, who offered to lend us the fifty francs without interest. My father thanked him, and promised to pay him by little and little in the course of a year. With this money my father purchased a cow, for the maintenance of his family, and other provisions of which we stood in need.

A week had not elapsed when the gentleman returned with the curate, and informed my father that, as in consequent of urgent affairs he must immediately return to England, he should want in two days' time the fifty francs that he had lent him. My father was thunderstruck. What could he do in such circumstances? The cow could not be sold again, except at a heavy loss. The curate then said to my father:—

This gentleman has a very lucrative business in England; he is a good Christian, and has under him many boys, whom he instructs in the profession of music, which he follows. In England gold coins are picked up in the streets. It is a Protestant country, it is true, but there are Catholic churches for the Italians, where the holy mass is celebrated every day. Take my advice: you have two sons; give one of them to this gentleman for the fifty francs which you owe him. He will take him with him to England, take good care of him, teach him the business, and in a few years he will return to Piedmont loaded with money.

My father was obliged to consent, to the great sorrow of my dear mother. We left in the diligence, and arrived at the confines, I found other boys accompanied

by their conductors, who were waiting for us. We were told that it was necessary to pass through France on foot, as far as the sea. It took us a month, and during the journey I never slept on a bed, but in huts upon straw, and often in the fields in the open air. Happily it was summer. Our food was a piece of bread and cheese in the morning, and the same in the evening. My master, however, went to the inn to eat and to sleep. We were all knocked up with fatigue, and I cannot tell you what I and my companions suffered during that journey of thirty days on foot. The smallest of us, who was in delicate health, was so reduced by hunger and fatigue, that he fainted on the road, and was carried to the hospital, where he died the next day, far from his native country and the mother whom he so loved. At length we arrived at Boulogne, and were rejoiced at the sight of the sea, considering that our master could not oblige us to go over on foot. Unfortunately, however, the sea was so rough that I disembarked at the port of London more dead than alive. The master, who by deceit had bought me in Italy for fifty francs, sold me again for 100 to the master to whom I belong.

Now hear how he treats me. In the morning, before we go out, we receive (we are fifty in all) a basin of hot water, which they call tea, and a piece of hard bread. Till late at night I wandered through the streets of London, asking charity to the sound of this violin which you see. If I had been a little bigger my masters would have put a small organ on my shoulders. They wanted to give me a little shrine with the image of the Madonna in it; but I resisted this, because I had heard that those persons who show the Madonna to Protestants have every now and then stones thrown at them by the boys, and I never like to have stones thrown at me. The priests advised the masters to make the boys go about with those shrines, saying that this is the surest means of converting the English, who, as you know, are heretics, and believe neither in the Madonna nor in the Pope. Every evening when I come home I must bring to my master three shillings. If I am not able to bring him the whole sum, he beats me and sends me to bed without my supper, which consists of some bad soup, sometimes so bad that not even a dog would eat it. My bed is made of a little straw, on which we stretch ourselves without undressing. In Piedmont I enjoyed good health, but here, what with the smoke of the chimneys, the fogs, the fatigue, hunger, and beatings, I am certain I shall soon die. Oh, my dear mother, my dear mother! perhaps I may never more see you on earth.

And as he spoke those last words he gave a deep sigh, and large tears fell from his eyes. After a brief pause he continued: "Know, Sir, that these masters of Italian boys have no bowels of compassion, and are worse than the wild beasts. I have perceived that they maltreat us for their own interests."

How do you mean? explain what you say better.

Boy.—This is what I mean: if we have a pale face, if we are thin, or lame, we excite the pity of ladies, and then the master becomes rich.

Are there any boys in such a state?

Boy.—Oh, many, Sir; a great many.

And the boy was right. I am in possession of, and am ready to show them to any person, a large number of documents which prove that many of these poor creatures have died in workhouses and hospitals, in consequence of the barbarous treatment of their masters, as also registers of the sentences of various magistrates against these dealers in human flesh. These are incontestable facts and cannot be gainsaid.—*Ferretti's Brief Narrative of a Mission in London.*

The Teacher's Column.

KIND WORDS AND THEIR RESULTS.

"Was your lesson difficult?" kindly inquired a young teacher of a ragged and uncouth-looking lad of about ten years, who was one of a class which had just finished a recitation—"Was your lesson difficult, my boy?" The boy, thus addressed, raised his large grey eyes with an inquiring look, as if to satisfy himself that words, breathed in so sweet a tone, were intended for him; but, as he met his teacher's gentle gaze, they fell, and, drooping his head, he forbore to reply. His teacher, perceiving that he felt the rebuke, and deeming it sufficient, said no more, and dismissed the class. This lad, Johnny by name, was the son of poor parents, both of whom were habituated to the use of ardent spirits, and, of course, grossly neglected their children, beating and abusing them as their excited passions prompted; seldom, and perhaps never, letting fall from their lips a word of kindly interest even, much less of love. Johnny, being a mischievous boy, was very harshly treated; but to this mischievous disposition he owed the privilege of attendance at the village school, whither he was sent to "be out of the way." This was the first day he had been under the care of the present teacher, whom I will call Miss Almer. Johnny possessed a quick and retentive mind, and, when he chose to apply himself, could stand at the head of his class. But his half-learned lessons came oftener than his perfect ones, and always brought him a severe reprimand, and often a chastisement, which seemed to have no other effect than to harden and debase him. Growing up under such adverse influence at home and at school, he became a morose and ill-tempered boy, disliked and shunned by his schoolmates, on whom he sought to revenge himself by all the petty annoyances his fertile brain could devise. Such was the lad when he became a pupil of Miss Almer. She had rebuked him for his first error gently, as was her wont, and, trusting to the potency of such reproof, dismissed him from her mind; but not so easily were the kind words forgotten by the poor boy, to whom so gentle a tone was so rare as to awaken astonishment. It fell among the rude thoughts and feelings of his heart as a flower among thorns. It was to his ear, that was wont to catch only the harsh tone of unkindness, as a strain of sweet melody after a jarring discord. Oh! why do we so often withhold that which it costs so little to give, and yet may prove such a treasure to the receiver?

But to the story. Miss Almer lingered at the school-room till all the pupils had left, and was walking slowly homeward alone, when this, to her, trifling event of the day, was brought to her mind by observing Johnny sitting by the roadside, apparently waiting for her. When she came to him he rose, and offering her a nosegay of violets, said, "Please, ma'am, will you take these?"

"Certainly, Johnny; they are very sweet, and the first I have seen this season. I love them dearly, and you, too, for bringing them to me."

She had taken the boy's hand in hers, despite its disgusting appearance, and, as she finished speaking, his eyes were lifted to hers with the same expression as in the morning, and a tear was making a furrow through the dirt that begrimed his face. "Johnny, what is the matter?" asked his teacher in surprise. "What you said," falteringly uttered the boy; "do you love me?" "Indeed I do," was Miss Almer's reply; "and something must trouble you; can I do any-

thing for you?" "Oh! you *have* done *more* for me than anybody else, for nobody ever loved me before; but I thought you did when you didn't scold me for not getting my lesson," said Johnny. "But I am a dreadful boy; you don't know it all." "Well, tell me all," answered his teacher, touched by the earnestness of his manner. So saying, she led him to a large stone and bade him sit by her there, and, as he unfolded his tale of wrong *done*, as well as received, she mingled her tears with his, which flowed so freely. They sat long, and ere they parted she had given rest to his eager heart by promising ever to be his friend. She told him, too, the tale of a Saviour's love for such as he, and bade him seek Jesus for his friend, that he might always have one to love him. The next morning Johnny was missed from his place at school, and at the close of school Miss Almer called at the rude hut that had been his home, to learn the cause of his absence, and, to her surprise, found it vacated. Whither the people had gone no one knew. This was a sore disappointment to her, for she longed to do good, and this had seemed an unusual opportunity. But she could not "see the end from the beginning," nor thought that the little she had already done had taken so deep a root as to survive amid the opposing influences that must now surround poor Johnny. Many years after this (fifteen, I think), Miss Almer was visiting far away from this scene of her early labours, and during her visit attended a meeting for teachers. Remarks were offered, and experience related by many labourers in the good work of instructing youth, and at length a gentleman rose and expressed a wish to say a word to the band of teachers on the power of kindness, and, in the course of his remarks, related the story I have given above, closing with these or nearly these words:—"I am that lad, and those were the *first words of kindness* I ever remembered to have had addressed to me. They have been my talisman, my guiding star through life. They have made me what I am, and, God helping me, it shall be the aim of my life to reward the friend of my youth in the only way in my power, namely, by living so as to spread, by example and precept, the influence of the Divine principle of love which actuated her." Miss Almer listened to this recital with an agitated heart, for she recognised in the speaker the little Johnny whom she had never forgotten. She sought an interview, and learned his history. How, after leaving his early home, the love of virtue, which she had aroused in his bosom, was ever leading him away from his evil courses, and urging him to a higher life.

His parents soon after died, and he was taken as errand-boy into a wealthy family, and allowed the opportunity of attending school. He at length sought other employment, in which he could increase his earnings, all which he carefully hoarded, till he obtained a sum sufficient to enable him to attend a higher school. Thus he went on, alternately labouring and studying, till he was qualified for a teacher, in which employment he had been for several years engaged. Need we say to any teachers who may read this, "Go thou and do likewise"? All may not meet with so speedy a reward as did Miss Almer; but let us remember that the time of retribution is not yet, and, if we labour faithfully, we *may hope* that the guerdon shall yet be ours to find that some poor soul has been rescued from degradation by our endeavours, to shine for ever a star in the Saviour's coronet!

A harsh word will kill where a gentle one may heal.

ALLYN ON THE GOLDEN RULE.

When I taught a district school, I adopted as a principle to give as few rules to my scholars as possible. I had, however, one standing rule, which was, "*Strive, under all circumstances, to do right*," and *the text of right*, under all circumstances, *was the golden rule*, "All

things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so unto them."

If an offence was committed, it was my invariable practice to ask "Was it right?" "Was it as you would be done by?"

All my experience and observation have convinced me, that no act of a pupil ought to be regarded as an offence, unless it be when measured by the standard of the golden rule. During the last year of my teaching, the only tests I ever applied to an act of which it was necessary to judge, were those of the above questions. By this course I gained many important advantages.

In the first place, the plea, "You have not made any rule against it," which, for a long time, was a terrible burden to me, lost all its power.

In the second place, by keeping constantly before the scholar, as the standard of action, the single test of right and wrong, as one which they were to apply for themselves, I was enabled to cultivate in them a deep feeling of personal responsibility.

In the third place, I got a stronger hold on their feelings, and acquired a new power of cultivating and directing them.

In the fourth place, I had the satisfaction of seeing them become more truthful, honest, trustworthy, and manly in their intercourse with me, with their friends, and with each other.

Once, however, I was sadly puzzled by an application of the principle, by one of my scholars, George Jones, a large boy, who, partly through a false feeling of stubbornness, refused to give me some information. The circumstances were these:—

A scholar had played some trick which interrupted the exercises. As was my custom, I called on the one who had done the mischief to come forward. As no one started, I repeated the request, but with no success. Finding that the culprit would not confess his guilt, I asked George if he knew who had committed the offence.

"I did not do it," was the reply.

"But do you know who did?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who was it?"

"I do not wish to tell."

"But you must tell. It is my duty to ask, and yours to answer me."

"I cannot do it," said George, firmly.

"Then you must stop with me after school."

He stopped as requested, but nothing which I could urge would induce him to reveal anything. At last, out of patience with what I believed to be the obstinacy of the boy, I said:—

"Well, George, I have borne with you as long as I can, and you must either tell me or be punished."

With a triumphant look, as though conscious that he had the better of me by an application of my favourite rule, he replied, "I can't tell you, because it would not be right. The boy would not like to have me tell of him, and I'll do as I'd be done by."

A few years earlier I should have deemed a reply thus given an insult, and should have resented it accordingly; but experience and reflection had taught me the folly of this, and that one of the most important applications of my oft-quoted rule was: To judge of the nature of others as I would have them judge of mine. Yet, for the moment, I was staggered. His plea was plausible; he might be honest in making it. I did not see in what respect it was fallacious. I felt that it would not do to retreat from my position, and suffer the offender to escape; and yet that I should do a great injustice by compelling a boy to do a thing, if he really believed it to be wrong.

After a little pause, I said, "Well, George, I do not wish you to do anything which is wrong, or which conflicts with your golden rule. We will leave this for to-night, and perhaps you will alter your mind before to-morrow."

I saw him privately before school, and found him more firm in his refusal than ever. After the devotional exercises of the morning, I began to question the scholars —as was my wont—on various points of duty, and gradually led the conversation to the golden rule.

"Who," I asked, "are the persons to whom, as the members of this school, you ought to do as you would be done by? your parents, who support and send you here? your schoolmates, who are engaged in the same work with yourselves? the citizens of the town, who, by taxing themselves, raise money to pay the expenses of this school? the school committee, who take so great an interest in your welfare? your teacher? or the scholar who carelessly or wilfully commits some offence against good order?"

A hearty "Yes" was responded to every question except the last, at which they were silent.

Then, addressing George, I said, "Yesterday, I asked you who had committed a certain offence. You refused to tell me, because you thought it would not be doing as you would be done by. I now wish you to reconsider the subject. On one side are your parents, your schoolmates, the citizens of this town, the school committee, and your teacher, all deeply interested in everything affecting the prosperity of this school. On the other side is the boy who, by this act, has shown himself ready to injure all these. To which party will you do as you would be done by?"

After a moment's pause, he said, "To the first; it was William Brown who did it."

My triumph, or rather the triumph of principle, was complete; and the lesson was as deeply felt by the other members of the school as by him for whom it was specially designed.

The Children's Gallery.

THE TWO PICTURES;

OR, THE CHILD'S QUESTION AND ITS RESULTS.

FIRST PICTURE, OR THE QUESTION—"DOES YOU LOVE GOD?"

A YOUNG man of fashionable appearance travelling in a stage-coach, became much interested in a sweet little child, who sat opposite to him on her mother's knee, and he kindly devised many plans for her amusement during their tedious journey together.

His kind attentions won the child's confidence, and for more than an hour she entertained him with her innocent prattle and her many winning ways. At last a thoughtful expression spread over her countenance, and for some time she looked earnestly in the face of the young man, till as the coach drew near the end of their journey, and the passengers prepared to separate, she leaned forward towards him, and lisped in her childish voice these words: "Does you love God?" In the confusion of departure the young man did not at first clearly understand what she said, and again the sweet clear voice repeated the question, "Does you love God?"

The young man drew back hastily, and looked in a kind of confused, abrupt way at the child, who, frightened at his manner, hid her face and clung to her mother; again he turned at the door, gave another look back at the child, and then he left the coach. He hurried to the hotel, but the little voice went with him; there seemed an echo in his heart constantly repeating the child's question, "Does you love God?" Several gay young men, who had been waiting for his arrival, met him at the hotel, and had ordered an elegant supper, to which they now invited him. There was mirth, with faces beaming with pleasure; but the young man felt conscious of a void he had never experienced before, and even

amid the shouts of laughter around him, he seemed to hear that child's low voice asking thrillingly, "Does you love God?" He was no longer the gay, thoughtless being he had been only a few hours before—a little child had dropped a pebble into a still pool lying hitherto undisturbed in his bosom, and the vibration was to go on throughout eternity.

SECOND PICTURE, OR THE RESULT OF THE QUESTION.

Five years passed, and a servant of God, a man of rare gifts, and much honoured in the work of the ministry, had arrived in a large town, for the purpose of preaching the gospel to thousands whom his eloquence would attract to hear him. As he passed along, dust-soiled and weary, his eye accidentally encountered a face looking down from the window of a handsome house. He paused an instant, looked again eagerly at the window, and in another moment his hand was on the bell-handle, and he was soon ushered into the room where the lady of the house was sitting alone.

"I hope you will pardon my intrusion," he said, "for I could not pass after recognising you accidentally at the window. I have never forgotten you nor your little girl, who, five years ago in a stage-coach, asked me the artless question, 'Does you love God?' Do you remember the circumstance?"

"I think I do," replied the lady, "but my dear child asked almost every person whom we met similar questions."

"I have never forgotten that sweet child," said the gentleman, with much feeling; "since that day, whenever I have been tempted to do what my conscience would not sanction, the earnest, serious gaze with which she looked at me, has come to my mind, and I long to hear again the voice that God employed to draw me to himself."

In his eagerness, he had not observed the mourning dress which the lady wore, nor her pale cheek and quivering lip, as he thus described the influence that child's simple question had in forming his character; but suddenly there came upon him a startling consciousness of these things, and also of the absence of any indications that a child's fingers had been busy in that room. There was silence for some minutes, and then the lady said, "My child is in heaven."

The gentleman sunk back silent and sorrowful for having so rudely torn open the wound in that bereaved mother's heart.

"This is indeed sad tidings," he said, after a long pause, and his voice was troubled.

The mother rose and asked him to follow her. They entered together a little chamber, where, in a book-case, were the child's Bible, the books she enjoyed reading, her rewards, and her childish toys.

"There," said the poor mother, now quite unable to compose herself, and sobbing aloud—"there is all that is now left of my precious child."

"No, madam," replied the gentleman, solemnly, "that is not all that is left; I am here, a monument of God's mercy, and made so through her holy influence. Before your child asked me *that question*, my mind was a chaos of doubt and of bewildering error. I had even dared to question the existence of an Almighty Creator. My influence for evil was great, because my companions chose me for their leader. I was going along the downward path, and dragging others along with me, when, on that eventful day, she arrested me by the simple question, 'Does you love God?' I am here to testify, madam, that your child left behind her more than precious dust and perishing toys."

Utterly broken down, the strong man wept. All he said was true, for he now wielded a mighty influence for good; in genius he was one of the strong ones of the earth, and he now employed all his powers in spreading the tidings of man's salvation through Christ Jesus to perishing sinners, and in persuading them to love that God, who had in his tender mercies forgiven his rebellion against him, and drawn him to himself.

THE LOST FISHERMAN SAVED.

LEONORE was a pale and feeble child. That she might gain strength and get roses on her cheeks, she was taken to the sea-shore by her parents. Old Mrs. Briggen, a fisherman's wife, was hired to give her a daily bath, and old Bill Briggen often took her out upon the great wide sea in his fishing-boat.

Bill Briggen and his wife were rough in their looks and rude in their manners, but their hearts were true and warm, and they were so kind and so gentle to Leonore, that she soon learned to love them with very strong affection. The fisherman told her stories of the sea, and she told him stories of the land. Snugging close to the side of Betty Briggen, in the stern of the boat, she listened with wonder and delight while the old man sung sea-songs, and talked of porpoises, of the silver-shelled nautilus, and other wonders of the deep deep sea which rolled so grandly around them.

Leonore was a good child, and she often talked about eternity to the simple-hearted fisherman and his wife. They listened with much interest to her beautiful pictures of the glorious land. One day poor Bill Briggen sighed and said—

"ETERNITY! ah! I has yet to hoist sail in them seas, and have not a notion how to pilot 'em."

Leonore gave him a Bible, and told him it was a chart by which he might steer to the port of heaven.

The fisherman took it gladly. Leonore went home with her father, General North, but she did not forget to pray, especially on stormy nights, for her dear old sailor, Bill Briggen, and his wife Betty.

A few months passed and Betty Briggen wrote to General North. Thinking you would like to read her letter I will print it. It is a very touching epistle:—

"SIR, YOUR HONOUR, GENERAL NORTH,

"In hopes this finds you well, and madam, and the young darling lady, as it leaves me a poor desolate widow. Sir, it was with my poor Bill as he always said; he went out, and returned home one dark night no more. 'Bet,' says he, 'I'll take out our Bible no more; then, if I should be lost, you'll have that to cast anchor by.' But he was always minding of it at home. He took wonderful notice of all it had to say of the sea; and that very last night, as he lighted up the lantern, and turned up that part where the good Lord came walking right firm where the worst sea was chafing, in the eye of the wind, and catched hold of the hand of the poor fisher, Peter, when he was lost, as we speak, in the tempesting waves, it seemed as if he knew all afore him, for he lifted up a prayer like to none but a last; and he said to me, 'Bet,' said he, 'if your old man some night should come back with his fish-nets no more, what we read from the book will be the picture of him—the waves all a tempest, and dark, and he sinking. Ah, then, Bet, there'll be a hand that will catch hold of your Bill's, and heave him up to that life in ETERNITY. I shall know the hand, Bet; for 'twill be His who was nailed on the tree. If it please the good God I should happen of that, don't fret over the salt sea for me, but hoist a prayer up where the stars lie afloat up above! There's no tempesting waves for your old man up there, Bet; for He rules there who walked on the wind, and hushed up the storm with the breath of his mouth. O Bet,' says he, as he turned off to go 'there's no sail scuds so fast afore a fresh breeze in our seas, as a prayer to them skies!' I was a-letting him out, and didn't I note how there shone out a star from the darkness right above him as he spoke! And when I look up to them now, don't they seem to my senses all kindled brighter for joy that my poor Bill is up among them. And I got a friend to put these few words on paper, as madam ordered I should. But I hope your honour, and madam, and the darling young lady will come again, though my poor Bill and his boat harbour no more on this shore, but I can do all as regular and well as before, and not one of the gentlefolks has found me lagging yet; but I take a lazy step back again now,

for there's no husband awaiting; and sometimes I could just not go at all; only I take my first look at the Bible, and, though I can't read, I can tell where the words mostly lie, and they turn up in my mind with the sound of the voice of my old man. So no more at present from your unworthy servant,

"BETTY BRIGGEN."

Poor little Leonore cried nearly all day over that letter. She was so sorry poor Bill was dead; but she was glad that her Bible had guided him to the port of heaven.

I hope Leonore's example will be followed by every little girl and boy who reads this by trying to be useful to the poor and ignorant, who in some way may serve them. Speak of heaven and the Bible, dear children, to all with whom you have to do,—to the servants in the house, to the hired man on the farm, to your playmates, to your brothers and sisters, and to father and mother. Who knows but that you, like Leonore, may direct some poor Bill Briggen to the Saviour in heaven!

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EMPLOYMENT OF BOYS.

To the Editor of the Ragged School Union Magazine.

SIR,—I observed lately, in a Ragged School report, the following plan for employing lads who had behaved well, and who were honest in their habits.

Perhaps some other school might imitate this plan if you published it in your magazine.

I am, yours truly,

A WELL-WISHER.

"In order to assist a few of the boys who are in a destitute state, but who are nevertheless deserving and well-conducted, to obtain the means of purchasing necessary clothing, it has occurred to the Master that they might on Saturdays, when there is no school, be sent, under his direction, round to the houses of such friends as will be kind enough to assist them by purchasing blacking from them. The profit arising from the sales effected, amounting to 2½d. in the shilling, will be added to the rewards they may entitle themselves to as monitors. The attention of the friends of the school is invited to this new and, if successful, valuable attempt to help those who are willing to help themselves. The blacking will be in bottles at 10d. and 6d. each. It is made by the boys in the East London Shoe-black Society's Refuge. Orders or names and addresses, with permission for the boys to call, will be very gladly received at the School by the Master. This project has the full sanction of the Committee."

"THEY'LL NO LET'S IN."

A most interesting movement has taken place in Glasgow, among a class where you would hardly expect it. One evening lately I went to visit a large class taught by Mr. Miller in East Campbell Free Church. I found the entrance mobbed by a number of urchins, making a sad noise at the door of the Church; on asking what it meant, a score of voices answered "They'll no let's in," "They'll no let's into the Tonic Sol-fa Schule." I asked if they had tickets, and was answered No, but that they were in Mr. Miller's class in the "booth in the Saut-market (Salt-market Street) learning Sol-fa, and they wanted to go in here to learn mair o't." The beadle was defending the door as best as he could, and declaring he "ne'er saw a class like this, for he could not keep them oot."

The booth above alluded to is well known in Glasgow as "Mumford's show;" it was a penny theatre of the lowest caste, and a perfect pitfall for young people; the police put it down as a nuisance, and some friends of truth and soberness, with Mr. Henderson, of Park, at their head, bought the building and carried the war into the enemy's camp, by converting it into a place of worship on Sabbath, and a lecture-room, &c., on the week days; it is in the centre of the wickedness of our city, and is opened for every one, young or old, passing by to enter free as they please to come. Our temperance friends are turning it to good account, and among other expedients opened a singing class every Friday evening, to teach all who please moral and religious hymns. This has gone on for two years, and generally about 100 to 150 were present of an evening, but the attendance was most irregular. In November last I recommended the teacher to hang up a modulator, and try how that would do; it has succeeded beyond all expectation, the class doubled and trebled, till now every seat and corner is filled with the most tag-rag and bobtail audience you ever saw. To make up for want of berths, Mr. Miller writes out a tune on a chart and hangs it up, and they all sing from it. The Rev. Mr. Livingston, of Stair, being in town one Friday evening lately, we went down to see it, and were much delighted. The place was crowded with children, who sung various pieces, Psalm tunes, "God speed the right," "May comes laughing," wonderfully well, the last of these with great gusto; the bass part was sustained by three forms full of big lads, who sat behind, and who are known to the police as the very "rowdies" of our streets, but who come there night after night to learn to sing,—and not only was the place crammed with children, but the *stage* itself was filled with fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers, attracted and delighted by the performance of the class. Mr. Livingston gave them some words of encouragement and advice, which were responded to by a hearty cheer. The sight was most pleasing, and I cannot conceive any other subject that could possibly draw out such an audience and not only interest but delight them. You will be pleased to know that Mr. Miller has four such classes, three of children, one of adults; this last began with 12, but the modulator has raised it to at least 250, and it will bear its own part in our proposed demonstration. The friends of the Temperance Cause are delighted at the success of the teachers, so different from all their past experience, and it opens up a field for Sol-fa which is not less important than extensive.

C. B.

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C. B.

Poetry.

THE FRIENDLESS BOY'S SONG OF GRATITUDE.

The following verses are respectfully dedicated to JOSEPH PAYNE, Esq., Deputy Assistant Judge at the Middlesex Sessions, by onewhose early lessons of instruction were received at one of the Metropolitan Ragged Schools.

ONE time I was a *friendless boy*,
And wandered forth forlorn;
No parent's care did I enjoy,
The Child of RAGS and scorn.

But one day, trudging shoeless through
A bustling thoroughfare,
A board with letters met my view,
Told a RAGGED SCHOOL was there.

And at the door I knock'd aloud,
'Twas quickly oped to me—
When many did around me crowd
To learn my history.

But oh! I could not tell them *all*—
Though *much I had to say*,
Which would the *goodly* heart appal,
My *own* fill with dismay.

I dare not ponder o'er the past—
Its horrors are so great,
Or bring to mind the *wide contrast*
With my *present happy state*.

Daily, in earnest humble prayer,
My thanks to GOD I give—
For all *His* mercies shown me here,
And thus long let me live!

For, unto man's estate I've come,
And every comfort share;
With wife and children at my home,
Real happiness is there.

Not like to those who stay abroad,
To revel and to drink—
Who seldom call upon their God,
Nor even of *Him* think.

To a "RAGGED SCHOOL" my thanks are due,
Whose members did employ
Their time and talents to rescue
From vice—a *friendless boy*.

R. W.

POPLAR, *May* 22.

THEN AND NOW:

TRANSFORMATION BY EDUCATION.

An Address to Ragged School Teachers, founded on a fact recorded in the Ragged School Union Magazine.

A GIRL whom her bad father beat
For going to learn at a school,
Ere long became *tidy* and *neat*,
And *good*, by its excellent rule.

She call'd on her Teacher one day,
And said that a place she had got,
Which took her, and kept her away
From home, that unsanctified spot!

She thought of the room, like a den,
Where sorrow had sadden'd her brow,
And said, "Look, Teacher, what I was *then*,
And see, Teacher, what I am *now!*"

Both Teacher and Scholar must go
Through danger and duty on earth,
But both will have rest, as we know,
In realms of unspeakable worth.

And when, to the Saviour of men,
With glorified bodies they bow,
'Twill be, "Look, Teacher, what I was *then*,
And see, Teacher, what I am *now!*"

Go on in your labours of love,
And gather the ragged around;
That crowds, in the regions above,
Like them, may with honour be crowned.

Who knows but what clever and dunce,
With you, "in white robes," may appear,
Singing, "Look, Teachers, what we were *once*,
And see, Teachers, what we are *here!*"

And then shall both Teachers and taught
Unite in their different parts,
In praise of the mercy that brought
Salvation to each of their hearts.

J. P.

TEMPLE.

Notice of Meeting.

LAMB AND FLAG, CLERKENWELL.

THE Fifteenth Annual Meeting of the above school was held in the Amwell Street School-room, on Monday evening, June 11th, LORD EBURY in the chair.

The spacious room was crowded by a large and respectable assemblage. The meeting was opened by hymn and prayer.

The noble CHAIRMAN (who, on rising, was received with loud applause), said,—Ladies and Gentlemen, it is now my duty, as you have done me the honour to place me in the chair, to address a few words to you before the more interesting work of the evening. You will see, by the Fifteenth Annual Report, the amount of success with which it has pleased God to bless your efforts. The last time I came to this room, twelve years ago, the learned Bishop of St. David's presided over the meeting, and if any here now can remember that occasion, I warn them not to expect from me an oration similar to that of my learned friend. Whatever there may have been to say against Ragged Schools at that time, it would not be any use for me to say much in favour of them now, because I am sure that you would not be here only for the interest you take in the movement; but I see the gentlemen of the press here, and through them I address the public. This room is a very good one, but I was speaking in a room a few nights since far more handsome than this—the room I refer to is the House of Lords—and I was speaking in reference to Smithfield, for I should like to see old Smithfield made a playground for the poor children of Clerkenwell and the surrounding districts. The name of these schools is taken from the Knights Templars—a class of men who held aloft the Flag of the Cross in a foreign land, forgetting that there was plenty to do in their own country if they chose to do it, if it was only to wash the dirty people in the Jordan of Life. I am the last to say anything against missions, but I think we have done something of the same sort ourselves. I congratulate you upon the success of these schools, and I say this, because "hope deferred" will make your hearts weary. I have been a visiting magistrate of Middlesex, and to show the decrease of crime through these schools, I may tell you that, without spending a sixpence, we have been enabled to make such changes as to effect a saving to the rates of from three to four thousand pounds. (Loud cheers.) Yet we are told that the House of Lords has nothing to do with the rates. (Laughter). The ratepayers must now see how these schools effect a diminution in the rates, and I

hope those who benefit directly by this decrease will put the surplus into the plate. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. W. J. Watts, the Honorary Secretary, read the Fifteenth Annual Report, which, after acknowledging that the movement had been blessed by Him who alone can prosper the efforts of his servants, expressed the astonishment of the Committee that the success of the schools had been so great, when they considered the wretched dwellings the children of the school came from, and believed that their task would be an up-hill one so long as the habitations of the poor remained unimproved; and were further of opinion that, in the nineteenth century, and in the great metropolis of London, a father, mother, and five children ought to be provided with more than one room and sleeping apartment. The Day School was in a very satisfactory condition, there being on the books, 217; average attendance, 160. The Infant School continues full to overflowing, the attendance being 85; numbers of little ones were refused admission for want of accommodation, the financial position of the Committee not enabling them to take any steps in enlarging this portion of their operations. The Evening School afforded an opportunity for improvement to those engaged during the day, many attending who were under ten years of age; it being a sad fact that young girls are thus early exposed to the contaminating influences of a workroom or factory. The average attendance was 141. The Sunday School was well attended, considering the many drawbacks the Committee had to contend against, being, on the average, 327. The Clothing Fund showed a large increase — there being 102 depositors; amount deposited, £40 15s. 3d.; premium added, £9 11s. 0½d.; total, £50 6s. 3½d.; the Committee adding 3d. to every 1s. deposited; the clothes being made (with the exception of boots and shoes) by the girls of the Day School, under the direction of the Ladies' Committee.

After the reading of the Report, the Distribution of Prizes to the Scholars took place.

The Secretary called over the names of thirty-one children, twenty-six of whom received ten shillings each and a handsome card, five receiving five shillings and a card; each card, beautifully printed and embossed, bore the signature of Lord Shaftesbury, being a gift from the Ragged School Union to the children, for their good conduct in service. The noble lord asked each boy and girl what service they were in, how long they had been in it, and many such questions, in a fatherly and unostentatious manner, seeming much gratified by the appearance of the children, who, but for the "Lamb and Flag," might have been in the service of quite a different master. His lordship tapped several of them on the head; but the last, a young gentleman in the uniform of a "Shoe-black," seemingly unused to such a kindness, looked as though he expected a blow, and put up his arm, *à la* Tom Sayers, which caused much laughter.

The meeting was addressed by the Rev. Messrs. Bell, Walder, Wills, and Maguire; also by Tindall Atkinson, Esq., and Mr. Gent, of the Ragged School Union.

Papers, Original and Selected.

A TRIAD OF SOCIAL REFORMS:

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PICTURE.

It has been often remarked that, whatever is effected in England in the shape of social improvement, is not so often accomplished by the legislature as by individuals, or public societies. This, in fact, is what might be anticipated from that independence of the British character which has, from Saxon times, whatever were the dynastic changes, kept civic self-government intact. From city corporations to parish vestries, Englishmen are accustomed to manage their own affairs, and thus they practically sanction the maxim of the late Duke of Wellington, "If you want a thing well done, do it yourself." Hence it would almost inevitably follow that any real social reforms would emanate from the governed rather than from our rulers. This fact is strikingly illustrated by the history of Ragged Schools. The evil was glaring, and punishment was impending; for in a neglected and vicious population was seen that Nemesis before which those who had said, "Am I my brother's keeper?" quailed in terror. To meet these social evils Ragged Schools sprang into life. But still they were not devised by those whose official function it is to repress vice and crime; but solely by those who felt that as men have immortal destinies, as they are now so will they be throughout eternity. Hence, holding up the cross as the sole panacea for all moral evils, Christian men entered in faith on their great crusade with vice and misery. Nor has this great battle been lost; for it has been found that the Great Teacher enunciated a truth for all time, when he declared that, "all things are possible to him that believeth!"

Having in a prior article described some of those dark social evils with which the Ragged School worker has to contend, the picture would be imperfect, not to say untrue, if the brighter side were omitted. From the facts which we propose detailing, it will be seen that the principle we have enunciated still holds good, namely, that true social reforms ever spring from the people

rather than from their rulers. It will be seen, too, that the triad of social evils we depicted, more hideous far than the Hindoo Triad —London homes, London drunkenness, and British crime—are encountered, and their ill effects to a great extent mitigated, by the measures adopted, thus fully proving that there is no social evil which cannot be lessened, if Christians practically feel that God has given them a great commission to wage battle with human sin and social misery!

I.—London Model Lodging-Houses.

Large towns and great masses of men have been subjected to appropriate treatment and brought to a certain sanitary condition. The original state of the community was first ascertained, and the ordinary number of deaths in every 1,000 of the population, carefully observed. The simple doctrines of sanitary science were then applied; houses were drained, light supplied, ventilation improved, and pure water introduced for consumption. After these measures had been adopted the statistics of mortality in the district were examined, and the new death-rate compared with the old one. The evidence of the statistics so obtained was irresistible. In Liverpool the mortality had fallen from 37 in the 1,000 to 27; in Bradford, from 28½ to 22; in Gloucester, from 27 to 24. Taking an average of 19 towns, it was found that the death-rate dropped from 28 in the 1,000 to 21. Croydon, for example, was taken in hand *scientifically* some time ago, and provided with good drainage and good waterworks. When the results were investigated it appeared, on a comparison of the five years preceding the reform with the five years which followed it, that an average of 196 lives had been saved in that town every year.

But nothing can more strikingly prove how much the percentage of death is lessened by good drainage, proper ventilation, and adequate living space, than the last report of the "Society for Improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes." Presided over by Lord Shaftesbury, under his auspices, with his usual good sense, efforts have been made to render the homes of the poor fit for civilised men to live in. For of this we may be assured, that, given a decent home, there will result decent habits, and with decent habits, by a natural law, there will be a prolongation of life. As the Creator's laws, physical or moral, cannot be violated with impunity, the question of the wise king will be seen to be most applicable to

the tenants of the miserable dens of London, "Why shouldst thou die before thy time?" (Eccles. vii. 17.) From the last report of this Society it appears that during the year 1859-60 at the Hatton Garden lodging-house for single men there had been one death out of an average population of 183. At the Charles Street establishment for single men there had been no deaths out of an average population of 80. In the King Street establishment for single men no deaths had occurred out of an average population of 21. At the George Street establishment for single men, there were no deaths out of an average population of 98. The Portpool Lane Thanksgiving Model Buildings for Families had no deaths during the year, out of an average population of 78: but in the single women's houses there were 3 deaths out of an average population of 52, the parties so dying being nearly sixty years of age. In the Family Buildings in Streatham Street there had been 5 deaths out of an average population of 221, those dying being all children under ten years of age. In Wyld's Court there had been 9 deaths out of an average population of 340, six of these being children. In the once noted place for drunkenness, fever, and crime, Tyndall's Buildings, Gray's Inn Lane, there had been 10 deaths out of an average population of 294, six of these being children under ten years of age. At Clark Street Family Houses the deaths during the year had been 3 people over eighty years of age, out of a population of 220. The result of mortality therefore was, that 30 had died during the year out of an average population of 1,585, being less than at the rate of twenty per thousand of the population.

II.—London Drinking Fountains.

We stated that vitiated air, from the nervous prostration induced, engendered an unnatural craving for intoxicating drinks. Not that we for a moment doubt that the "drinking customs" of society tend to develop the same evil, but we cannot ignore that teaching of experience which leads to the inference that bad air is one of the *root-causes* why the poorer classes are so addicted to the vice of drunkenness. But whether this impression be right or wrong, it is painful to read the last published statistics of British drunkenness. It appears that in 1859, from the beginning of the year to Michaelmas, 89,903 persons were charged before the police magistrates with drunkenness. Of these 10,486 were women; many, alas! the mothers of our scholars. The number punished for

disorderly conduct out of the multitude just quoted was 56,161 persons, of whom 10,486 were women. In the year 1859 there were 306 verdicts of "Died from excessive drinking" recorded. Altogether it is a record that may well make British Christians blush for their country.

But what has been done to counteract this glaring evil? It is true that there are Total Abstinence Societies for adults, and Bands of Hope for the young, and well have they done their work of prevention or cure. But the question still remained, To what could the thirsty wayfarer resort on a hot summer's day to quench his thirst? From the fact that the infiltration from graveyards has poisoned the London springs, the parish pumps have been properly locked up. Hence thirsty men were almost driven to beer shops to slake their thirst, and thus the habit was fostered till it grew into a vice.

Happily, a benevolent citizen of Liverpool met this evil, by erecting Drinking Fountains in the central districts of that city; the water being well-filtered before it was supplied to the public. This plan has been successfully adopted in London; Mr. Samuel Gurney, M.P., having the honour of erecting the first Drinking Fountain in this modern Babylon. That the public have appreciated this boon is evidenced by the fact, that the first day the Drinking Fountain at St. Sepulchre's, Snow Hill, was opened, no less than 5,000 persons partook of this invigorating beverage. Glad, too, are we in our peregrinations through London, to notice throngs of fustian-clad, horny-fisted men slaking their thirst at these crystal springs. About 100 Drinking Fountains have already been erected, at an average cost of £40. A pleasing feature of the movement is, that most of these Drinking Fountains have been erected, not at the cost of the Association, but at the expense of private individuals. It is stated, that to meet the needs of London, 300 more Drinking Fountains must be erected. Glad should we be to see such fountains constructed in the New Cut, Lambeth, and in the Devil's Acre, Westminster; for in no districts is the vice—we may say *crime*—of drunkenness more prevalent than in these vice-stained localities.

We cannot then but wish God-speed to this social movement, seeing that no machinery seems to be more calculated to roll away the vice which makes England a bye-word of reproach throughout the civilized world. And, nearer at home, never do we penetrate into the haunts of English heathenism without perceiving that if thousands starve, and myriads are ill-clad, it is simply because too many

parents prefer to spend their scanty earnings in rendering flaunting gin-palaces still more gaudy.

We do not believe, as some assert, that, if drunkenness ceased Ragged Schools would be no longer necessary—for there would still be other vices, as well as want of physical energy, to combat. But we do believe that one-third of our scholars would be able to at once enter cheap pay-schools were the parents to exercise any degree of self-control.

III.—British Reformatories.

Not long after Ragged Schools were established, it was found that many scholars who had parents had better by far have been orphans. For, as the force of example is greater than precept, they *unlearnt* at home the lessons of prudence and virtue they acquired in the Ragged School. Nor were these evils merely of a *negative* character; for too many parents did not hesitate to teach their children to pilfer in order that they might have the means of indulging their idle or profligate habits. This led the promoters of Ragged Schools to supplement that effort by the establishment of Homes, or Refuges, where ragged scholars could be taught how to make the best of both worlds. This system of locking the door *before*, and not after the steed is stolen, has met with steady success. At present 15 Refuges are affiliated to the Ragged School Union, and 600 boys and girls are industrially and religiously trained. It is not too much to say, that the bulk of the inmates are, as they have ever been, diligent and respectful, and thus give every evidence that the labour bestowed on them is not in vain.

Still, many juveniles elude the grasp of Christian kindness. In some cases, parental indifference, in others, inherent vice, tends to supply the juvenile criminal calendar. The success of the Ragged School Refuges led to the formation of "Reformatories," or juvenile prisons, under an appellation which conveyed somewhat less of stigma to the unhappy inmates. Already juvenile crime has been so checked, that Parkhurst Jail, which was built for 650 juvenile culprits, and which sometimes had 720 inmates, now only contains 300.

Originated by Christian men, these Reformatories depended at first solely on voluntary contributions. But, when the legislature found that Reformatories reclaimed children whom the bars of a jail had failed to intimidate, and, what was still better, that the

re-commitment of juvenile culprits materially decreased, they at length gave that support to the movement which was withheld so long as the experiment was doubtful. When it is stated that, at the end of 1859, there were 2,636 boys and 640 girls in British Reformatories, it will be seen that the expense of management and maintenance must necessarily be heavy. The total expense for 1859 was £72,803, of which the Government contributed £51,681.

As regards the social results of these Reformatories, we have gleaned the following particulars from the last report of the Rev. Sydney Turner, the Government Inspector. He says, that, during the past year, 108 of the inmates emigrated, 57 were sent to sea, 143 were apprenticed, or placed in service by the managers, and 212 were allowed to return to their friends, or were placed in service by them. 102 more absconded and were not recovered. Of those who enlisted or went to sea, a large proportion turned out well. Such a life suits the more adventurous and active boys. The majority are not characterised so much by thorough depravity, as by love of excitement, recklessness, inability for self-control, and facility for being influenced by others. Of the whole number, 637, of boys and girls discharged from English Reformatories up to the end of 1858, above half, 333, are known to be living honestly, and maintaining a good character. The number known to have been re-convicted of crime is not more than 82, or not quite 13 per cent. In 1856 Reformatories got into considerable operation, and the number of commitments to prison of offenders under 16 has since decreased year by year, so that in 1859 it was 8,913; less by 14 per cent. than in 1858, less by nearly 29 per cent. than in 1857, and less by above 36 per cent. than in 1856, when it reached the large number of 13,981.

It is thus seen that Ragged School workers have every encouragement to proceed in their labours for the social and religious improvement of those outcasts and destitute ones, whose name is Legion. The battle with vice and misery is now at its height, and we shall assuredly conquer, unless we imitate "the children of Ephraim, who being armed, and carrying bows, *turned back* in the day of battle" (Ps. lxxviii. 9). More soldiers are required for this great combat with moral evil; not indeed those perfunctory ones, who measure their work not by strength or opportunities, but by *clocks;* but rather those who, through drinking deep into the spirit of their Divine Master, say, by untiring and prayerful activities, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Master's business?"

For reading Ragged Schools, and their varied offshoots, in the light of God-given fruit, the Spirit seems to say to us all, "How long are ye slack to go to possess the land?" (Josh. xviii. 3.) Let him that hath an ear, hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches.

A RAGGED SCHOOL IN EGYPT.

"THE Son of Man came to save that which was lost," and it is the privilege, as well as the duty, of his disciples to endeavour by every means to bring stray sheep to his fold, whether in their own country or in foreign lands; it is all one work, for one Master.

The importance of Ragged Schools, as a means of bringing young outcasts whom "no man cared for" under the influence of the Gospel, has latterly been so well understood by Christians, that there is scarcely a large town in our country where there is not some effort of the kind, or where the Lord's servants do not sometimes go out into the highways and hedges, to urge the lost ones to come in and partake of the king's supper. But though these efforts are feeble compared with the crying necessities of the case, and should be increased a hundred-fold, still we need not wait till all has been done at home that is required, before bestowing some labour on the halt, the lame, and the blind of other lands; a soul is equally precious in God's sight to whatever nation it belongs, and all who are conversant with mission work at home and abroad will be able to testify that those who give most liberally to the one are usually equally liberal to the other, and that no *foreign* school ever was the cause of shutting up a school in England or Ireland. If "he that giveth to the poor lendeth unto the Lord," how much more when he gives to their souls!

It is in behalf of a Ragged School in a distant land that we now wish to plead; for a class of little outcasts, long utterly neglected, and who are growing up, (oh! how rapidly!) into servants of Satan, because there is no one to tell them of Jesus the Redeemer!

In that great city which stands near the ancient river of Egypt, and whose graceful minarets and waving palms show fair against a cloudless sky; where the proud Moslems that ride on white asses trample the poor beneath their feet—in Grand Cairo—hundreds of Europeans pass a few short days on their way to or from India. Others who have been sent from cold winds at home, to seek health in this genial climate, spend perhaps some weeks in visiting all the antiquities of that wondrous region. But the souls of the people; who bestows any care upon them? While the traveller's mind is full of the Pharaohs, and Cheops, and Rameses, what time has he to think of the modern inhabitants of the land, or to care whither they are bound?

It is true that he cannot visit the Pyramids, or any other place of interest, without procuring a donkey, and that he is pestered with troops of ragged boys, fighting and vociferating till he is well-nigh deafened; but having at last selected

one, he disperses the rest by a flourish of his whip, and rides off, forgetting their very existence the next minute.

As he passes through the gate of the city, he is again beset by a ragged, half-naked troop; but this time it is by little girls; they are begging; and in spite of the merriment which often peeps out through their professional whine, they do look very wretched and half-starved, and perhaps he flings them a handful of small coin, which brings down a fresh troop, till again the whip has to be resorted to to get rid of them.

If the traveller passes a villa in course of building outside the city, he is sure to see numbers of the same sort of children, both girls and boys, but chiefly the former, engaged in the rudest labour, working in gangs, carrying mortar and bricks for the builders, and often compelled to do half *their* work; the little brown faces are streaked with white-wash, and the single garment of scanty blue cotton is so torn and discoloured, as no longer to deserve the name of *clothes*. Very likely he may see one of the workmen savagely beating one of these little creatures, or a boy, bigger than herself, snatching from her the morsel of bread or treasured sugar-cane which she was preparing to feast upon; for where the law of the strongest prevails, a *little girl* must ever be the lowest and most oppressed of human beings.

There are in the outskirts of the grand city, rows of miserable huts, looking much like bits of half ruined walls, having flat roofs, composed merely of a few reeds coarsely plastered with mud, and a hole by way of window and door. These abodes actually swarm with children of the class we have described, and it is difficult to avoid riding over the little groups which are always squatted right in the middle of the road, playing with the fowls, covered with dust and dirt, and frequently without any clothing when quite young! The older ones wear the everlasting blue shirt, more or less ragged, and a filthy handkerchief tied round the back of the head; or else an equally uncleanly looking cotton veil. From the midst of all this dirt and misery, a pair of beautiful black eyes, beaming with intelligence, will often look up at the traveller; but alas! their light is soon quenched; ignorance and vice blot out the better part, and the evil heart has its full sway. Satan is not neglectful of his work, and the little ones early learn all that is bad, while "there is none to show them any good."

There are indeed too many such in our own more favoured land; but, at least in these days, they have a *chance* of coming in the way of good: a city missionary may speak to them; or a lady may urge their parents to send them to a Ragged School; or they may hear an open-air preacher, and a stray seed may find its way into the young heart, and by God's grace bring forth fruit in due season; or they may learn to read, even of ungodly teachers, and afterwards, a tract or handbill may put the Gospel before them.

But there are no such chances for the ragged child of Egypt. No native school admits girls at all; and very few, if any, of the boys of this, the lowest class, attend any school, nor would any good books be within their reach if they could read. Tending cattle, keeping donkeys, working for bricklayers, or else begging, occupies most of them, or (as with the very poorest among us) looking out in all sorts of miscellaneous ways for scraps of food.

It is hardly saying too much to assert, that the goats and chickens with whom they roll about in the dust, have as good a notion of a future state, or of moral responsiblity, as these neglected children. The name of God indeed is often on

their lips, but merely as a profane and meaningless expletive. Some kind of belief they perhaps have in a Being called great and good, but about whom they do not care, and whom they do not suppose cares much for them; but religion, even in that corrupted form which educated Moslems profess, is a mere name (among the women and girls, at all events) with this class. It would require, doubtless, an intimate knowledge of their language and habits, to assert this positively, but it is a more than probable conjecture; and, as far as respects the children, we may boldly affirm that they are as utterly ignorant and indifferent as the beasts that perish.

The prevalence of ophthalmia causes many of these poor creatures to lose their sight while still young; and what a life is then before them? Mental and bodily darkness at once; the one a melancholy emblem of the other! And what do the outcasts of Egypt know of Christians? What do they associate with the name? Eating pork, and getting drunk! Nor is the absurd notion a mere calumny. The low set of Greeks, Italians, and Maltese who are found in the city, have nothing in their habits calculated to give a favourable impression of Christianity, which appears among them in a degraded form unworthy the name. And unhappily many Englishmen, who from their privileges might know better, keep up the impression about intemperance. One who was in Egypt at the time some of our troops passed through on their way to India, said that the shameful drunkenness of the soldiers had a most unfortunate effect on the ignorant natives, who learned to combine the idea of Christian and drunkard. Besides this, many Europeans behave with a harshness and insolence towards poor natives, which they would not dare to use to even a ragged child in their own country, often striking them with sticks, and showing them that they are considered despicable. "He is *only* a fellâh!" said an Englishwoman, when remonstrated with for abusing a poor peasant. Christians have a work to do; they must show the poor "fellaheen" that there are English people who love them and their little ones, and all the more for being miserable, and ignorant, and neglected!

Satan has *his* emissaries everywhere. And shall Christ's servants leave him undisputed sway among the Moslems of Egypt only because the work presents peculiar difficulties?

We must remember that missions among Eastern *Christians* so called, do not include Moslems, and if they did, the more respectable children would not be allowed to mix with the class whose cause we are pleading. It is a "Ragged School" we want, and nothing else will supply its place. The expenses would not be very heavy; a room, which need not be provided with benches (as the scholars would all sit on the floor), nor with fires, as in our cold climate; a few simple school books, and a store of bread, would be all, except a teacher's salary. Bread is essential, as even at home no children of that class can be induced to give up for great part of the day the needful catering for their daily morsel, without some food provided in school; but a bit of the coarse bread of the country would be all these poor little creatures would ever expect.

May the Lord put it into the hearts of many to help in this work; and may those especially who have been so far from home themselves, and can remember the little ragged troops of Cairo, be led to assist in rescuing a few of them at least from the bondage of sin! Let them help us to collect a little flock for the Good Shepherd, so that when the "great multitude of all nations and kindreds" shall assemble round the throne, an *Egyptian* band may appear among them,

and may cry, "Here we are! from sin, and misery, and degradation we have been snatched by the Lord of Glory! But for *you* we had never known him; but for *you* we had cursed the holy name of Jesus; now we sing his praises for evermore, who 'raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dung-hill, to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the throne of his glory!'"

Contributions for the "RAGGED SCHOOL AT CAIRO," will be received by MISS WEBB, 15, Shaftesbury Crescent, Pimlico, London, S.W.

A RAGGED SCHOOL IN SYDNEY.

THE friends and supporters of Ragged Schools in the old country will be interested to hear that a similar movement has been started in this city. The report of a select committee of the Legislative Assembly on the Condition of the Working Classes has presented some appalling facts with regard to the large number, and the depraved habits, of the vagrant children, or children neglected by their parents, who infest the streets of this wealthy metropolis. The evil has long been palpable, and isolated efforts have from time to time been put forth to counteract it. It is gratifying to be able to state that a combined effort is now being put forth to raise and benefit these neglected children, the first development of which has been the establishment of a Ragged School. A spacious store has been taken in Sussex Street, in which neighbourhood large numbers of those whom it is desired to benefit are to be met with. A suitable master has been engaged to devote the whole of his time to the work, and he is assisted by a number of ladies who instruct the girls. The school is opened from two to four in the afternoon, and on three evenings in the week from half-past seven to nine. The school has been in operation six weeks, and the average attendance hitherto has been forty-one in the afternoon and fifty-five in the evening. The character, habits, and conduct of those who attend, abundantly prove the need of such a school; and, notwithstanding their boisterous and irregular behaviour, there are already indications of good effected, sufficient to encourage and stimulate those who have zealously exerted themselves in this benevolent movement. The school is entirely supported by voluntary contributions. It was thought by the provisional committee the better course to establish the school at once, to be able to present the fact of its existence as an argument on its behalf, and then to invite assistance from those who are interested in the object.—*Sydney Morning Herald.*

OUR LARGE CITIES—THEIR ALARMING ASPECTS.*

TAKE as types of their class the two largest cities in England and Scotland. Look at London and Glasgow. He must be blind who sees nothing alarming in the moral aspect of these commercial capitals. There, ignorance and irreligion

* From "The City: its Sins and Sorrows." By the Rev. Dr. Guthrie. Published by Messrs. A. and C. Black.

are washing away the soil from beneath the lowest courses of the social fabric. Let that continue—let this undermining process go on till a convulsion come—and no power on earth can keep the pyramid from toppling over, burying throne and altar, and all that stands above, in a common ruin. The upper classes of society should know—God grant that they may not learn the lesson when it is too late!—that whatever be the distance between them, no elevation separates their interests from the lowest people; that there is a God who reigneth upon earth; and that by a decree of Providence, as sure as those that rule the courses of tide or time, those who neglect the interests of others shall themselves suffer in the end. When the body of the people go down, they shall not perish alone; in them down goes a mighty ship, creating in its descent a tremendous whirlpool to engulph the rank and wealth, the religion and liberties, of our land. We are most concerned for the great body of the people, because it is in their virtues and piety that the power and permanence of kingdoms lie. They form the mass of the social fabric; and, although it will stand the shock, or survive the decay which destroys its lofty and more ornamental parts, let it be destroyed, and these are buried in the ruins. When the mass of the people cease to be pervaded with morality and piety (look at France for instance), by a law as sure as that which, under certain conditions, changes wine into vinegar, the sweetest into the sourest things, liberty passes into licentiousness—an intolerable evil, from which to be relieved men submit their necks to the yoke of despotism. There is no choice for nations but the fear of God or the terror of man—the power of the Bible or the point of the bayonet.

When men die, corruption commonly begins after death; but when nations die, it always begins before it. And as in that man's gangrened extremities, and swollen feet, and slow circulation, I see the heralds of death approaching, in these godless masses, sunk in ignorance, lost to the profession of religion, and even to the decent habits of civilised society, I see the most alarming signs of a nation's danger—unless remedies are promptly applied, the unmistakable forerunners of a nation's death. Unless early, active, adequate measures are employed to arrest the progress of our social maladies, there remains for this mighty empire no fate but the grave—that grave which has closed over all that have gone before it. Where are the Assyrian and Egyptian monarchies? Where is the Macedonian empire? Where the world-wide power of Rome? Egypt lies entombed amid the dust of her catacombs. Assyria is buried beneath the mounds of Nineveh. Rome lives only in the pages of history, survives but in the memory of her greatness and the majestic ruins of the "Eternal City." Shall our fate resemble theirs? Shall it go to prove that Providence has extended the same law of mortality to nations that lies on men?—that they also should struggle through the dangers of a precarious infancy; grow up into the beauty, and burn with the ardour, of youth; arrive at the vigour of a perfect manhood; and then, slowly sinking, pass through the blindness and decay of old age, until they drop into the tomb?

Under God, it depends upon ourselves whether that shall or shall not be our fate. Matters are not so far gone but it may yet be averted. A great French general, who reached the battle-field at sun-down, found that the troops of his country had been worsted in the fight. Unskilful arrangements had neutralised Gallic bravery, and offered the enemy advantages they were not slow to seize. He accosted the unfortunate commander. Having rapidly learned how matters

stood, he pulled out his watch, turned his eye on the sinking sun, and said, "There's time yet to gain the victory." He rallied the broken ranks. He placed himself at their head. And launching them, with the arm of a giant in war, upon the columns of the foe, he plucked the prize from their hands—won the day. There is time yet, also, to save our country. There is no time to lose. To her case perhaps may be applied the words, which we would leave as a solemn warning to every worldly, careless, Christless man, "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."

DEATH OF THE CELLAR BOY.

"I thirst! O God, great Source of Love,
Infinite life streams from above.
O give one drop! and let me live;
The barren world has nought to give;
No solace have its streams for me,
I thirst alone for Heaven and Thee!"

A LOW, gloomy cellar dwelling, the bare walls stained with damp, the earthen floor worn into hollows by the constant treading of restless feet, the windows so low and small that the sky could never be seen from it, and a compassionate sunbeam could only steal in occasionally. The furniture is of the simplest—a low, poor bed, a cupboard, a table, some chairs. A boy occupies the bed; his haggard face and emaciated form clearly show that his earthly course is nearly run. By his side, now kneeling in prayer, now reading blessed words of promise, is one of earth's angels, who, "though harp be wanting, and bright pinions folded," we know "by the love-light on her brow,"—one who, in the pride of rank, and youth, and beauty, does not forget the noblest vocation of her sex. Such is the scene to which I would fain invite you, gentle reader.

Enter reverently, for the spot is holy ground. Aye, in this lowly cellar has been accomplished a solemn mystery—the birth of a soul to God! The struggle is over now, the battle won; you are only summoned to witness the final triumph. There is no sadness here, but a look of solemn awe is on the faces of the lady and her attendant. The eyes of the dying beam with a look of rapture. "Home!" he exclaims, "I am going home!"

"Then you are happy, James?"

"O yes, ma'am, very, very happy; for I shall live with God and Christ, and all who love him."

"What has God done for you?"

"He made me, and gives me everything I have, and he sent you, ma'am, to tell me of Jesus."

"What did Jesus for you?"

With great animation—"Oh, he died on the cross for me, to save me from hell!"

"Then you are not afraid to appear before God?"

A moment's pause, a troubled look rippled over his face, then passed away in a smile—"No," he said emphatically, "I am clothed in Christ's righteousness; I need not fear."

"Yes, James, you are accepted in Him, therefore you need not fear."

His strength was nearly exhausted, but his face brightened up wondrously when his visitor spoke of the joy at God's right hand. A bright smile thanked her when she repeated the words—

"Oh then how loud the chorus,
Shall to thy name resound,
From all at rest before us,
From *all* thy grace hath found.
One joyful sound for ever
Each heart, each lip, shall raise;
The praise of our Redeemer—
Our God and Saviour's praise.

There with what joy reviewing
Past conflicts, dangers, fears;
Thy hand our foes subduing,
And drying all our tears;
Our hearts with rapture burning,
The path we shall retrace,
Where now our souls are learning
The riches of thy grace."

The dying boy answered all questions put to him clearly and satisfactorily; but the oft-repeated "Home—home; I am going home!" was more impressive even than anything else. His sentiment was—

"It is passed by! my short, young life is ending,
And I must sing, for I am glad to die.
The shore is fair, from which my flight is wending,
But fairer is the Home to which I fly;
I see it shine—that fairer land on high."

Poor boy; he had never known what it was to have a home on earth. He was a native of Somersetshire, had lost his parents before he knew them, was brought up a stable boy, and had literally lived amongst the horses. At the age of fifteen, he found his way to Bristol, and obtained work at the docks. A fellow-labourer, a carter at the docks, befriended him, and took him home to share with him his cellar lodging. But before long the boy's constitution gave way; a severe cough and excessive weakness obliged him to desist from work, and thus all means of supporting himself were cut off. His friend did not desert poor James in his extremity. The worthy carter and his widowed mother determined to support him as well as they could of their penury. They did more. Notwithstanding their ignorance—neither mother nor son could read—they knew something of the value of spiritual things; they therefore applied to those who could teach James more than they. The Honourable Miss M—— was easily induced to visit him, and of the blessed result of her teaching my reader has had the proof. Her task at first seemed very discouraging. James was so uncivilised that his speech was almost unintelligible to her. Often a vacant stare and groan were all the answer she could obtain. His ignorance was fearful. Seeing a dog lying on the floor beside him, Miss M—— inquired if he thought there would be any difference between the state of that dog and himself after death? "No," said he, in an indifferent, listless tone. She found that all days had been alike

to him, that he had never entered a place of worship, never heard of a Sabbath, or even of a God. In fact, he was ignorant as the beasts that perish. My reader, this is a true story. I would not invent what it would be a relief to believe a calumny against my native land, that any of her sons should be thus neglected. Alas! it is too true. I have the account from the lady herself. I give it almost in her words.

Strong in faith, Miss M—— visited James again and again, and, with a tongue made eloquent by deepest feeling, spoke to him of man's utter sinfulness, and of that dear Saviour who became man, lived a life of suffering, and died a death of anguish, that we might be saved from the result of our guilt. She told him how Christ rose again from the dead; that he ascended into heaven; and that he "ever liveth to make intercession for us." Oh! the mighty power of that thrilling tale. A look of profound interest animates the hitherto stolid countenance of the boy as he listens. Miss M—— feels that she is gaining ground, and earnestly prays for God's blessing upon her instruction.

Afflicting circumstances called Miss M—— from home. She was absent more than a week, and during that time her mind was so occupied with a scene of distress that James was almost forgotten by her. On returning home, she was told that the poor widow with whom James lodged had called repeatedly, begging "the lady" to come to James, as he could not rest night or day for wishing to hear her again.

Miss M—— obeyed the summons joyfully. She hastened to the cellar. Could that be the same face whose vacant stare had so dispirited her on her first visit? Now a smile of pleasure greeted her entrance, the emaciated countenance brightened up with a gleam of intelligence and joy. She felt that the Spirit of God had indeed been shining into the darkened soul. Yes, it was even so. No one had visited James during the absence of his friend; none had read or spoken to him. But the Spirit of God had been striving with him, and teaching him the depravity of his heart, and the holiness of God. With beseeching eagerness, he asked to hear more of God and of a future state. He was anxious and unhappy about his soul. He asked, with touching earnestness, "Oh, ma'am, what must I do to be saved?"

Miss M—— was astonished to find how deeply he had drunk in all she had previously said. Simply and clearly as she could, she sought to impart to him a knowledge of the glorious scheme of redemption. She succeeded, even beyond her most sanguine hopes, in making him understand her; and she inwardly thanked God, who had thus revealed himself to one, who, in intellect, might truly be ranked amongst the "babes."

Each day witnessed a change in this interesting youth. He grew rapidly in grace and in the knowledge of his Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. He received the truth in genuine simplicity, and embraced Jesus as his Saviour and Redeemer. During the remainder of his life, which was mercifully prolonged to six weeks after Miss M——'s first visit, his knowledge of the plan of salvation became remarkably clear. Truly, it was the teaching of that Spirit who is promised to "guide us into all truth."

James slept in Jesus a few hours after that affecting scene with which I commenced this narrative. He spent his last night—the last he would ever know—in praying for the widow and her son, and exhorting them to become *devoted* Christians.

Reader, whoever you are, you enjoy many privileges which James had not. The mere fact of your being able to read proves that. Have you ever considered that the greater your privileges the greater your responsibilities?

THE RAGGED SCHOLAR'S DESCRIPTION OF HIS DAY'S EXCURSION.

On Thursday, the 5th of July, the Newcastle Ragged Scholars, 230 in number, accompanied by about fifty friends, visited Alnwick. The particulars of their excursion cannot be better told than by the following letter of a "Ragged Scholar," which was written at our [The *Alnwick Journal*] request, and is in many respects very remarkable:—

On Thursday morning we assembled at an early hour in our respective school-rooms, and, after performing our simple toilet with especial care for the great occasion, we had breakfast, and thereafter were drawn up in marching order, with banners streaming in front and rear, the "Union Jack" holding precedence as a mark at once of our nationality and loyalty; our other banners were merely our school insignia, having the schools' name inscribed upon them. We issued from the school amid groups of admiring spectators, and made for the railway-station, being joined on our way by the "Band of Hope" drum and fife band, who marched at our head, playing cheerfully, and who, throughout the day, added a good deal to our pleasures by their lively strains. The sun shone out gloriously, dispersing the clouds from the sky, and at the same time dissipating all our own clouds of care and anxiety; and, with hearts as light as our purses, we gaily rode on. After a pleasant ride of little more than two hours we arrived at Alnwick station, were regaled with buns, and then marched in order through the town, the band all the while playing lively airs, which attracted the town's people, who thronged from their doors and windows to see us pass. A crowd also attended us till we entered the castle grounds.

Scarcely had we passed through the gateway, when a scene of grandeur and beauty broke upon our view. In the foreground, and for the time rivetting all our attention, stands the imposing and time-honoured castle itself. Under the hand of its present possessor, it has received many different aspects, all combining the sublime and beautiful. Here we find the elegance and comfort conferred by modern art; here the stately majesty and dreadnought strength of ancient feudal architecture; here, as of old, with calm scorn, it invites its assailants to hopeless siege; here, with generous hospitality, it calls the vassals and the guests to banquet and mirth; here it affords to the besieged ample power of offence and defence against the foe; and here to the peaceful monk it grants a calm retreat.

Well according with the castle are the grounds which surround it. After passing through the gateway, we walked along the curtain wall upon the terrace which skirts it, having thence a view of the well-kept pasture-lands, dotted here and there with herds of grazing cattle, and watered by the clear running Aln. Thence we proceeded along the banks of the stream, and thence through Hulne Park, noting and exulting in the varied beauties of leafy wood and flowery lawn—of rustic bridge and roaring waterfall—of hill and dale and ruined abbey—and all the graces which nature and art, combined with antiquity, lend to this favoured spot. Then, our appetites being whetted by our long perambulations, we sat down in a pleasant meadow and enjoyed a pic-nic dinner, which had been provided for us by our kind friends. After this we amused and rested ourselves with merry chit-chat and light-hearted frolic. Previous to this the band had

left us and turned again into the town, where they had dinner at the Star Inn. After resting awhile we again commenced our pilgrimage, whose goal this time was Hulne Abbey, addressing ourselves to the journey with a vigour which showed that we had been in no small degree refreshed by the excellent dinner of which we had partaken. After walking a considerable distance, sometimes along the banks of the stream, sometimes through shady groves, we at length reached the end of our wanderings—Hulne Abbey. From this we had a fine view of Mount Carmel and Brislee Tower. Here we were disbanded, and allowed to amuse ourselves each in his own way. After a time thus spent, buns and new milk were served up, our table as before being the green sward. According to the best rules of etiquette, the girls were first served, and then the boys. As it now was drawing late, we began to remember that we had upwards of thirty miles to go before we could reach our homes. We therefore got under marching order, and were conducted again through the town, the people again flocking out to see us, being apprised of our intention of leaving them by the band. We reached the station at half-past six o'clock, and were soon rushing homewards at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. We again re-entered the familiar gloom of Newcastle about nine o'clock, after a day spent very pleasantly, though not without its quantum of fatigue. But how in reason can we expect it to be otherwise, when in one day we attempted to explore the beauties of a place where the lovers of nature might find a life-long retreat, there to conjure up visions of a paradise to which the one he inhabits is but little inferior?

A RAGGED SCHOLAR.

ON Wednesday, July 18, the committee and teachers of the Field Lane Ragged Schools gave a treat at Buckhurst Hill to nearly 1,000 of the senior boys and girls and the mothers of the children attending the Day School. The former occupied twenty-three vans, headed by twenty-six fifers and drummers belonging to the Lambeth Ragged Schoo i; the mothers were taken down by a special train. An immense number of persons assembled to see the children off. The extensive grounds of the Roebuck were scarcely sufficient to accommodate so large a party, although the arrangements had been previously made in anticipation of the visit. Each child took its own dinner, and after indulging in various rustic games they did ample justice to a substantial meal of bread and butter, cake, and tea, and at parting every child was presented with an 8 oz. cake. Nearly 400 children had subscribed £2 5*s.* 2½*d.*, in halfpence and farthings, to the care of Mr. Fraser, the schoolmaster, in order to enjoy a donkey ride, swing, &c., which has for the last four weeks been the "dream of their existence." Their joyous expectations may be imagined when it is known that more than half of them had never seen a green field before, a great number of the scholars being fatherless. After a day spent in unalloyed enjoyment, the whole party returned without the slightest accident.

ON Friday, July 21, the children of the Lamb and Flag Ragged Schools, nearly 200 in number, were invited by Mr. Bodkin, assistant judge for Middlesex, to his seat at Highgate, where they were bountifully entertained in the beautiful grounds, and were allowed to disport themselves as they pleased throughout the day, under the superintendence of the treasurer, secretary, and other gentlemen. A large party of ladies and gentlemen from the neighbourhood were invited to meet the children, and at four o'clock the general company, including 32 teachers, sat down to an excellent *déjeuner*, under a large marquee in the grounds. Mr. Bodkin, in acknowledging his health, expressed in feeling terms the pleasure he derived from his connection with these schools. The entire proceedings were of a most creditable and gratifying character, and a fancy fair was held in the grounds, producing £24 to the Institution.

For children in Ragged Schools to spend a day in green fields, to eat a rural meal, to breathe pure air, and to have space for fun and frolic, is a boon that for weeks previous to the happy day engrosses all their thoughts while waking and all their dreams while sleeping. And when the never-to-be-forgotten day has past, the impressions it made are found to be deep and lasting, and the benefits resulting in the shape of more ready obedience, increased regularity and punctuality at school, self-help for self-improvement, prove that the money expended in giving the day's excursion was, *educationally*, wisely invested. These excursions should be given by each school, to its own scholars only, for by so doing the number taken out at one time is not excessive, and the oversight and care of the teachers are more effective. It has however, been found that some of the least known, but not the least effective schools, are too poor to give a treat of this kind to their scholars, and without a little help of a more general character, by which these poor schools could combine, and a day's treat be given to the united scholars, nothing of the kind would be enjoyed by those otherwise overlooked children. To prevent this, the Earl of Shaftesbury last year wrote the following note to the Secretary of the Ragged School Union:—

Aug. 4, 1859.

DEAR GENT,—I hope that a few of the friends and subscribers to the Ragged School Union will be so good as to contribute, this year, towards the expense of treats to the children.

You well know what a real pleasure it affords them to be taken into the country, and that the prospect of such a recreation is far more effective, in the way of discipline, than a large amount of punishment. Truly yours,

SHAFTESBURY.

Mr. Gent, Secretary to Ragged School Union.

Copies of this note sent to a few friends, was the means of raising a small special fund by which 1,500 children, with their teachers, were taken by rail to spend a day on Muswell Hill, and on another day a similar number were taken to Greenwich in three steam-packets.

With a view to the children in these poorer schools having a day's excursion into the country *this year*, the following note has been sent by his Lordship to Mr. Gent:—

24, *Grosvenor Square, July* 18*th*, 1860.

DEAR GENT,—I trust that you will succeed, this year, in obtaining a sufficient sum for the annual treats of the Ragged School children. I must repeat, what I have often said, that we have no more effective means of discipline than the prospect of these recreations.

Yours truly, SHAFTESBURY.

Contributions for carrying into effect this plan will be thankfully received by Mr. Gent, at 1, Exeter Hall.

OUR GREAT MEN.

(*Continued from page* 156.)

IN our last paper on this topic we gave a long list of such men; in this number we shall enter more minutely into the history of three or four of them. General facts are always useful, but details are often more interesting. Mr. Smiles

happily blends both in his admirable work, and we shall follow his example. May the instances we produce urge on any teachers who are slothful in their work, or superintendents who are unobservant of the peculiar talents of their scholars—may they stimulate all of us to increased diligence and circumspection, lest haply there be found among the objects of our care an embryo Watt or Boulton, an Arkwright or a Lindsay.

The history of the last individual, now a famous shipowner, is most striking. At the age of fourteen, he was left an orphan boy, to fight the battle of life. He arrived in Liverpool from Glasgow with 4*s.* 6*d.* in his pocket; so poor was he that the captain of the steamer gave him his passage free, on condition that he would trim the coals in the coal-hole; he thus worked his passage on his first voyage. In after life he remembered that the fireman gave him a part of his homely dinner, and he ate it with great relish, as he felt that he had worked for it and earned it. He thus learned a lesson which he never forgot. He was in Liverpool seven weeks before he could get any employment; he lived in outhouses or the streets, just like many of our ragged boys; and managed to keep himself in food on his 4*s.* 6*d.* until he got a place in a West India vessel. He entered as a boy, but before he was nineteen he had risen to the chief command of a ship; at twenty-three he retired from the sea, and settled on shore; his career was rapid: he acquired property by close industry, by constant work, and by always doing to others as he would be done by. He is now one of our largest ship-owners and member of Parliament for the town of Sunderland.

Another most interesting character is James Watt, the inventor of the steam-engine, and the man who has done more than any other to bring it to perfection. "He was a most laborious, patient, industrious man; the story of his life proves, what all experience confirms, that it is not the man of the greatest *capacity* who achieves the highest results, but he who employs his powers with the greatest industry." Many men of his time knew far more than Watt; but none laboured so much as he did to turn all that he knew to a practical purpose. He was, above all things, most persevering in the pursuit of *facts;* and cultivated constantly that habit of attention on which depends chiefly the great disparity which exists between one individual and another.

Even when a boy, Watt studied science in his toys; and afterwards, when carrying on the business of a mathematical instrument-maker, a little model of a steam-engine having been placed in his hands for repair, he forthwith set himself to learn all that was then known about heat, evaporation, and condensation, at the same time plodding his way in mechanics and the science of construction, the results of which he at length embodied in the condensing steam-engine.

For ten years he went on contriving and inventing, with little to cheer him, and few friends to encourage him, struggling with difficulties, and earning but a slender living at his trade, being all the time in a delicate state of health. Even when he had brought his engine into a practicable working condition, his difficulties seemed as great as ever; he had no capital to bring his undertaking to a successful issue, and no friend to help him with money. He went on, however, earning bread for his family by making and selling quadrants, mending fiddles, flutes, and other musical instruments, surveying roads, superintending the construction of canals—doing anything that turned up, and that offered a prospect of honest gain. At length he found a fit partner in another eminently industrious man—Matthew Boulton, of Birmingham—whose skill, energy, and enterprise

were the means of bringing Watt's invention into general use as a working power. Boulton's commencement in life was also very humble, his position being only that of a Birmingham button-maker. In his case, as in every other, it was not the calling that elevated the man, but the man that elevated the calling. He was gifted by nature with fine endowments, which he cultivated to the utmost; he possessed a genius for business of the highest order, being of sound understanding and quick perception. "Hence he rarely, if ever, failed; for his various enterprises, bold though they were, were always guided by prudence. He threw into his daily business his individual uprightness and integrity—qualities which are the glory of every man's character, whatever his position in life may be."

One of the first grand results of Watt's invention was the establishment of the cotton manufacture in Great Britain. The person most closely identified with this great branch of national industry is unquestionably Sir Richard Arkwright, whose practical energy and sagacity were perhaps even more remarkable than his mechanical inventiveness. Like most of our great mechanicians, he sprang from a low origin. He was born at Preston, of very poor parents, the youngest of thirteen children: he was never at school. The only education he received he picked up himself; and to the last he was unable to write without difficulty. When a boy, he was apprenticed to a barber: he afterwards set up for himself in Bolton, occupying an underground cellar, over which he put up the sign, "Come to the subterraneous barber; he shaves for a penny." The other barbers, finding their customers leaving them, reduced their prices to his standard; but Arkwright, determined to push his trade, announced his determination to give "a clean shave for a halfpenny." He afterwards became an itinerant dealer in hair; and being of a mechanical turn, devoted a good deal of his time to contriving models and machines. This led him to neglect his business, and to lose the little money he had saved. He was thus reduced to great poverty, which led his wife, in a moment of sudden wrath, to seize upon and destroy all his models, an act which so provoked Arkwright that he never forgave her.

By long and patient labour he perfected the machine called the "spinning-jenny," which has been the source of enormous wealth to Manchester men and cotton lords. He thus became the founder of the factory system in England. He was a man of marvellous energy, ardour, and application to business; being accustomed at one period of his life to work from four in the morning till nine at night continuously.

In a future paper we shall give similar instances to show what energy, perseverance, and industry can accomplish, without the advantages of birth and fortune; or rather, in spite of the difficulties which poverty and want of education throw in a man's way.

We trust they will encourage all our friends to bring striking biographical examples, and stirring facts before the young with whom they come in contact; especially before the youth of our Ragged Schools, among whom there may be, as we have above hinted, some youthful Lindsay, Watt, Boulton, or Arkwright.

W. L.

The Teacher's Column.

"IT WAS YOU, SIR;"

OR,

THE LUXURY OF DOING GOOD.

I WAS a teacher in a school; and one Lord's-day morning, as myself and other teachers were busily engaged with our classes, a boy entered, and asked to be admitted as a scholar. The superintendent asked him a few questions, and then brought him to me.

His name was Macdonald. He was a tall, slender lad; poor and ignorant, somewhat pensive in his looks, and apparently docile. He was brought to me, not because he was able to read with the other boys in the class, but because he was thought to be too old to be put with those with whom he could read. I gladly received him; and I had no reason ever to regret it. He behaved well, and made progress.

But after a while he was missing; and I found, on visiting him, that consumption had taken place, and that no hope was entertained of his recovery. He was indeed rapidly sinking.

Feeling anxious about his soul, I asked him some questions. He had always been thoughtful and attentive in the school, and I had frequently spoken to him, as well as to the other boys, on the subject of religion; but I was not aware that he had really attended to it, and was living in the enjoyment of its blessings. He had been always reserved on the subject, and nothing had occurred to lead me to such a conclusion. But now he distinctly professed his interest in Christ, and avowed, with much feeling and clearness, his hope of heaven.

I was surprised; and, with the view of ascertaining whether he thoroughly understood and felt what he said, I entered into a close conversation with him. The result was highly satisfactory. I was compelled to believe that he was right; and when I asked him, without any idea of the reply he would make, how it was, and what explanation he could give of it, he said, "It was you, sir."

The effect was a thrill of grateful pleasure, which I feel even now, and which, perhaps, I felt all the more at the time, because it was new to me—the first feeling of the kind which had ever been awakened by such an avowal. "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name." The luxury of doing good to the souls of men is a luxury, indeed, of the highest and purest character.

Such it was felt to be by an old disciple, a man whom God has greatly honoured and blessed in many ways, both in the Church and in the world. He was acquainted, in his youthful days, with a female who was addicted to intemperance. He found her one day intoxicated in a ditch, and he became so distressed and concerned about her, that he resolved, prayerfully and perseveringly, to seek her reformation and conversion to God. He did so, and by the grace of God he was successful. She became an eminently pious, holy woman. "I have had," he said, "more satisfaction in that than I have had in anything else that has occurred in my life."

He had not told me who she was, and I ventured therefore to ask him. "She was," he said, with deep emotion, "my own sister." That, of course, was a material circumstance in increasing his joy; but, allowing for that, there was clearly a real pleasure to him in having been the instrument of saving a soul.

Has the reader had any experience of it? or has he been living to himself? His first duty, if he is not a Christian, is to become one, by coming to Christ. But if he is a Christian, it is his duty to make

direct personal efforts for the salvation of others; not only because of the pleasure and satisfaction connected with it, but because he is a Christian, and loves Christ and the souls of men. It would be pure selfishness to labour for the good of others only for the sake of the good it might do to ourselves. We shall be benefited by it in many ways, but the mainspring of Christian action is love; and when that love is in operation, we shall not only act, and act faithfully, but wisely and kindly. The loving heart will dictate loving words, and insure a lovely demeanour. We shall speak for Christ in the Spirit of Christ, beseeching men in His stead to be reconciled to God.—*The Tract Magazine.*

The Children's Gallery.

KINDNESS CONQUERED.

"SHALL we take that poor child?" asked Mr. Stone, as the family sat at breakfast. "He is a bad boy, I expect."

"My greatest fear is his influence over our children," said Mrs. Stone. "On *their* account we may well hesitate."

"Might not our children help to improve him?" asked the father, looking round on his five little ones in their blue aprons, eating their bread and milk.

"I'll be his brother," said Willie, "and let him fly my kite."

"He is a little heathen, from all I can hear," said Mr. Stone. "I don't know that we can make much of him."

"But, father, we send missionaries to the heathen; and if we expect one Christian can do a great many heathen good, can't a good many Christians do one heathen good, and he not a heathen either?" asked Susy.

"We'll *try*, Susy," said her father. "Jake shall come."

Who was Jake? He was the son of Mr. Stone's brother, an American squatter, all whose family dying, this boy was left to be sent East to his father's relatives, and he was now on his way to Mr. Stone. Jake was about nine. In a few days he arrived. He was short, stunted, and would have been handsome, only he seemed to think washing his face and combing his hair quite unnecessary. As for shoes, socks, or hat, he hated them. And he roved round the house and premises as lawless as a young buffalo on the prairies.

In these things he was gradually tamed; but more serious faults began to show themselves. He loved to torment his cousins. Dogged in his disposition, he sometimes broke into violent fits of temper, when he would destroy everything within his reach. Whipping had no effect; coaxing or reasoning had none. He did not care. That was the worst of it—*he didn't care.* Mr. and Mrs. Stone did their best to improve him. They pitied the poor child with a real father's and mother's pity. They thought, *If our Willie was so;* and that made them bear and forbear with him.

He liked to tease his cousins, especially Susy. Susy was a gentle and delicate little girl, and she used to try in her small way to make poor Jake better, "because nobody *loves* him;" and nobody's loving him seemed to her the worst of his case. One day he got very angry with her, and in his rage threw her doll into the fire, tore her hair, and actually bit and scratched her arm until the blood came. What *was* to be done with Jake? What *could* be done with a boy who behaved more like a wild beast than a boy? His uncle said he must be locked up until he could promise better conduct. There was a chamber in the house, once

used as a nursery by some former family, which had iron rails across the two windows outside, and therefore was called the jail-chamber; it had little furniture in it, and was chiefly used as a sort of lumber-room. After setting his conduct faithfully before him, here they concluded to put Jake. He "*didn't care*," he said. Jake was locked up the rest of the day, and all night; and perhaps nobody felt more sorry for him than Susy did.

"Mother," she said, "I can't go to sleep; I keep thinking of poor Jake, alone, and no light and nothing," and her little lip quivered.

It was the third day, and Jake showed no signs of sorrow for his fault. "Don't care," was all he condescended to say. "Mother," said Susy, "mayn't I go and be shut up, while Jake just comes out to see how pleasant 'tis? there is no sun there, nor anything."

The mother looked into the dear child's face, and said, "Go Susy." Susy went to Jake's door and unlocking it said, "I asked mother if I might not come and take your place, Jake, for you to go out and see how pleasant 'tis; it is so, so very dismal here, and lonely." Jake looked up and stared at her. "You are a fool for 't," said he. He, however, walked slowly out, while Mrs. Stone came along and locked Susy in. "And let him eat dinner down stairs," whispered Susy, "and I'll eat *his* 'dinner.'"

When Mr. Stone came home, his wife told him what had happened. Jake took his seat at table opposite to Susy's vacant seat. "You can carry up Susy her bread and water," said Mrs. Stone, handing him the tray. He took it and walked away, looking very sober, if not softened. According to Susy's wish, he stayed down stairs all the afternoon and to supper.

"Must Susy stay there all night, if I don't?" he asked towards bedtime. "Yes," answered Mrs. Stone. Tears started in his eyes. He ran up stairs, and bolting into the jail-chamber, "Susy," he cried, "you are the best un I ever knowed. Susy, I'll never, never treat you so again. I'll never bite or scratch; no, never. I'm sorry, I am. I'll try to be a good boy, I will. Susy, what makes you so good to me?" and poor Jake cried as if his heart would break.

Jake was completely softened; and from that good hour he began in earnest to amend.

Poetry.

GIVING.

The sun gives ever; so the earth
What it can give, so much 'tis worth:
The ocean gives in many ways,—
Gives paths, gives fishes, rivers, bays:
So, too, the air, it gives us breath;
When it stops giving, in comes death!
Give, give, be always giving;
Who gives not, is not living.
The more you give,
The more you live.

God's love hath in us wealth unheap'd;
Only by giving it is reap'd.
The body withers, and the mind,
If pent in by a selfish rind:
Give strength, give thought, give deeds, give pelf,
Give love, give tears, and give *thyself*.
Give, give, be always giving;
Who gives not, is not living.
The more we give,
The more we live.

Correspondence.

VOLUNTARY TEACHERS AND SCHOOL MANAGERS.

To the Editor of the Ragged School Union Magazine.

Liverpool, 21st June, 1860.

SIR,—I was very much interested in reading the Report of your last Anniversary Meeting, which appeared in the Magazine for June; and I noticed what the Earl of Shaftesbury mentioned about the falling off in some schools of Voluntary Teachers (page 135). I have often been thinking of some plan that would, in a great measure, prevent this, as far as regards Evening Ragged Schools, and, without any further preface, will at once give you my thoughts.

1st. I think, if you have any Evening Ragged School under the presidency of the clergy and a committee of gentlemen, with a honorary secretary and treasurer, *that* it is the duty of *all* these, at the *least*, to visit their schools once a month, and have a little *friendly intercourse* with each *teacher* and with the *boys*.

2nd. I think, that as it is quite possible you may obtain the clergy and committee to give their names, you will find it *impossible* to get them to *give* their attendance.

3rd. I think, the best plan to *insure* success in your schools is this—to appoint a working president, if you must have one, a working secretary and treasurer, and a working Committee. You may naturally say, "Very good; how will you do it?" My answer would be this. Some young man can be generally found to begin; or the easiest way might be, for the clergyman to invite all the young men in his district to a meeting, then tell them plainly what you want; appoint one present to be secretary, another treasurer, and the remainder to be the committee, with power to add to their number. Let him say, that as they do all the work, it is only right that they should have a voice in *all* the *arrangements*. Print your report, and let *their names* be published *on it;* and they will see that their names on the committee was not intended as a temporary inducement to join, but as a reality; each will *then think* that he feels an interest in his work, and it will insure larger meetings of teachers, and, I *think*, a steadier attendance on the evenings they devote to such a noble cause. Never mind how many teachers you have, let them *all* be on the committee. Honorary committees, consisting of gentlemen who do no work, but receive all the credit, are not so useful; and I think the young man who gives his leisure evenings to such a self-denying work, should, if there is any credit to be given, receive the same. Your meetings, held every month, could be presided over by one of the senior members, or the clergyman could be invited to attend. Only let each member give an opinion on any subject brought forward, your meetings will be *more sociable*, they will be well attended, and the teachers will not be afraid to converse with each other on other nights besides the one appointed for a meeting. I really think, from my experience, that if this plan was adopted, we should not hear the continual cry, at all your meetings, in every town, "Wanted—Volunteers to teach in Ragged Schools."

" Incog. "

Mr. Editor, these are my thoughts, and if YOU THINK they will be of any benefit to those schools wanting teachers, they are at your disposal. I could certainly send you my name if it were requisite; but at present (without I see a notice in your Magazine, which I regularly receive,) would prefer

Remaining,

INCOG.

P.S.—Your "Children's Magazine" is the best I have seen; and I *think*, if the price, "one halfpenny," was not inserted on the cover it would be received by ragged lads with more value. I *think* you take away the value of the book by doing this, and it would be far more appreciated when not given.

Notice of Meetings.

FITZROY MARKET.

THE Inaugural Meeting of this School was held on July 3. L. Clow, Esq., presided. It was stated that immediately behind the north-west portion of Tottenham Court Road, there is a dense mass of houses, inhabited almost wholly by the poor, many of whom are in the most abject state of poverty. For many years they had almost been left alone; but exertions had recently been made to ameliorate their condition, both spiritually and temporally, which efforts had been largely blessed. The opportunity now offered for making permanent that which had hitherto been but temporary, if a sympathising public would aid with funds those who now cheerfully give personal service. A "Penny Gaff," a "Thieves' Kitchen," and a "Rookery," each with its attendant evils lately existed in this district; now the "Gaff" is extinct, and the "Kitchen" and the "Rookery" have been penetrated by the Sunday School teacher. It is intended to open Ragged Sunday, Day, and Night Schools for boys and girls, a "Mothers' Meeting," a "Penny Bank," a "Mothers' Bible Class;" Weekly Lectures on popular subjects, Open-air Services in the summer, and a Weekly Service in the School-room.

The meeting was addressed by Revs. W. Gill, R. Parrott, and J. W. Richardson; and by Joseph Payne, Esq.; and Mr. E. J. Hytche.

BLANDFORD MEWS.

A MEETING of the friends and promoters of this school was held in the new schoolroom in York Mews, East Street, David Street, on July 10th. W. J. Maxwell, Esq., presided, who, in opening the proceedings, expressed his pleasure at the general appearance of their new room, and the prospect of success before them. He urged the desirability of a Sunday School being attached, and spoke of the difficulty of obtaining teachers. He trusted some of his young friends present would forward their names for that object, and that the teachers would exert themselves to obtain scholars, and do their utmost to retain them. He concluded by expressing his regret at having to leave, having promised to be in the country by a certain time.

Mr. Blake, who then took the chair, mentioned that the Blandford Mews School was opened in 1853, and, with the exception of a short period, had continued open ever since. Owing to the death of the landlord they were obliged to give up possession of the premises, and this room being vacant the committee engaged it on a lease of seven years, at a rental of £24 per annum, being a saving of £16 upon the old premises. They were £35 in debt, which he hoped they might soon be able to get rid of. They had had upwards of 100 children to tea that day, and he also trusted this little expense would be defrayed by the friends present.

Addresses were delivered by Messrs. Hytche, Bailey, Redford, Phillips, Middleton, Miller, and Pope.

Papers, Original and Selected.

THE REVIVAL AND ITS RESULTS.

NINE months ago we asked the attention of our readers to the responsibilities attaching to an age of revival; we propose now to supplement it with a few other remarks on the same subject. A meeting of teachers has just been held to consider the effects it has produced, and the inferences to be drawn for future guidance.

It is fitting at such a juncture fully to sum up, if possible, the final issue of a movement so solemn, so startling, and so uncontrollable. The angel descended into the waters, and imparted a supernatural and healing influence; the living tide has rapidly flowed, and never, perhaps, within the memory of man, never since the great revivals which attended the preaching of Whitfield and Wesley, have the fountains of the great deep been so broken up, the very current of indifference been turned, and succeeded by the warm glow of an inspired enthusiasm. None could tell how or why the wondrous impulse came; its operation often defied detection until the results became apparent, and it appeared to be independent of all the ordinary agencies from which we expect such results to accrue. Possibly, we are too apt to connect cause and effect in too close and rigid a manner, to imagine that to the end of time spiritual results must always be produced by the same agencies that have usually effected them; that it needs the same teaching, or preaching, or tract distributing always to awaken souls from their lethargy, on which we have been accustomed to rely. But we have recently been allowed a further insight into the workings of the spiritual world, and have learnt that they often come without observation, and are totally independent of what we deem to be adequate causes. We vainly imagine that certain words must be spoken, certain formulas used, certain duties insisted on, a certain round performed before any awakening can take place, or the heart slowly roused from its lethargy and torpor. A revival is like the grand forces of nature, it must be unimpeded and free. None can ride the whirlwind, or direct the storm, or interfere with

the silent influences of gravitation. The seasons revolve in their ordinary rounds; the planets continue their stately march without the slightest human assistance. Geology inscribes on the earth its stern and everlasting records, which none can either add to or efface. The volcano simmers languidly on, or pours down its sides the fiery stream, apart from any desire or influence of man. And it is the same in the spiritual world. Only the Omnipotent can enter the heart's mysterious sanctuary; man, with all his ingenuity, cannot penetrate even the very portals of the soul. He may rely on this agency or on the other; he may look for a certain effect from this measure or that; he may feel convinced that from certain causes certain effects will come: but time, the great solver of all things, proves the unsoundness of his calculations. Where wheat was expected, tares appear; where a golden harvest would have stretched its rich luxuriance, barren and unfertile tracts arise. It is true that we reap where we have not sown; it is true also that we sow where we do not reap. It must ever be, that in spiritual matters cause and effect endure a certain dislocation; they do not, cannot follow in the rigid order of natural sequence that obtains in the physical, and often in the mental world. The body can be trained with an almost certain specific result; body-building is, in fact, almost a science, which wrestlers and cricketers well understand; the mind can be disciplined by certain well-known measures till it reaches a high state of perfection, but the soul—there lies the mysterious region over which the mightiest have no power. None but He who formed it can touch its secret springs and thrill its every sensibility with the promise of a new and better life. All the fiery assaults of man's device utterly fail unless accompanied by that invisible influence of which we are so ignorant that we know not whence it cometh or whither it goeth. The Revival, wherever manifested, has clearly proved this. Not by eloquent preaching, or fervent oratory,—not by words, which rolled in grandeur, like the thunder, or melted in sweetness, like the breeze,—not after anxious and careful preparation, or as the production of elaborate machinery, did the sudden influence descend. It was not when multitudes were gazing with upturned faces glowing with eager expectation; it was not when a crowd was swaying with the excitement of the coming glory; but rather it was in some quiet, lonely nook, after the solitary prayer of some illiterate man, after one word only of simple wayside exhortation, that the electric spark which was, perhaps, to penetrate ten thousand hearts ap-

peared. Christianity was born in a manger and cradled in storm; the thunder rolling over its head and the lightning flashing around its pillow; and it will ever remain like the spirit of the spheres, defying all mortal trammels, and going forth in its own intrinsic might to receive universal supremacy and dominion.

The Revival in its striking forms has passed away. This must of necessity be the case. All strong emotions die; their duration is brief in proportion to their intensity. The very hot-tempered man is the one for whom we are all ready with the excuse that it is soon over. When a climax either of sorrow or of joy is reached, a consequent reaction immediately commences. Intense feeling cannot last for ever. The fire would consume the lamp, the flame the altar. A period of sudden transition is an unhealthy because an abnormal state. So we are not surprised at the termination of the Revival. But what, we may earnestly ask, are the permanent results it has bequeathed to us? Does it leave us in the same state of coldness, indifference, half-hearted exertion that it found us in? Have no sweet whisperings swept across our souls? Have our eyes not been opened to the exceeding value of an immortal soul; to the grace which is as inestimable as the price of redemption, and as enduring as the ages of eternity? Can we look with the same calm complacency on a perishing world, on lost souls, and on dying men? Have we felt no touches of the electric fire, which should cause us to be continually on the alert; to be instant in season and out of season; to know no rest until we have brought to Christ those that are out of the way? Have we now no higher inducement than before? Are our eyes fixed on no brighter stars, our hearts illumined by no higher hopes? Then the Revival has done little for us. We had been better without it; for now it only adds to our responsibility, and shows that we are not equal to the days in which we have fallen, or willing for the work we have to do. Surely, however, not a single Ragged School teacher would willingly prove unfaithful to his trust, or the solemn exigencies which the times impose. In the heart of many of the children we trust the quickening influence has left its indelible trace. Examples could be produced, if examples were needed; but we naturally refrain from publishing cases which are best allowed to remain in their quiet and undisturbed seclusion. Those who were at the meeting on the 15th, listened to many interesting facts that yielded great encouragements which are best confined to that sphere. It cannot be thought, however, that the many prayers that have been earnestly offered during the pro-

gress of the Revival, the numerous religious solicitudes that have been awakened, can pass unheeded away. Deep and vital concern for the soul soon transmits its influence to those around. It is very contagious, there is a string in the human heart that vibrates keenly to the earnest touch. We gladly recognise, from evidence that admits of no question, the permanent nature of the results the Revival has produced. After all the excitement has passed away, after everything that might be deemed false religious enthusiasm has subsided, there still remains a residuum of deep, quiet, thoughtfulness, of earnest attention, of real seeking, from which we expect more real result than from the sudden irresistible influence of the Revival itself. Quiet power is the force that conquers in the spiritual world; for a time it may be rudely thrust aside by noisy display, but it tells at last. The human heart cannot be stirred to its depth without some undeniable result for good or for evil. As in all other things, the triumph is mingled, the success imperfect; but it has yet in a limited sense been a welcome victory.

There is one grand object which all Ragged School teachers should keep supremely in view—the salvation of the souls of their children. Other benefits the Ragged School movement has conferred, and will continue to do so. It has promoted social reform, encouraged industry, insisted on honesty, helped those who were willing to work, and in many ways, too numerous to mention, it has ameliorated the condition of all with whom it has come into contact. The dirty have become clean, the dishonest have become faithful, the profane have learnt outward respect, the tired and weary have found a rest and a home. But these are only the attendant benefits of Ragged Schools, and of secondary importance; the promise of the day, but not the day itself. Our aim is loftier still. Even in Ragged Schools we no longer speak exclusively to the utterly disorderly and irreligious, the dissolute or the idle. We often encounter the steady, intelligent, and industrious boy, who, as far as the present world is concerned, seems to be rapidly prospering. But these are not the highest triumphs of the system. It is capable of a still further development. No other motive should be so earnest or pressing as that of actually ensuring the salvation of all the children under our care. The other reforms manifested by them stop short of this. One thing is needful, and nothing can supply that place. Honesty cannot save; for many a man's ledger has risen against him in awful testimony that he was scrupulously honest towards his fellow men, but dishonest towards God. Social

affection cannot save; many a man and woman have walked lovingly into hell. Mere outward respectability will not save. One thing is needful. To this one point then all our energies should be directed, deeming nothing accomplished unless it be done. This, indeed, constitutes the inspiration of our efforts and the glory of our success. It is not the specific mission of Ragged Schools merely to spread social reform, to disseminate education, to carry out the maxims of political economy. It does this in the performance of its duties, because, wherever Christianity goes it carries these inferior blessings along with it. But a single eye should always be presented towards the higher object of saving souls. It is not enough to make the children clever, we wish them to be good. It is not enough that they rise in the world, we wish to secure their safety in the next. Inferior results cannot, must not, content us. Our labour is lost if it issue alone in them. Thousands of teachers are engaged in this work, and, prompted by a willing heart, are plying the diligent hand. Agencies innumerable have been called into existence; but, as worker after worker retires from the field, exhausted by the task, it will be with a painful conviction that their strength has been spent in vain, if they have only helped to increase the respectability of the world that now is, and have not assisted to people the regions of the blest in that which is to come. We trust that the Revival has left in all hearts traces of its softening, inspiring influence; that upon all our schools and teachers a spirit of deeper and holier consecration has descended; that we shall be increasingly anxious rightly to perform those great duties to which we are summoned by the exigencies of the time and the necessities of perishing souls.

THE CHILDREN'S RIGHTS.

"Do not sin against the child," was the petition of a patriarch, a parent, and a brother; and it contains the sentiment which has induced many an attempt to arouse the feelings, and call forth the energies of our civilised and Christian nation toward the condition of the juvenile poor. It is now more than thirty years since Lord Brougham made a bold effort to introduce a measure for the education of the people. The attempt was unsuccessful; but it stimulated a considerable movement, which has been gradually advancing and extending among a large portion of the people. Gratifying as this may be, still the fact that millions of our fellow-beings have been during this time growing

up—living and dying—in ignorance, is sufficiently appalling to remove any feelings of apathy into which we might have fallen in this matter, and urge us to renewed and extended exertions. This lamentable condition of so many of our people, convicts the nation of negligence and guilt, and should inspire our minds with the condemnatory thought that "we are verily guilty concerning our brother."

The question put by Jehovah to Cain, "Where is Abel thy brother?" has its application at the present time in the moral state of our people, and in the disregard of many to the great truth concerning the duty to our brother, questioned in the murderer's reply, "Am I my brother's keeper?" The prevalence of ignorance and the existence of deep-rooted suffering and crime in the land no one can deny, while our hospitals, poorhouses, penitentiaries, prisons, and crowded cities afford such abundant evidence; and who is to blame? Shall we ascribe it to the God of mercy—the giver of every good and perfect gift, who takes no pleasure in the misery or death of his creatures? All the woes which the loss of Eden has entailed upon the world, must be divided between man's self, man's brother, and man's first betrayer.

If the mighty angel, Gabriel, who is represented by the poet as guarding the gates of Paradise, had speculated on the consequences of sin, methinks he would have conceived that a family endued with common hopes and having common fears, would have been knit together by bonds which no power could sever; he would have anticipated a great diminution of suffering in the human family, as they became acquainted with the works of God, as they entered his storehouses of wonders, his treasures of might, benevolence, and wisdom; he would have expected that science, music, and knowledge of every kind, would ameliorate the lot of man, by an alleviation of suffering, and by an admixture of pleasure. For he would never have surmised that, as soon as brothers should be born, fratricide would commence, a crime representing in one act the after-created, inflicted, and perpetuated crimes of the world: in a word, he would never have supposed that man's sorrows, difficulties, and transgressions, would have been increased by his fellow-sinner. If some herald from the courts of heaven, happy in ignorance of the real state of God's earth, were to wing his circuit round this sea-girt isle, he might imagine from a sight of its fertile lands, its beauteous cities, its towering spires, its busy hum, that it was a paradise below. And if informed of Jehovah's favours to this lovely spot; of its past deliverances from foreign enemies; of its comparative freedom from pestilence and famine; of its abounding wealth; of its extensive dominion; of its mighty influence on the world; of the gift of God—an open Bible,—and its civil and religious freedom: the conviction would be strengthened that it could be none other than God's chosen inheritance and Jehovah's

seat on earth; and that whatever strifes and wars might disturb other lands, and whatever divisions might separate other tribes and people, here, at least, there would be union, peace, and plenty. But alas! in the reality how different.

There are certain *laws* written on the heart of man, which neither the lowest condition of barbarism, nor the highest state of civilisation, have been able to obliterate. Such organic indications may, from a variety of circumstances, be indistinct or undeveloped; but sufficient evidences may always be found to prove the existence of principles stamped upon us by the great Author of our being.

The nurture of children is one of those universal laws. Man is a spiritual, an intellectual, and a corporeal being, and is the subject of higher laws than those pertaining to the lower creation; but in proportion to his exaltation in the universe, so great is the degradation into which he is liable to fall. It is our duty to bring up our children with reference to their compound nature. And if we are sensible of the distinction, and the development of the different parts of our own being, we should be mindful of the kindred nature of our children, and of the necessity of bestowing every care on those committed to our charge. But should a parent be unfortunately ignorant, or unmindful of the responsibility of his position, society should interfere to secure for such child that cultivation which, from either of these causes, may be neglected, and so fit him for the duties of time and the solemn realities of eternity. Aristotle observes, that it should be the aim of the legislator "to consider by what institutions, and by what training, he will be able to form good men, and to develope the best parts of man's nature by directing it to the highest objects;" and that he "should have regard not alone to the comparatively inferior acts and results, but to those which belong to the higher and better part of our nature, as the ends and objects of our existence;" and that "to these higher objects should the minds of youth be directed."

There are duties and responsibilities arising out of the threefold nature of man, and any disregard of them is attended by misery and degradation. The physical part must be supported that it may grow to its natural stature, and possess all the healthy formations of its corporeal existence. The intellectual part must be trained in things suited to its capacities. The spiritual part must be directed to the great Supreme, in whom man "lives, and moves, and has his being." A neglect in the cultivation of either of these component and essential parts of man deteriorates the being. So subtle and wondrously connected are they, that to have respect only to the first, would sink man to the level of the brute creation; and if the care be directed to the intellectual faculties only, the body would become enervated, and the mind proud and infidel.

If our object be to qualify him for all the duties of life, to fit him for his high position in the universe, and to exalt him far above mere physical or intellectual existence, then we must regard not only the physical and intellectual condition of the man, but direct his spirit to the Divine Spirit, and by means of the revelation from heaven seek to restore him to the image of his God. This is what we would be understood as implied in the education of children. Anything less than this would leave some part, and perhaps that the most important part, out of consideration. A neglect of this kind of education has produced fearful consequences to a large number of our juvenile population, and to society at large.

There are political, moral, and religious reasons why society, in its collective form as the State, should make every provision for preserving the rising generation from the commission of crime, and especially those among them who have no natural guardians, or who have none capable of discharging that duty. The very nature of society implies this on behalf of those requiring its interference. The union of individuals, constituting such a body, includes the idea of giving protection to all its members; and the youngest, being the most helpless, have the greatest demand upon her guardianship. A combination of such a kind is not merely for the common safety from enemies, but for the common good of all. As all are expected to render whatever assistance society may require in times of necessity, so all have a claim upon the common protector; or why are rights of property so carefully guarded? As no person could become rich but by the boon of the State, and by the beneficent action of the system of social life; and as poverty and helplessness by no means disqualify persons for such benefits, on principles which ought to govern society; so the rich and the poor, the adult and the child, have all equal claims on the State. Their lives are all guarded by the same laws. It is murder to take away the life of a prince, and it is no less a crime to take away the life of a beggar. It is just to defend the persons and the wealth of the rich, and it is equally so to regard the health, the labour, the education, and the character of the poor. This is a part of that natural law which nations acknowledge should be the basis of the common law of every land, and in accordance with which constitutions are professedly formed.

"The State," says Whewell, in his "Elements of Morality," "is a moral agent. We may apply to it the rules of duty and the doctrine of morality. The State has its duties—duties of truth and justice as all agree. A State has also duties of benevolence. To relieve its poor, to liberate its slaves, are often urged upon a State as manifest duties of this kind; and as the condition of other duties being performed, the moral education of its citizens, and consequently of itself, is a duty of the

State; it is its duty to establish in the minds of its children, and to unfold more and more into constant and progressive operation, the moral ideas of benevolence, justice, truth, purity, and order."

The State is as responsible for developing these ideas in all her transactions as individuals in their dealings with each other; and if she would have these principles to take root and become established, she must support and exhibit them on every possible occasion. The people are not less influenced by the State, than the State by the people. Whenever there is a reluctance on the part of either to further the efforts of the other in carrying out these primary laws, there arises great delay in the onward progress of a nation. In this country it cannot be denied that too little regard is paid by those who manage State affairs to questions involving such important duties. If the State considers the family economy to be of great moment to the happiness and prosperity of those she represents and governs, she must assume, and constantly assert, her relation to the whole *in loco parentis*. General provisions for the whole, and special provisions for portions of the family are necessary. The connecting bonds, the action and reaction of the several parts, are important subjects for her consideration. Between parents and children, masters and servants, the rich and the poor, the State should interpose where any serious injury is inflicted, or any positive duty neglected. Her office is emphatically to watch, and see that none perish or suffer loss. On the weakest and least influential there should be the greatest care bestowed; and since it is ordained that there shall always be poor in a land, it is manifest that benevolence should ever exist. The assumption of power by a moral agent, incurs a corresponding amount of responsibility. Thus the State by claiming the right of enforcing her will is bound to inquire into the justice and humanity of her laws. If she exacts obedience she must render it probable and possible by all means within her power. Every law to which there is a penalty annexed, involves the duty of cancelling all others that stand in the way of compliance with its commands, and of removing every temptation to its infraction. And if the power of the sovereign or the State is held to be more sacred than the parental authority, with which there is an analogy, and on which it seems to be based, then the responsibility of discharging necessary and imperative duties is greater than that which nature imposes on the parental relationship. But if a state lays claim to such sacred, to such passive obedience, and yet denies to its children that protection which even the most depraved parents sometimes give, what shall we say? Surely to assert such power, and to be able to exert it, and yet sanction manifest injustice towards orphan, friendless, or helpless children, leaving them in debasing ignorance, allowing them, tempting them—shall we say, urging them?—to fall into the

commission of crime, and to enter upon a course of life which may render them liable to penal suffering, is a crime of the deepest dye, and tends to sever the bond between the State and her subjects, and provoke a divorce in political life, which ever results in the most serious consequences to both parties.

The protection of the State, as a parent or as a sovereign, is especially needed by the orphan and the destitute, the untaught and unfed, the naked and homeless children of the land. This is requisite, in order that the youngest, the most inexperienced, and the most needy may not perish, or be left uninstructed in the duties of civil life, and thus to fall an easy prey to the temptations and evil examples of others. The neglect of such children too often results in their becoming brutalised by ignorance, desperate by want, and profligate in crime; and thus, instead of being useful members of society, they become its greatest disgrace and its direst scourge.

(*To be continued.*)

LIFE IN THE STREETS,

(*From an American Paper.*)

THE GIRL THAT SWEEPS THE CROSSING.

Bella is nine years old: since she was five she has swept the crossings, and looked very nearly as she does now—dirty, meagre, and bold. If her face were washed, she might be better worth looking at than many a better dressed and better bred child of prosperity, who passes by on the other side.

She has a pretty dimple when she laughs, though her jests are more coarse than witty; and her voice is sweet and young, though the words are those common to the children of the street—the words she has heard from her neglected babyhood.

Now she pokes her tongue out, and makes a ludicrous grimace at the haughty dame who draws aside her velvet, lest it should come in contact with Bella's rags; then slaps her broom upon the ground, and bespatters the rich garment in revenge. Now she curls up her little nose, in imitation of the gesture of disgust she has noticed in another, to whom she held out her hand in vain. But Bella knows at a glance who will give her a penny, and who will say, "I have no change, child." The latter she soon releases from her importunity; but she runs after a kind face from one side of the crossing to the other, till she obtains the coin, for which she gives no thanks, but runs back, trailing her reeking broom behind her. Bella is what is emphatically called a "*hard case*," hardened and impudent; but I shall bribe her into a confidential talk, and try to find out how she lives. The gift of a sixpence easily opens the way, and she freely answers my questions, while she stands beside me, keeping, however, a sharp eye to business. Now she is leaning on her broom-handle, with both hands clasped, and her chin resting on her hands; her eyes look steadily and confidentially into mine, with an expression of easy impudence, and yet of truth—for she looks as if she would not take the trouble to conceal the truth.

"Bella, how much have you got to-day?" is naturally my first question.

"Not much, any how."

"But *how* much?"

"Oh, five shillings, I guess—near."

"Oh, not so much as that! I have been watching you this half-hour, and you only got two cents."

"Well then," replied she, changing her position, and slapping her broom up and down till she bespattered me unmercifully; "why does yees be asking me questions, if ye don't want me to tell ye no lies?"

"Because I want to know all about you, and how you live, and how you get on."

"Well, I expect you had better mind your own business, and get on yourself," says Bella, making one of her worst grimaces.

"But I feel sorry for you, and I'll give you more money if you'll tell me the truth, and all about home, and how you live in fine weather."

"Oh! I'm only at home of nights, and then I go to sleep right away after supper—I'm always tired enough. Other times I sell wood for sixpence a bundle, and I get it for three at the wood-yards. They don't buy much. I get more at the sweeping.—Such days," said she, looking up into the drizzly mist; "there isn't many free folks going, only the men from the stores, and the Wall Street folks, as they call 'em.—*They* ain't noways free."

"Why, Bella?"

"Oh, because they're thinking of all sorts of things, and don't notice nobody."

"But the ladies give to you—the young ladies—don't they?"

"Oh, no, they don't! They do be so afraid of spoiling their dresses, they won't stop to get out a cent."

"Then who does?"

"Oh! some—some," said the girl, looking down, and speaking slowly, as if recalling a face; "some that go quiet, and speak easy-like, and don't curl up their noses.—Them's the ones; I know them. And some gentlemen's very soft; they used to give a deal of money and good clothes to Kitty."

"Who's Kitty?"

"She's my sister. She used to sweep when she was as little as me. They called her pretty Kitty, and she got lots of money, when she grew up big, and went to a place."

"What kind of a place, Bella?"

"Why, out to service, to be sure. A place in a big boarding-house, where mother went to day work. *She* got Kitty into it. But mother's dead now, and Kitty's sick at home. Father says she's going to die of consumption." (Bella said this with a tone of perfect indifference as to those sad events.) "Father gets work off and on, but not steady. He ain't got none now. I give him the most I get, for he will have his drink, even if he don't get work."

"And how do *you* get clothes, Bella?—You have enough, if they were not so ragged."

"Why, the Sunday-school folks gives me clothes for going to the school, and learning to be good." (Bella said this with a most expressive leer.) "And father says it's little enough pay."

"Oh! don't you want to read and understand?"

"Bother; I go for the clothes I get, and I've got better ones to home for Sundays—real good ones—the ladies fixed for me. The mission man went to our home, and talked with father about Kitty, and us all goin' to the bad; and father didn't tell him to come again, I expect." (Another grimace.) "Kitty would never go to the school, and *she* got lots of clothes and money before she was sick."

"You don't seem very sorry for her. Are you?"

"No; *she* ain't sorry for me, nor father either; but if Dave had his right mind, *he'd* be good to me, and I'm sorry for *Dave*."

"And who is Dave?"

"It's brother Dave. He's older than me, but he's weak in the joints, and besides, he's not right in his head," said she, shaking hers sadly, and taking quite a different expression. "He don't understand much. He isn't wise, but he's good to me, and I care for him, and I always take him something every day. He likes candy; but he can't go out to sweep, and he don't get no pennies. Poor Dave! he'll never be able to do anything!"

The hardened child spoke with a tone of affection and sadness, quite different from her previous manner. I looked into her face, and it had an expression of touching thoughtfulness. She who cared for none else, felt for this destitute idiot brother.

I was elated at having touched a tender cord, and encouraged her to talk on; but here a gentleman crossed the street, and Bella was all alive to business again. —Holding out her hand, she followed, and importuned; but a gruff refusal caused her to fall back, poke out her tongue, and resume the old expression.

The rain came down more heavily, and it was growing dark. The street lamps were lighted, and Bella said she was going home.

Another sixpence easily persuaded her to allow me to go with her. She lived in Eighteenth Street; and I drew her into University Place, where the quiet allowed me better to hear her replies.

In that walk, the poor child let me into the history of her past. Much of her talk was confused and childish; but I was able easily to fill up the gaps. It all amounted to the old story, which I need not detail. Motherless, with an unsteady father, a dying sister, and idiot brother, this little one yet found joy in her very animal existence. She had little other, but she had no care for to-morrow, for the morrow will come and go like all the others, and she will be no worse off than now.

While health remains, this is true; but Kitty was dying—Kitty had been just such a one as this. Pretty little Kitty had *swept* the streets as a child, and when she became a woman she had *walked the streets*—the natural consequence of her street education. Would you or I do better with such an one?

At nineteen Kitty lay dying, on a bed of filthy straw; and so will poor Bella die, too, and many another untaught, neglected child that now sweeps the crossing, growing up in vice and wretchedness. They will die, and be forgotten, like the beasts that perish. Ought these things so to be?

The glorious Ragged Schools have done much to save such wretched souls from death. But there are not enough of them. Many more are needed, there are so many children to fill them.

Bella, with a little human sympathy and training, would not be the bold, fierce child she is, but might rival in beauty and intelligence many who now shrink back from her contact.

Bella, meantime, is trotting by my side, and talking of her supper and of Dave, and how he sits quietly on the floor, and plays with sticks or stones, and how he calls, "Bell, Bell," when she gets back, and holds out his hand for something. Something, she never forgets to bring him. Of course she spends some of her pennies (on profitable days) for cakes and candy for herself—all children do; but she always keeps something for this yet more unfortunate one than herself.

She likes to get home, as she calls the wretched den she inhabits, because Dave is expecting her, and will brighten up into something like intelligence when she comes in, and will creep up to her and say, "Bell, Bell," which is almost all he *can* say.

She tells me that to-night she is going to buy liver and potatoes for the family, and a sausage for Dave. These she will buy ready cooked and warm in an eating-house near by. Then she asks me naïvely if I don't like liver!

"No; it is rather unwholesome," I reply.

"Oh, I guess it's wholesome enough for poor folks," she returns, with her saucy look.

As we passed Washington Park, I asked if she never went there in fine weather, on holidays, to enjoy the pleasant shade of the trees and the green grass.

"Oh," said she, indifferently, "it *is* pretty nice in summer round there, but Dave can't get there. Father won't carry him, and so I set his stool out in the alley-way in the pleasant weather, and he gets air enough, and is good and peaceable; and I play around there well enough—but it would be nice for him, on the grass under the trees, in the hot days, when the air doesn't come into the alleys."

She seemed to ponder upon this idea, and went on for a moment walking in silence. I, too, in silence; her last words striking into my soul—"*into the alleys, where the air doesn't come.*" God's free air, that we are led to suppose is the property of all, comes not into the alleys. Filthy vapours, dense population, and narrow limits, keep it out, and unwholesome gases take its place. Yet, here the children of the poor are born, and grow after the manner of the poison weed that springs up in the damp marshes.

Was it not wonderful that any trace of tender, childish feeling remained in little Bella? Yet, evidently, she was not all bad; for the only affection she had received, she returned again abundantly. And the poor idiot boy's welcome, with his scarce articulate "Bell, Bell," made that dark alley a home, and that home endurable.

We were approaching the quarter of which Bella had told me, but I observed that she seemed uneasy as she came nearer, stopped occasionally, fidgeted, and became quite silent. Some new thing had evidently come into her mind. Then she turned round, and coming to a determined stand, said, looking me full in the face,—

"Father doesn't like mission men."

"Why not?"

"Oh, because, because. Oh, you needn't be wantin' to know everything; because he don't—there!"

Bella was growing saucy again, but I made allowance for her, by thinking that may be her father would be angered at my appearance, for some unknown reason, and I had no wish to add to the child's hardships by the gratification of my inquiring spirit. I assured her I would not insist on going with her; and when

we reached the next corner, stopped and told her to run on alone. She did not answer, for her eyes seemed charmed by the display in a basement window of the house before which we were standing; it might be called a variety shop, one of the lowest kind, in every sense of the word. Candies, fresh many weeks ago, shrivelled oranges, fly-specked biscuits, wilted apples, mixed up with stockings, suspenders, worsted comforters, reels of cotton, tops, marbles, tin toys, and a wonderful collection of incongruous materials; moreover, it was a *depôt* for "pure milk" and "fresh yeast." And Bella was looking stedfastly at these wares.

"What do you see so pretty, Bella?"

"Oh, it was a top I was mindin'; if Dave could spin a top, wouldn't it be great for him?"

"Well, come in, and we will buy it, and you shall teach him." So down we went into a little den about twelve feet square, from which I learned in how small a space it is possible a family can live, and keep a "Milk Depôt" beside.

The shop, it seemed, was all in the window—an humble imitation of *finer* shops in finer places. The middle was a kitchen, the back part a bed-room—a half curtain of blue calico being the partition between.

Several small children, and a very stout woman, found room to live therein, and, as it seemed, to thrive.

They were smeared with molasses candy from eyes to chin, and their very fists seemed glued up with the sticky delicacy.

The proprietor coming forward to know our desire, I told Bella to choose what she wished for herself. To my surprise she was very moderate; only a little candy, a few apples, the top, and she was ready to depart—altogether the value of sixteen cents. Moderate Bella! she had not learned the art of making the most of opportunity. We went out; the woman returned to her kitchen duties, and the children to the sticky operation which we had interrupted.

"It's only a step now to home," said Bella; "there's the alley yonder, and then I'm there."

She stood, as if to remind me I need go no further.

"Good-night, then. God speed you, poor child. I shall see you again some day!"

She was gone; but while I looked after her retiring feet, she returned quickly, and with almost a blush, said to me softly, "I thank you."

Again she was gone, and I lost her in the alley.

And so it is that I find nothing disgusting in this child of the street. I see her often at her stand in muddy weather, all her apparel like in colour to the dirt she sweeps. I hear her saucy words, and see her impudent grimaces, with compassion.

She will be a woman soon, and a pretty one. She will get a place. What kind of a place? She says that of a house-servant. All the girls in her position with whom I have spoken, have told me the same thing. Some of them may become useful and honest; but many will be like "pretty Kitty," and die deserted and altogether miserable.

Can nothing be done for the poor girls that sweep the crossings?

WHAT THEY ARE DOING FOR POOR FATHERS IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

We have often directed the attention of our readers to the social—or more properly speaking, the *un*social—habits of the fathers of our scholars. For knowing their influence for good or for evil, we have felt grieved to find that, whilst Mothers' Meetings are so successfully worked, that 1,700 are now gathered in the London Ragged Schools for domestic and religious instruction, so little has been done for the social elevation of the fathers. It is true that the home influence of fathers is somewhat less than that of mothers, who are so obviously the *real* trainers of youth that Bonaparte uttered the memorable saying, that "what France wanted was mothers!" Yet if the father be an idler, a swearer, or a drunkard, his offspring are necessarily subjected to the contagion of his bad example, and thus too many children imbibe these evil practices before they even know that they thereby commit sin. Hence we infer that, if we could by any agency obtain that power over the fathers which we so happily possess in the case of the mothers, our great battle with the vices engendered in the "slums" of London would be speedily won.

It is true that four or five Fathers' Meetings are held—that some subscribe to our Penny Banks, either personally or through their children, and that a few—alas! how few!—attend the religious services held in our school-rooms. Yet, after all, these are but faint illustrations of what, by well-devised plans, might be effected, rather than of any marked success. Remembering, however, how gradual has been our progress amongst the mothers of the destitute classes—knowing indeed that during the last four years alone Mothers' Meetings have increased from thirty to seventy-five—we have every reason to "thank God and take courage," when we are devising plans for the social and religious reclamation of the fathers of the ragged class.

Our provincial friends, we are glad to find, are endeavouring to reach the fathers of the very poor. Among the most successful of these experiments is one set on foot in Hertfordshire, by Mr. W. Longman, of the eminent publishing firm. From the introduction to his Lectures to the Labourers of Chorleywood, the following particulars have been gleaned, as we think that they supply some useful hints how to render the gatherings of our fathers attractive—the first element in success.

It appears that Chorleywood is a rural district, in Hertfordshire, populated by about 1,000 inhabitants, belonging to the class of agricultural labourers. They were, a few years since, accustomed to lead the kind of life followed by their comrades in all parts of England, viz., working very hard all the day and spending their evenings either in sheer idleness or in drunkenness. These evils might have continued up to the present time, but Mr. William Longman devised the plan of stimulating his humble neighbours to a more wholesome disposal of their leisure hours, and found a willing co-operator in the clergyman of the parish. These gentlemen endeavoured to induce the peasantry to spend some portion of their leisure time in healthy and profitable employment, tending to the formation of industrious and provident habits. An association was formed to rent and to divide a small tract of

land into garden allotments, to be cultivated for their own benefit, prizes being given for the best flowers and vegetables. These prizes were annually distributed at a supper, over which the presence of the wives of the labourers shed a home feeling. Having overcome that indolence which is so favourable to the germination of the seeds of vice, these pioneers of social progress addressed themselves to the task of providing the means of intellectual culture, and the members of the association were invited to assemble monthly during the winter, to listen to lectures delivered by Mr. Longman, and by some of his friends. The number of auditors averaged 200.

A Savings' Bank has been established in connection with the association, which now embraces a moiety of the labouring population of the district. The amount deposited affords a gratifying proof of the encouragement which it has afforded to thrifty habits. A cricket club was established last year, which has afforded to the members an opportunity of enjoying an invigorating recreation, free from the curse of gambling or drinking.

In order to test the amount of benefit derived, an effort was made to induce those who attended to write epitomes of the lectures; prizes of books being offered to those who sent in the best reports. The success which has attended this experiment is thus indicated by Mr. Longman:—"The most popular lecture of the present season was one on the life of George Stephenson. Of this lecture, nineteen reports were sent in. Many of them were of great length, and were extremely creditable. The most remarkable of the reporters is a man who works at farm labour at 12*s.* a week, who has a sick wife and several children. His reports often fill from twenty to twenty-five pages of note-paper, well written and well expressed. There are several other reporters who acquit themselves remarkably well, but it is obvious that it would be impracticable to specify the merits of each. There have been altogether forty-six different persons who have sent in reports. Of these, seven are men above thirty years of age; eight are men between seventeen and thirty; five are under seventeen, but are at work; and five are schoolboys. There are also five women over twenty-five years of age; nine over fifteen; and seven schoolgirls. The men, with the exception of one who is a groom, are all labourers. Among the audience was the son of the village blacksmith. On his return home he turned over in his mind what he had heard, and said he thought that if Stephenson could make a steam engine of clay he could make one of tin, and so he set to work. His parents were surprised one evening that he did not come home as usual; he and his family being most regular in their habits. At last, at nine o'clock, the mother said, 'I shall go down to the shop to see what can have become of John.' She went, and there she found him hard at work. He was making his steam engine. He could read and write but imperfectly, and, therefore, from books he could obtain little or no help. But he had seen steam threshing-machines in the farm-yards, and these he took as his model. At length he produced an engine with safety-valves, governor, steam-whistle, and all the parts complete, and the engine worked perfectly. It was felt by some visitors in the neighbourhood that an effort should be made to enable him to follow out his natural bent of mind, by finding him employment in some machine factory, and this object has been accomplished."

We cannot have cricket grounds or garden allotments in the "slums" of

London, nor, even what is probably more needed, playgrounds for our scholars. Yet we cannot but think that during the coming winter if some persistent efforts, like those we have narrated, were made, of course, with such modifications as the exigencies of Londoners require, something might be done to wean our poor and vicious fathers from the gin-palace or the rat-match—their *beau ideal* of human happiness.

Admirable as is this scheme of our Hertfordshire friends, we think it a great defect that so little is done to supply the *religious* needs of the workers of Chorleywood. Experience of many years leads to the inference that plans for social melioration, whatever be their present success, ultimately fail, unless religion be *woven* into the various plans of usefulness employed. And so it must necessarily be; for as mere philanthropy includes no seeds of germination, it follows that, when the first promoters die, or become physically unable to work out their plans, no one has grown up to fill the vacant places; and hence, when they die the machinery also expires. Not that religion need be made the *only* or even the prominent feature of such institutions; for, if it were, the idle or the vicious would be scarcely attracted to such gatherings. What is rather needed is that—knowing men have souls as well as bodies, interests pertaining to eternity as well as to time—secular subjects should be so treated in a religious spirit that the craving for *direct* religious instruction might he evoked. Thus would they, through the operations of the good Spirit of God, be *silently* won to the higher and the holier.

But to effect this we must cease those *desultory* efforts, which not only waste our working power, but, from their abortive results, only render the task irksome. Some *connected* agency is needed, so that every branch, by being fitted into its proper place, shall tend to make one great whole. The men, too, should be so associated together, as to develope what may be styled a corporate feeling, that *esprit du corps* which is found so effective in public societies. But above all, as tending to excite those true feelings of independence, or, more properly speaking, of *self-help*, without which there can be no lasting social elevation, the fathers should not be simply legislated for, but be encouraged to assist in managing their own affairs. This plan is adopted in connection with the Provident Club of Church Place Ragged School with manifest success.

As one means of bringing the Ragged School to tell more upon the fathers, we should be glad to hear of more *united* tea meetings of fathers and mothers. We have gladly assisted at such combined meetings at the Ragged Schools in Church Place, Paddington Green, and George Street, Lisson Grove, and we should have great difficulty in deciding which were most gratified, the fathers or the mothers. Now, what we want is to see these precedents generally copied, for thereby, at least, we should cultivate those family affections, without which there can be neither home-comfort nor social progress. Happy is it for both parents and children when the father can respond to the saying of a great judge, "When my street-door is closed, all discomfort is shut out." It is thus we shall complete the great work God has given us to perform among the dens of London; for it may be that men who now, by their unblushing vices, laugh virtue out of countenance, will, by being brought within the sphere of Gospel light, find that genuine Christianity not only civilizes but saves. This, indeed, is our one great aim; for though

we earnestly desire to fit the Ragged classes to do their duty to society, we should assuredly have failed in our great undertaking if none became citizens of the better land. For that alone can be adjudged as true success which will say, when God holds his last great session, "Here are we and the children whom thou hast given to us!"

One praiseworthy effort in this direction has been made by our fellow-workers in Robert Street, New Cut, with every proof that their labour of love has been appreciated by the class for whom it was devised. The last report of Robert Street Ragged School supplies some quaint illustrations of the hold the Fathers' Meeting already has upon the affections of this rough class. For example:—"One of the members, who had much improved, spake thus: 'I never thought I had sense enough to learn.' 'Well,' said another, 'I never thought I had brains to do anything but hard work.' Another son of toil felt so elated with the progress he had made in arithmetic, that he took his book to show a friend, who thus addressed him, 'Are these your figures, and this your writing?' Being answered in the affirmative, he replied, 'Dear me, how you have improved.'"

Now those who know what a quarrelsome, drunken, and improvident class are the fish hawkers and costermongers of the New Cut, are led to inquire, Why should not the same experiment be tried—and if tried, is there any reason why it should fail—in the other low districts of London? Hence, were we preaching a sermon to Ragged School teachers, instead of writing an article, the practical summary of our discourse would be, "Go thou, and do likewise!"

Q IN THE CORNER.

OUR GREAT MEN,

WHO HAVE RISEN IN LIFE BY THEIR OWN EFFORTS.

(*Continued from page* 187.)

WE concluded our last paper with the history of a wonderful man, whose invention of the famous spinning-jenny has been the source of enormous wealth to the manufacturing interests of Great Britain. In the instances already given, it will be observed that even where there is great original genius, success is only secured by long and patient labour. We proceed to give another instance to show this, namely, that of the Peel family, whose history and rise in life have been as striking as any on record. The founder of that family, and the first of the name who distinguished himself as a manufacturer, was originally a small farmer near Blackburn, Lancashire. He had a large family of sons and daughters, and as the profits from agriculturing pursuits were not encouraging, he turned his attention to the manufacture of a fabric called "Blackburn Greys,"—being made chiefly in that town and its neighbourhood. Industrious farmers and their families were accustomed at that time to weave at home, when not occupied in the fields; and Robert Peel accordingly began the domestic trade of calico-making. He afterwards discovered a mode of printing calico by machinery. The

experiments were conducted secretly in his own house, the cloth being ironed for the purpose by one of the women of the family. It is said, that one day, having sketched a figure or pattern on one of the pewter plates then used, the thought struck him that an impression might be made from it and printed on calico with colour. A woman, who lived in a cottage, kept a calendering machine, or mangle. He put the plate through it, with some calico over it, and found that it left a satisfactory impression;—such is said to have been the origin of calico-printing by rollers. Robert Peel shortly afterwards brought out his first pattern, namely, a parsley leaf; and hence he is spoken of to this day, in Blackburn, as "Parsley Peel." He shortly afterwards gave up farming, and, by the aid of his sons, successfully established a most extensive trade. He thus became the centre of industrial progress and remunerative employment to large numbers of people. His son became a baronet; his grandson one of our most famous statesmen; and their relatives and connections attained to the greatest influence and wealth among manufacturers in England.

The famous *Josiah Wedgwood*, founder of the Staffordshire potteries, is another instance of what industry and perseverance can accomplish. His father was a poor potter who could scarcely make a living at his trade; he died when Josiah was only eleven years old. The boy never received any school education worth mentioning. He worked as a thrower at his elder brother's wheel, and all the culture he received he obtained for himself. At the time when he was a boy, the manufacture of earthenware could scarcely be said to exist in England. Small in quantity, and of inferior quality, it was altogether unequal to the supply of our domestic wants. Coarse earthenware was chiefly got from Delft, in Holland, while the fine porcelain, for the rich, came from China, and was sold at a very high price. The articles produced in Staffordshire were of the coarsest quality, and were for the most part hawked about by the workmen themselves, who carried their stock upon their backs. Wedgwood's taste and perseverance by degrees enabled him to produce the most beautiful articles, which obtained the patronage of the great, and became a most important branch of British industry. He made for Queen Charlotte the first royal table service of English manufacture, called "Queen's Ware," and was appointed her royal potter. So great was his desire to obtain works of art, in order to copy them, that on one occasion he bid 1,700 guineas for a vase, and produced fifty copies at a cost of £2,500. He brought Flaxman into notice, and encouraged other artists to a great extent. "The result of his labour was, that the manufacture of pottery, which he found in the very lowest condition, became one of the staples of England; and instead of importing what we needed for home use from abroad, we became large exporters to other countries, supplying them with earthenware even in the face of enormous prohibitory duties."

The famous *John Britton*, whose published works were not fewer than eighty-seven, affords another remarkable illustration of the power of perseverance. He was born in a miserable cottage in Wiltshire. His father, who had been a baker, was ruined in trade, and became insane, while Britton was yet a child. The boy received very little schooling, and a great deal of bad example. After five years of hard work with an uncle, his health failed him, and his uncle turned him adrift upon the world, with only two guineas in his pocket. For seven years he endured many hardships, yet in his poor lodging, at 1*s.* 6*d.* a week, he indulged in study, and often read in bed during the winter evenings, because he

could not afford a fire. He walked about London penniless, shoeless, and shirtless, until he got employment as a cellar-man, where it was his duty to be in the cellar *from seven in the morning till eleven at night*. His health broke down under this confinement; he then obtained employment in an attorney's office, at 15*s*. a week. While there he devoted his leisure moments to perambulating the book stalls, where he read books by snatches, and thus picked up a good deal of knowledge. At twenty-eight he was able to write a book; and from that time, during a period of above fifty years, Britton was occupied in laborious literary employments, chiefly connected with English antiquities,—one of his books being fourteen volumes, itself a monument of the most indefatigable industry.

We have room for only one more instance of "Self help," that of *Samuel Drew*, shoemaker and smuggler; but in after life a famous author, politician, and metaphysician. He was placed at 1*d*. a-week school, but was declared to be a dunce, notoriously given to mischief and playing truant. When about eight years old, he was put to manual labour at a tin-mine in Cornwall, at 1½*d*. a day. His father was a Wesleyan local preacher, "but was so much occupied by his class-engagements that he had no time to devote to the training of his own children." When about ten, the boy was apprenticed to a shoemaker; and while in this employment he endured many hardships, living, as he used to say, "like a toad under a harrow." He took great delight in robbing orchards, in poaching, and in smuggling. This was a very unpromising beginning of a life; yet this same Drew became distinguished as a minister of the Gospel, and a writer of good books; his energy was turned in a wholesome direction, and rendered him as eminent in usefulness as he had before been in wickedness. Attracted by the preaching of Dr. Adam Clarke, he became a member of the Wesleyan Methodists, and re-commenced the work of education, for he had almost forgotten how to read and write. The more he felt his ignorance, the more invincible became his energy to surmount it. Every leisure moment was employed in reading one thing or another. Even at his meals he kept a book before him, and never lost a moment of his time. He started in business, as a shoemaker, with a capital of 14*s*., but with the determined resolution to "owe no man anything." "Often he went to bed supperless to avoid rising in debt; his ambition was to achieve independence by industry and rigid economy, and in this he gradually succeeded." He became the author of various works on history, science, and metaphysics. He edited one of the Wesleyan magazines, wrote in the Eclectic Review, and published a valuable history of his native county, Cornwall, with numerous other works. Of himself he truly said, "Raised from one of the lowest stations in society, I have endeavoured through life to bring my family into a state of respectability by honest industry, frugality, and a high regard to my moral character. Divine Providence smiled on my exertions, and crowned my wishes with success."

To conclude this paper, we can only further say, that we trust these instances will interest our readers as much as they have interested ourselves, and lead to renewed diligence, perseverance, and self-reliance in Ragged School work, and everything else that the hand findeth to do; that we may do it with all our might, being "not slothful in business," but "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

EMIGRANTS' LETTERS.

We are often gratified by receiving letters from lads that have gone from us to foreign lands—India, Australia, Canada, Africa. and elsewhere,—but we have rarely space to give them to our readers. The following are from the same lad at different times; the first written after his escape from the Cawnpore massacre, of which he gives a ragged lad's account, the second just received. It will be seen that he is very grateful for what the Ragged School did for him, and in one part he shows by his own description what a different state of mind and body he was in to what he is now. These letters need no comment from us. Each reader can make his own:—

Camp, Sultanpore, October 29th, 1858.

Dear Sir,—I write these few lines to you hoping to find you in good health as it leaves me at present, thank God for it. I dare say you wondered why I did not write to you before, but I have had such work that I could not write to you before. I dare say you have seen my name in the papers about my escape from Cawnpore, when all the women and children were massacred. I will tell you a little I dare say the Government did not speak of in the papers. I must let you know that there was four or five Native Regiments, and some of the Bengal Artillery, Europeans, and some drafts of the 32nd and 84th Regiments, besides 400 women and children belonging to the above-named regiments. The Commander-in-chief issued an order that the Sepoys were to have the new rifles issued out to them, but they refused to take them. That very night one of the wing of the 4th Cavalry, Native, the same night Nana Sahib came into Cawnpore, but he was acting the two-faced one—but General Wheeler could not see it. The same night the four all of them turned, and Wheeler begun to be afraid; he therefore took the entrenched camp as his place of refuge. In the night there came in all the men—I was attached to the 32nd—and women and children, and next day all the Sepoys and Nana Sahib and his men came into Cawnpore, and opened fire upon us, but to little effect. But in four days after this there came in a white woman, and with her a note from the Nana, saying, that if he would lay down his arms he would see him down to Calcutta in a boat on the river; but he sent back a warm answer instead of a rough one. He wanted to leave the camp that very night, but all the people said that they would not trust to him, but shoot him. The same day they had no water, but there was plenty out in the front garden (if) somebody would go for it; so they sent the poor children for it, and as fast as they went out they were shot by the rebels. That night the news-woman came back again, and General Wheeler came to terms, and in came Nana into the camp. In a few moments it was full of all the natives of the town a laughing at them, and the rebels as well. They slept that night, did some; but it was impossible for me to do so, I was surrounded by all the mothers and wives and children of our brave comrades, and I could not sleep that night, although it was the seventh night without any sleep; but the daylight did appear at last; and Nana sent a mounted Sowar to tell us that, on account of the scarceness of boats, he could not allow us to take our baggage, but he would let us take one small bundle. The bundle was made, but an order came that we could not take the bundle, so we suspected something was wrong; but an order came that we were to leave the camp, and Nana came to see us do so; so Mr. General Wheeler's daughter said to her father, "With that revolver that you have in your pocket blow his brains out," but he would not, so she said, "Give it to me, I will," but he would not, saying, that Nana was a good man and a honest one. But on they went to the river, but they did not go the way that they got down; the woman was not there, so the men refused to get into the boats. But General Wheeler was the first to jump in; and when they all got in the rebels

opened fire on us, and murdered all of us but two . . . . Well, I was wounded in the head, but when I came to myself I was in a pile of dead. I must now leave you here. I will let you know more of my miseries while I was in Cawnpore.

I remain yours, ever friends,

(Signed) J—— B——.

P.S.—I hope you remember me that used to sling my hammock, in the dormitory, to the beams.

(Signed) J—— B——.

53rd Regiment, Europeans, Barrackpore, near Calcutta, 20th February, 1860.

Dear Sir,—I now for the last time address you from India, and at the same time I hope that this note will find you in good health as this leaves me at present, which I thank God for. Our regiment was broke up on the 13th of this month, and gave volunteers to thirty-six different regiments in China, Bengal, Bombay, Madras, and the Punjaub; so what with sickness and men claiming their discharge from the service, we are very weak—about 200 rank and file, instead of 1,000, the proper strength of a regiment. We are under orders from his Excellence, the Commander-in-chief, to embark in the ship *Agamemnon* for England, on the 1st of March next: we are to embark at Calcutta, at the Armenian Ghaut, at 7 o'clock, a.m. I am now corporal, and I expect to be sergeant in a very little time, as I am very near the top of the roll. We have a special prayer-meeting on the following evenings, Wednesday, Saturday, and Tuesday, at the Mission House of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. It is conducted by a Mr. Bell, a zealous and pious Christian, and an officer in our regiment. But, at the same time, I do not forget the first Sunday in every month, for on that night we have a select meeting in a spare barrack-room; but when I first attended this I was laughed at by my comrades, and I had the life of a dog. I could not even walk out in the Governor-general's gardens without being called names, such as, There goes the Blue-light, or the Methodist, or the Ranter; but of late, since I have been promoted to corporal, they do not dare to interfere with me. But, thank God, I have triumphed over it all; and with the help of God I will continue to do so. Give my kind love and best respects to Mr. H—— and to all my kind teachers, and all the noble patrons of our valuable institution. You must please excuse me for calling it our institution; but I called it ours because I remember those unhappy days that I have witnessed in sin and wretchedness, when on that Sunday night I first came to the school-room door a wretched, ragged, sinful creature, and behind that a wretched villain and everything that was bad and horrid. But I thank God that I am what I am. But who is it that I thank for it? Why, it is Mr. B—— and the kind teachers of Christ Chapel Sunday-school. Yes; and I hope and pray that I shall not be the last poor sinful creature that they will receive from the broad road to destruction, and put them in the narrow road that leadeth to life. As my space is now very limited I will draw my small note to a conclusion. So wishing you, Mr. B——, and Mr. H——, and that kind Christian colonel, the teacher of the Bible-class, and all the teachers, both gentlemen and ladies, may prosper in the work of Christ, Farewell.

I remain your ever affectionate and dutiful scholar,

(Signed) J—— B——.

P.S.—Mr. B——, if you like, sir, you can read this to the scholars on the first Sunday evening after you receive this, and tell them that I often think of the time when I was among them, and I hope the time is not far distant when I will be there again, with the help of God.

SPIRITUAL LIFE IN RAGGED SCHOOLS.

Special Meeting of Delegates.

A MEETING of Delegates was held in the Field Lane Ragged School, on Wednesday, 15th August, 1860. Mr. Wm. Locke presided. After the usual devotional exercises the CHAIRMAN stated that, at the Delegates' Meeting, held on February 8th last, many interesting facts were communicated relative to spiritual awakenings among our scholars, and many plans had been suggested whereby incipient piety might not only be encouraged but guided aright. They had now met to hear any further facts in relation to spiritual life in Ragged Schools, which had transpired since their former meeting, and more especially to learn whether the plans of usefulness then suggested had been carried out.

Mr. F. CUTHBERTSON opened the question, by intimating that the Revival movement amongst the Ragged Schools of London had been marked by deeper spirituality among the teachers. Their measure of faith had also increased. Prayer, it is true, had been often offered for the conversion of their scholars; but there had been too little expectation of any immediate spiritual results. But now they manifested greater confidence in their mission, which sprang from the belief that God had really given them something to do. Nor was their faith unrewarded, for those had been converted of whom the least fruit had been formerly expected. For example, a lady who had charge of the "Roughs" of a Ragged School noticed a softening on the part of one of the most unruly. She said, "I wish to speak to you privately, for I think you would like to serve God." "Yes, I should; but *I can't afford it*," was the reply. "Why not?" said the earnest teacher. "Because," said the poor lad, "as I only earn four shillings per week when I take away the chips, I steal what wood I can from the yard where I am employed, in order that I may live." "Give it up for a month," said his teacher. In three weeks this poor lad came up to his teacher and said, "I followed your advice, and my master has raised my wages, without asking, 1*s.* per week." Tempted again to steal, he threw back the piece of wood he had taken, saying he was determined to serve God. He is now a member of a Christian Church.

There were, doubtless, impediments to the work. Some teachers were afraid of singing exciting hymns, or giving what they deemed exciting addresses, lest they should be considered as *getting up* a Revival. But after all it is proper to use all proper means to arouse religious sympathy. Would, indeed, that there were more sympathy in the Church of Christ!

It was noticeable that all genuine Revival work had been the result of prayer, work, and faith, of regular and not of occasional teachers—of those who had devised plans of extra usefulness, rather than of those who kept to mere routine. Nor was this strange; for, impressed with the feeling that they really had a work for God to do, they got hold of *individuals*, and pressed home the consequences of sin and the remedy provided in the Gospel.

The following plans had been adopted in Ragged Schools with great success:—

1. Teachers' Prayer Meetings were held before the Sunday Morning School, even in some cases as early as seven o'clock.

2. Prayer Meetings were held before and especially after Evening School, at which the scholars were invited to stay.

3. Letter-boxes were fixed in Ragged Schools. In these, penitents were encouraged to put letters, which often led to the relation of experience which would have been otherwise unknown, and it led to an introduction to young persons who were not before known to be spiritually impressed.

4. Interchange of visits for prayer and addresses of neighbouring Ragged Schools.

5. Finding spiritual work for the young converts; especially in inducing them to talk on soul-matters to their companions.

6. Special addresses, in which narratives were given of what God is doing in other Ragged Schools. Here the appointment of a Ragged School Evangelist would prove very serviceable. His duty would be to visit the Ragged Schools generally, and tell how the Holy Spirit was now working among the destitute classes among whom we are called to labour.

The meeting was then addressed by Messrs. Aldridge, Potts, Matthews, Chalk, Hughes, Marks, Hatchard, Harvey, Hardy, and W. H. Miller. From the facts communicated it is pleasing to find that Ragged School Teachers generally have become more earnest in their work, more importunate in prayer, and exercise greater faith in the converting grace of the Holy Ghost. As the wise King declared that "a threefold cord is not quickly broken," so it had been found that this trifold union of work, prayer, and faith, had been largely honoured in many Ragged Schools. Hence many poor outcasts, of whom not the least hope had been entertained, are now seen "clothed in their right mind, and sitting at the feet of Jesus." Nor do we doubt that larger blessings will yet come, if Ragged School Teachers do not *practically* forget that "the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent taketh it by force"—even by the Storm of prayer!

Poetry.

TO W. H. BODKIN, ESQ.,

On the Sixth Annual Visit of the Lamb and Flag Ragged Schools to his Seat at Highgate, on the 20th of July, 1860.

KIND is thy heart, within thy gates to call
The famished children of the poor;
With open hand to welcome all,
And freely feast them from thy store.

True to thy word of years gone by,
As summer's genial time draws near,
To Clerkenwell thy biddings fly,
And "Lamb and Flag" again are here.

The hills thy home is built among,
Bring gladness to thy children's eyes;
Thy fields and flowers make them long
For joys they ne'er before could prize.

Their Maker's glorious works they see
In Nature's beauties spread around;
They gratefully behold in thee
A friend whom he has for them found.

And could their little hearts be read,
What prayers would there engraven be
For richest blessings on thy head,
And peace unto thy family!

That He, who is their heavenly friend,
Would tenfold all thy gifts restore;
Would thy last years with love attend,
And land thee on that blissful shore,

Where now he reigns until that day
When old and young, and rich and poor,
Shall meet around his throne, to stay
With him in glory evermore.

Then heed not, though the proud may smile
At all thy charity and love
To these, for thou shalt hear awhile
Sweet words of Jesus from above:

"Since for my little ones thou planned,
And helped them in the narrow way,
For me 'twas done—mine be the hand
That shall such noble acts repay.

"Come, enter in with joy and peace
The mansion of my Father's rest!
There still is room for thee—for these—
For all below whom I have blest!"

A TEACHER.

Papers, Original and Selected.

THE PARLIAMENTARY VOTE FOR EDUCATION.

THE votes of Parliament for National Education, dispensed by the Lords of Committee of Council on Education, have made gigantic advances in their annual amounts. In 1839, the amount voted was £30,000, and in 1860 it was £798,167, to which must be added the balance of £40,000 unexpended of the previous years' vote, making the total amount for 1860, for elementary school education, £838,000. Of this vote no less a sum than £285,000 was required to pay the pupil teachers, a class of young persons selected from the senior scholars to aid the masters and mistresses in the conduct of their schools. These pupil teachers, in addition to this payment, receive an education that fits them to enter situations of trust, profit, and respectability in the commercial world. But who are these pupil teachers?—these scholars they aid in teaching?—and for whose education the country is taxed to the extent of £900,000 per year now, and for the future a much heavier amount? They were not, and are not, the really poor, not the children of negligent parents, not the friendless orphans, not the Arab of the streets. No! these are overlooked, or purposely passed by, in dispensing the national bounty for educational purposes. Referring to this anomaly, Sir J. Pakington said, in the House of Commons, on the 14th of August, "The Government would not give a shilling for Ragged Schools, but they were quite ready to give a pound for the expense of trying, convicting, and punishing these children when, as almost inevitably happened, they fell into crime." Again, we ask, for whose education does Parliament vote £900,000 per year? *The Times* answered this question on Aug. 15th, when it stated, "the well-dressed, well-fed children of artisans, small shopkeepers, and persons employed in warehouses, manufactories, railways, up to a very high class, go to the National School or the British School, supported by all the aristocracy of the district. The parents could all afford to pay the whole cost of education, which is substantially as good as many boys and girls

get at good boarding-schools." Such is *The Times'* reply; but perhaps the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education did not intend to expend the whole of the funds entrusted to them by Parliament on the education of this class of scholars, and may perhaps desire to apply a considerable portion of the educational grant for the benefit of those for whom the Ragged School was established. Notwithstanding these intentions and these good desires, the fact remains, that if the destitute and neglected child is to be cared for at all, and in any degree fitted to discharge the duties of that position to which God may in his providence call it, it must be done by the humble and despised Ragged School; and yet the Educational Lords, to a large extent, ignore the Ragged School movement. Not that the real Ragged School covets any portion of the Parliamentary grant; for, of the 200 Ragged Schools in London, it would, perhaps, be very difficult to find a dozen schools prepared to accept it if offered. Why? Because of the trammels and the fettering of the effort that must of necessity follow—not immediately, perhaps, but come they will in due course. Ragged Schools, to effect their mission, must have a freedom of action, not, perhaps, requisite for schools of higher pretensions. They must be free to be planted in the court or back slum, almost hidden from the gaze of the general public, but well known to, and not too far to be reached by, the class sought to be benefited. They must be free to rent private rooms, stables, cow-sheds, and even pig-stys, if nothing better can be had, and adapt them for school purposes at the least expense consistent with ventilation and cleanliness. They must be free to employ men and women, who, although uncertified, yet have shown they possess a heart overflowing with love to the poor, that prompts them to labour in season and out of season for their welfare, and are not satisfied till their labour is crowned with success. Their object is not simply a secular education for these children; if it were, we would say at once, they are the *wrong* persons in the right places. They aim higher; and, although they may not accomplish all they desire, yet they are instrumental in the hands of God in rescuing thousands and tens of thousands from their evil courses, and turning them into paths of rectitude leading to usefulness and respectability. Not satisfied with this, they follow them by Sunday teaching and other means, using all the earnest entreaty they possess, beseeching them to be reconciled to God through Jesus Christ; and not till they see that the child is saved for both

worlds do they consider their work done. These are the teachers for Ragged Schools, and are the *right* persons in the right places; and these schools must have the freedom to employ them, irrespective of certificates of any degree. This, however, is a kind of freedom that is incompatible with the rules, regulations, and conditions laid down by the Lords of Committee of Council on Education, the application of which may prove useful to schools of a higher order, but wholly inapplicable, if not destructive, to the genius, spirit, and mission of the Ragged School; hence the reluctance of a great portion of the friends of the real Ragged School being in any way identified with Government Education.

That the Government is determined not to adapt their rules so as to meet the exigencies of the Ragged School seems very clear, if Mr. Lowe, in the House of Commons, correctly represented his department. The Right Hon. Sir J. Pakington had said that, "the education grants ought to be expended with fair and just regard to the requirement of the different classes of schools." In reply to which Mr. Lowe, with no small amount of partiality, bad taste, and irony, forthwith compares the Ragged School to a shop opened for the sale of adulterated goods, and the schools supported by the Government grants to shops established for the sale of the pure article. Such a comparison may elicit roars of laughter from "the Commons," but when read by those who are putting forth all the powers they possess for ameliorating the condition of the lowest strata of the population, cannot but produce grief that a man of such views, and with such a modicum of sympathy for the suffering poor child, should fill the position of Vice-President to the Committee of Council on Education. After all, perhaps, it is not Mr. Lowe that is so destitute of sympathy, as it is the whole department he represents.

When deputations from provincial Ragged Schools have urged what they think the claims of these schools on the attention of the President or Vice-President, they have been met by the expression of an opinion that the public necessity has, in one way or other, been met, by dividing that portion of the public not able to bear the expense of education without public aid, into four sections:—1. Those supporting themselves by manual labour. 2. Paupers. 3. Criminals. 4. Vagrants. The *vagrant*, on being committed by a magistrate, becomes eligible to be admitted to the Industrial Schools. The *criminal*, after conviction and imprisonment for at least a fortnight, is trans-

ferred to a Reformatory School, there to undergo the remainder of the sentence passed by the judge. The *pauper*, whose settlement is found, is placed in the Workhouse or Union School. The latter class of schools is provided by the Poor Law Board, and the two former by the Home Office. The only class of schools left to be supported by the Lords of Committee of Council on Education is for the children of those who are able to support themselves by manual labour. This is the class of schools for the support of which Parliament has just placed at the disposal of the Lords of Committee of Council on Education £838,000. After the expression of this opinion, and these details explained to the various deputations, who, from time to time, wait on the President or Vice-President, the interview generally closes with a statement, to the effect that if there be a class of schools not coming within either of the four named, their promoters must either alter the character of their schools, so as to come within one or other of the recognised classes, with a view to the receiving of Government aid, or look alone to the public for support. For the Ragged School to alter would imperil its success, if not its existence; it is therefore hoped that its supporters and workers will rally round this benevolent effort until such time that all the poor waifs and strays shall be gathered in, and so improved in habits, manners, dress, &c., &c., as for society no longer to need such an unrecognised and extraneous effort as the one it is now our special duty and privilege to advocate. It is, however, feared that the time is far distant when this climax shall be reached. Hitherto the work has been progressing and very effectually done, supported solely by the voluntary contributions of a generous and discerning public. Already 25,000 of these poor children are under training in the London schools alone, and perhaps as many more may be in the schools in other parts of the kingdom. If, however, these numbers were trebled, the necessities that exist would not be fully met.

"RAGGED SCHOOL MISSIONARY ASSOCIATIONS."

For the kindling of faith there is nothing like work. The fruit and the proof of the work of grace begun in the heart is the exercise of practical effort and self-denial, having for their immediate object the benefit of others. The qualification for the vineyard labourer to feed the lambs of the sheep-fold is, "Lovest thou me?" The principle, "Lovest thou me?" The practice "Feed my Lambs." And mark, it is an *essential* qualification; for before

the Lord of the Vineyard could count the labourer worthy of his hire, three times the question was put, "Lovest thou me?" Three times the Man, whose helmet of salvation was shortly afterwards to blaze in the fiercest part of the spiritual conflict—the Man who, in one engagement, in besieging the city of Mansoul, took from the Captain, Diabolus, three thousand jewels, and transferred them to the diadem of his Sovereign King—the man whose commanding orders to his followers to

> "Be not like dumb-driven cattle,
> Be heroes in the strife,"

were not in elliptical-worded sentences, or in tones of proud self-confidence, but in actions—mighty, powerful actions; actions which, accompanied with the power of the Holy Ghost, broke down the LAW castles, and paved the way for the setting up of the GOSPEL towers; actions which the ransomed bondaged slaves, which had the chains of their captivity broken, and were set free by thousands and tens of thousands in his day, have never forgotten; for we are told, that in the Celestial City, every spot of which is sin-free ground, the place where they took refuge in, that they cease not to sing the song of redemption to the King; and in actions which the world's heroes, with all their boasted achievements, have never been able to exceed, either for amount of daring displayed, the purity and nobility of object sought to be gained, or in results issuing from its attainment. Three times, we repeat, was this man, this real MAN, amidst a multitude of glittering shams, tested by the personal and practical question, "Lovest thou me?" Love, then, is the qualification for men to be co-workers with God. I would not give a farthing for a *helper*—he would be a *hindrance*—whose desire to work proceeded chiefly from a strong realisation of the solemn nature of the charge given to the prophet Ezekiel,—"When I say to the wicked, Thou shalt surely die; and thou givest him not warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way, to save his life; the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity; BUT HIS BLOOD WILL I REQUIRE AT THINE HAND." If the Apostles Peter and John had preached in the Temple at Jerusalem to the semi-sceptical Sadducees from the motive of *law* and not *love*, we should not have found it recorded in God's Word that the people "took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus," but that knowledge was taken of them that they "had been at *Mount Sinai*." "*The fruit of the Spirit is 'Love.'*" Mark, the *fruit* of the Spirit is love, and the existence of love is tested by practical effort. Love is the root, and good works are the fruits. Without the root there will be no fruit. There may be works, but not *good* works; fruit, but not *good* fruit. When *good* works are perceptible, we may rest satisfied of the soundness of the root; at least I thought so when I accepted an invitation to address the children at the annual tea-meeting of the Ragged School Juvenile Missionary Association. The object of all Christian effort should be to get at the heart; and as part of my object in attending the meeting was to test what spiritual work was going on in the school, before going I felt satisfied that if, on reaching there, I should find that the *hand* had been put forth, and that the scholars had, with laudable self-denial, shared their mites in helping to evangelise heathenism, I might, on the principle laid down in one of the trite sayings of Ancient Brooks, that "Christ dwells in

that heart most eminently that hath emptied itself of itself," safely take it as an earnest that the teacher's work and labour of love had not been in vain in the Lord.

The Committee of the Ragged School, it appears, laid before their children the state of heathenism, and invited them to become collectors to the mission cause. At the end of the year, as an encouragement, they gave a tea to the collectors. It was on the occasion of this tea-meeting that I was present. There were about fifty or sixty there; a remarkably good number, when we consider that every one of them were *regular* subscribers. The cleanliness of the scholars forcibly brought to my mind the text, "There is that scattereth *but yet increaseth;*" certainly it did seem to me that God returned the copper they had given to his work; but that instead of giving them farthings, he had returned them *gold;* so favourably did they contrast with the condition of the *idlers* who remained wistfully outside, seers but not partakers. Ancient Brooks's precept, "The best way to gather is to scatter," and John Bunyan's principle, as laid down in the couplet,—

> "A man there was, though some did count him mad,
> The more he gave away, the more he had,"

was carried out to the letter. After cake, &c., was *put away*, and after a few minutes' run about, talk about, and knock about respite, in order to allow time to recover themselves of the task, and for the clearance of crockery, the meeting was commenced with prayer; and

The Superintendent of the school taking the chair,

The Treasurer to the fund announced the collection during the past year to be £1 17*s.* 2*d.* After making a speech to the effect that he did not have time to make one, as he was going to see his old teacher,

The Chairman said he had nothing to say, but had great pleasure in calling on a gentleman to speak, who gave particulars of the operations and results of African missions, and why, when, and how, we should support the missionary work generally.

A teacher followed, who spoke of the work in India; another spoke to the hearts of the young gatherers, contrasting the state of the heathen abroad and the heathen at home—of the god Baal in days of old—and appealed to them to give themselves at once to Jesus.

After one or two more addresses a *missionary prayer-meeting*, to which the children were allowed to remain, was held, and formed a conclusion to a most interesting and useful meeting.

Now, in reference to Ragged School Missionary Associations, allow me first to notice, "that collecting is peculiarly adapted to Ragged Scholars;" secondly, to offer two suggestions, *i.e.*, "that the missionary spirit be fostered by teachers," and "that the missionary meeting be the time when the children are specially addressed—addressed personally, practically, entreatingly, earnestly, on those things which belong to their eternal salvation;" and, thirdly, to give a caution, "that inasmuch as collecting is a proof and the fruit of the indwelling in the heart of the spirit and principle of love," a direct contrary to the "circumstantial" nature of Ragged Scholars, let us take care that in all our dealings with them, though often tempted to be

rough with these unmanageables, we do not destroy the precious treasure which may be beginning to show itself in their hearts, by exhibiting to them, in big words and by hard blows, that we are not meek and true followers of Him who walked in the sunshine of kindness, and who, when he was reviled, reviled not again.

In conclusion, may we not hope well for Ragged School Missionary Associations, viewing them on the lowest ground? The collection of the Ragged Scholars, amounting to £1 17*s.* 2*d.*, will contrast favourably with that of many churches and chapels, and even villages, where, to their shame be it said, they exist in name but not in reality; but, thank God, we can look at the question on a much higher ground. The day is approaching when many a little stick gatherer will rank higher, infinitely higher, than the man of princely blood, and from the Judge of all the earth will receive, amidst sounds of great rejoicings, her guerdon, and on her coronet will be inscribed the insignia,

"SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD."

G. H. J.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A RAGGED BOY.

JOHN THOMPSON was a "ragged boy" in the true sense of that word. He became one when he was five years of age, and this is how it happened.

His father was a cabman; his mother stayed at home to do the work of the house, but occasionally went out washing; and at the time John was born they were living in a neat little house in Paddington. One day, his father, whilst out with his cab, broke a blood-vessel, was taken to the hospital, and died in a few minutes. His mother being now left to gain her living by her own hands, could not pay much attention to her son John, who was, therefore, given into the custody of a neighbour, whilst his mother went out washing and charing.

It being a custom in most families, when a woman is employed to "do the washing," to give her an allowance of gin, brandy, or some other (evil?) spirit, of course Mrs. Thompson felt bound to uphold the rights and perquisites of her "profession," and accordingly soon made herself believe that she could not do without such allowance.

Now it was by these means that John Thompson's mother imbibed a liking for strong drink. It is a fact worthy of remark, that washerwomen and nurses, as a general rule, are troubled with a complaint which they call "low sperrits," and for which complaint there seems to be but one remedy, and that is—Tea. Mrs. Thompson had a great liking for tea, and further she found that, previous to retiring for the night, it was necessary to take a "drop of something warm."

All these various little failings may be by some considered extremely harmless, but their effects soon become apparent. The comfortable house at Paddington was exchanged for a hovel in Clerkenwell; the furniture was either pawned, sold, or seized; John's mother became a confirmed drunkard, and John, or, as he was now called, Jack, became a "ragged" boy.

Jack's mother had not been long in her new house, when she married a bricklayer's labourer, who was likewise a drunkard, so that Jack was, if possible, worse off than ever. In the daytime he played about the streets, and of an evening often went with his mother to meet his stepfather, who generally came home drunk.

One boxing-night, which, *en passant*, is a most appropriate name, Jack's stepfather and mother determined to "make a night of it," and enjoy themselves. They went to the "Green Dragon," taking Jack with them, where they began drinking, and Jack's stepfather having begun to fight the barman, was forthwith "bundled out, neck and crop." As they proceeded towards the hovel in which they lived they were attracted by a man who stood outside one of those penny theatres, or "gaffs," and who informed the public generally that there was an "entire change to-night," with a "larfable balley," and added an injunction to "be in time" as it was "just a-going to begin." Jack, being naturally an inquisitive boy, was most anxious to witness the performance, and, accordingly, his stepfather, mother, and himself went in. Jack was delighted with the performance, and determined to go as often as possible. After the performance, they must of needs have "a drop of the cratur to keep the cowld out." They entered the "Lamb" gin-palace, and stayed drinking until nearly twelve o'clock, when, having no more money, getting quarrelsome, they were turned out, and proceeded, or rather rolled, back to their hovel, which they reached between two and three o'clock in the morning.

Jack crawled into his bundle of straw and was soon fast asleep, whilst his stepfather and mother began quarrelling and fighting; the only chair in the room was soon broken, with the leg of which the "man" commenced smashing everything in the place. Jack being awoke by the noise, and seeing the state of affairs, ran out and called a policeman, who, accordingly, went with him. On arriving they found the door fastened, and cries of murder proceeding from within. Springing his rattle he was joined by two others who conjointly broke open the door. On the floor lay the woman weltering in her blood, whilst the "man" was jumping upon her, uttering the most fearful yells. He was soon brought low by means of the policeman's truncheon, and taken to the station-house, whilst the woman was taken to the hospital, whither Jack followed.

Jack slept on the steps of the hospital that nigh, and next morning went to the police court, where he ascertained that his stepfather had been remanded for a week, as the woman was not expected to live. He, therefore, went to his aunt's and told her all the circumstances, and she let him sleep there and gave him food. Jack's time was now occupied in the following manner. He arose and lighted the fire for his aunt, had his breakfast, and then took his uncle's to the shop where he worked. He then played about the streets and picked up bits of iron, brass, &c., until dinner-time, when he would take his uncle's dinner, then play again till the evening, when he would sell the bits he had "picked up," and with the proceeds procure admission to the "gaff."

This was Jack's mode of living, he being ten years of age and could neither read nor write. His uncle often told him to go to the Ragged School, but the temptation of the "gaff" was too strong for him, so that he seldom went anywhere else.

One day a fair was held in the neighbourhood, and Jack must needs go Here he was in his glory He volunteered his services to the roundabout man, for which services he received a ride every now and then as payment. Getting rather tired of that fun, he took a tour of inspection round the fair. There was the gilt gingerbread stalls, there was Richardson's, the magician's tent, on the other side of which was a table, upon which stood the hare who fired off a pistol every now and then, the rifle gallery, the wonderful pig, the fat lady, the lady with the white hair, &c., &c., all of which had their attraction for Jack; but the largest booth was the one which attracted his attention most, which the public were informed, by means of a long slip of canvas, upon which were huge yellow letters, was "The Royal Britannia Circus." Jack ran home to ask for a penny, but his aunt being out, he looked in all the cupboards to see if he could find one. Not succeeding, however, he took a pair of shoes belonging to his aunt, went to a "leaving" shop, where he obtained sixpence for them, and "no question asked.' Away he went to the fair, and there seeing two boys whom he knew, he treated them to the circus. Although the performance pleased Jack very much, yet he did not think it half so good as "tragedy." The performance ended, Jack began to think of the reception he should get if he went home; so, upon second thought, he determined to sleep in the streets, or anywhere, rather than meet his aunt. That night he slept with two boys, whom he knew, in a cart.

Next morning, being cold and hungry, he determined to go and tell his aunt all, and ask her forgiveness. Accordingly, away he went, and soon arrived at her house. When she heard what he had done with the shoes, she called a policeman and gave him into custody; he was taken before a magistrate, and sentenced to two months' imprisonment in the House of Correction.

Jack behaved himself very well whilst in prison; was not reported once, and was released with a star. When he left the prison he was a wiser and better boy than when he entered, and determined to work for his aunt and be a good boy. He arrived at his aunt's full of good resolves: when she saw him, however, she flew into a great rage, declared she would never harbour a thief, and refused to admit him. In vain he declared, with tears in his eyes, that he meant to reform; he was stopped by a string of proverbs from his aunt to the effect that as "he made his bed so he must lie," and various other such familiar sayings, and the door was slammed in his face. He made inquiries of the neighbours for his mother, and found that she was dead, and that his stepfather had been transported. Jack was now alone, without a friend or relation to go to. Still he wanted to be honest and meant to work. He went into several shops and asked for work, but they, seeing his short hair, shook their heads, and said they didn't employ boys who had been to prison. Jack was in despair; hunger was beginning to be felt; an idea that he might starve began to creep upon him. It was now nine o'clock in the evening, and he had had nothing since the day before. As he went along a street he saw on a board, outside a grocer's shop, some pieces of cheese and bacon most temptingly displayed. First he looked and wished, then he approached near—nearer, nearer yet. In another minute Jack is running his fastest; finding he is not pursued, he stops—sinks on a step—

took from under his jacket a piece of bacon, which he had taken from the shopboard, and began to gnaw it with a ravenous appetite. Jack slept on a step the next night, and in the morning made his way to Covent Garden Market, there found plenty of work, carrying baskets, &c. He earned eightpence that day, with which he bought himself some breakfast and dinner, and in the evening, having a penny left, he went to the "gaff." Surely, there must be great attraction about this "gaff" that will cause a boy to spend his last penny to go there! Now, had he gone to a Ragged School, he might there have learned of a "home" where he would have been taught, as have many others, to read and write, learned a trade, have been fed, clothed, and lodged. But no, the attraction of the "gaff" was too strong for him. Accordingly he went, paid his penny, and entered by a rather long passage into a large room in which were about 500 or 600 boys and girls of all ages, from 6 to 19, already assembled. The average ages seem to range between 14 and 15. The seats were composed of planks, nailed upon upright pieces of wood, and rising from the ground in front of the stage; there was also a gallery capable of holding 90 or 100.

The performance that evening was entitled the Murderer's Fate, and the proceeds of the performance were for the "benefit of Master Fred," at least so said the placards outside, which also informed the public that there would be "a full company!" "an entire change!" and other "great attractions!" The audience arrived. The band, which consisted of a harp, painfully out of tune, played by a woman, and a violin, struck up a tune. A bell tinkles. Curtain No. 1 (on which is daubed a remarkable looking sheet of water, a boat, a city in a distance, and the moon, coloured yellow, shining dimly) now rises, a young gentleman, aged about twelve, dressed in red stockings, black velvet knee-breeches, black velvet jacket, and a cap, advances and bows, is received with much applause. This is "Master Fred," whose benefit it is announced to be. He sings "Joe in the Copper," in one key, while the band accompanies him in another key, concluding amidst applause and uproar. He bows and retires.

A gentleman in a suit of black (the proprietor) advances and addresses the audience thus: "Ladies and Gentlemen, I ave the pleasure to hannounce to you, that to-morrow we shall ave the pleasure of introjuicing to yer notice, a hentire new draymer (drama), entitled the Black Bridge, or the Dark Spectre. There will be a scene of the bridge by night, and the spectre rising in ther distance. On Saturday there will be projuiced the Miser's Gold, or the Murder in the Mountain; to conclude each hevening with a larfable balley. I am also to hannounce, that next week will be projuiced a hentire new draymer, entitled the Drooping Well, or the Tree of Blood. In conclusion, I ave to say that it shall be my hernest indevver as eretofore to merit your approbation and support." Having delivered himself of this elaborate speech, he made his bow and retired amidst much applause.

Curtain No. 2 rose. On this was painted a street, evidently belonging to the celestial city, as the perspective was apparently into the clouds, and displayed the whole of the stage, and in a distant view a singular looking wood, all the trees of which were the same size, shape, and foliage.

The curtain had no sooner risen, than a young man in dirty white pantaloons, and white jersey with blue collar, to resemble a sailor, danced forward,

and performed a most remarkable series of antics on his toes and heels, and concluded with the double shuffle with much applause and uproar.

Curtain No. 2 drops, and a man dressed in a black coat, black breeches and red stockings, an old white hat and large white cravat, comes forward, followed by a woman particularly dirty, dressed in a cotton dress, and with an old nightcap, much too small for her, and an apron with pockets in the front. They sing a duet, "Doth thou love me, Sister Ruth?" &c. The audience seemed to understand that they represented two members of the Society of Friends, although, so far as their appearance and dress went, there was not the remotest similarity: they retired amidst applause.

Curtain No. 2 rises. Same scene as before. Enter a gentleman dressed in blue stockings, red breeches, swallow-tail blue coat, trimmed with red, and a three-cornered hat—in his hand he had a "shillalegh." His boots were full of nails, and he was welcomed by the audience with, "Go on now," "Be aisy," "Brarvo Paddy," &c. The band plays a lively air, and Paddy commences clattering on the boards to the time of the music, then walked round the stage and kept up a perpetual clatter, twirling the shillalegh in the most frantic manner. He, having concluded, was greeted with sundry "cat calls" and "brarvos," great uproar and much applause. Curtain No. 2 falls. Then advanced a gentleman in black, and sang a sentimental air to the effect that "Britain is the Empress of the Wa-a-a-a-ve." He was loudly encored, but did not again appear. Curtain No. 2 rises, and a young lady, dressed in pink muslin and tinsel, obliges the company with a "*pas de seul*," and retires.

Curtain No. 1 falls. The band cease playing, and an interval occurs of five minutes, during which the company indulge in ginger beer and buttercakes. The audience get restless, when a poor unfortunate dog is found to have hid himself under a seat; he is quickly unhoused, and is hooted and yelled at, the boys tumble over, and a fight is the result; finally the dog is turned out, the audience get quiet, the band plays, the curtain rises and shows a room, and in one corner of which is a man, in black breeches, red stockings, red jersey, white wide-awake, lying on the floor asleep; the audience understand that he is a smuggler. Presently the man who had appeared before as Paddy, came in dressed as before, with the addition of an apron; he is the waiter. A gentleman dressed like a Forester, and who is a rich lord, calls for some something—for it is all carried on in dumb show—which is brought him; he drinks, and pulls out his purse. The smuggler opens his eyes, shakes his fist. The gentleman in green pays the reckoning and leaves. The smuggler rises, points up, mutters, points down, mutters, draws a knife, grins a "ghastly grin," and disappears. The scene changes to the seashore, the billows are seen in the distance; a sailor staggers forward from behind a rock and falls down. Soon the smuggler appears, walks round and round, finds no one is looking, kneels down by the prostrate sailor, draws his knife, raises it but pauses, slaps his head (by which the audience are to understand that a thought has flashed upon his brain); he sheathes his knife, lifts the prostrate sailor and carries him away. The scene changes to the inn; enter smuggler carrying a sailor, waiter brings a pewter pot, sailor drinks, revives, and is "himself again," and shakes hand with the smuggler; they gesticulate; the smuggler mumbles, slaps the sailor on the shoulder (the audience are of opinion that the smuggler is urging

sailor to a "deed of blood"); at last sailor smiles, points up and down, slaps his chest, receives from the smuggler a pistol, and they both depart. Scene changes to the seashore; enter gentleman in green, walks about; enter sailor, is about to shoot him, but pauses, rushes forward, seizes his hand, which he shakes most vigorously (the audience believes the sailor to have discovered in this gentleman in green a long lost brother); while they are mumbling the smuggler rushes from behind a rock and stabs the green gentleman in the back, who falls; the smuggler escapes; the sailor is horror-struck, clasps his hands, when a man and woman approach, and, seeing the body, are horror-struck likewise; the smuggler re-appears and points to sailor as the murderer; the curtain falls on this impressive scene, amidst the sensation of the audience. A short pause; the band plays a melancholy sound; the curtain rises and shows the interior of a prison, the sailor seated on a chair, with a chain fastened to his hands; he rises, folds his arms, frowns, and marches round "his narrow cell." Enter a young lady, rushes forward, is clasped in his arms (intense sensation on the part of the audience); a sound is heard, the smuggler enters; the lady after giving him a "killing look" retires; the smuggler and sailor mumble; the sailor assents; the smuggler gives him a knife, and sailor prepares to kill himself, but suddenly changes his mind and rushes on smuggler, whom he is about to slay, when a sound of a bell or gong is heard (the audience believes this to be the bell tolling previous to sailor's execution). Sailor stops; smuggler seizes the knife and laughs; sailor slaps his (own) forehead and retires; smuggler is laughing when enter young lady, the sailor's beloved; she rushes on the murderer, seizes him by the throat; they struggle, the struggle is desperate, and would undoubtedly have been the worse for the lady, as he flung her on the ground and was about to finish her altogether, when the sailor, gentleman in green, waiter, man, woman, &c., rush forward; the smuggler buries the knife in his own bosom; they all put themselves into attitude, blue fire, grand tableau, and the curtain drops, and the performance is at an end. The audience retire in not the most orderly manner and make room for the next audience, who are crowding up the passage previously mentioned. Jack was of course delighted.

The gaff details are given thus minutely because our impression is, that the influence for evil of these gaffs is not generally known to the benevolent public, and by depicting, certainly not in the worst colours, the scenes of these social nuisances, we may indirectly be the means of bringing other influences to bear by which they may not only be counteracted, but altogether superseded. We purpose following poor Jack in his onward course in our next number.

THE CHILDREN'S RIGHTS.

(*Continued from page* 202.)

WHY, then, are parents allowed to bring up their children in ignorance and depravity? Perhaps it may be replied that the State should not interfere between the parent and the child; but this idea is quite opposed to the spirit and letter of our laws, since the State knows no limit to her authority, and as we shall notice presently, frequently does in this relationship assert her supremacy. If the parent occasions the death of a child, either by premeditated violence or culpable neglect, the law of the land treats it as felonious homicide. The domestic relation does not mitigate or change the character of the offence. The brutal father who slays his child, and the drunken mother who neglects to nurse her babe, are as much amenable to the laws as the midnight assassin who lays wait for the blood of his victim. Or if the father should be accessory to any neglect which occasions the death of his child, he will be liable to punishment according to his offence equally with the party whose act directly led to the fatal result. The law takes cognizance of any physical maltreatment of a child by a parent; and, on the other hand, a child may be indicted for felony, assault, or other misdemeanour committed against the parent. Indeed, so far from the law relaxing its authority over the parent, or the child on account of the relationship, it enforces their reciprocal duties. Parents by withholding food from their offspring are often accessory to their children's offences, and but for the difficulty of furnishing legal evidence of such neglect, they would often stand at the bar by the side, if not instead, of their children.

There appears no reason, if the parent has a right to enforce obedience to his wishes by law, that the child should not possess not only a claim on his parent for maintenance, but for the fulfilment of other duties, such as protection from moral injury, and a regard for his intellectual welfare.

The responsibilities of the parent extend to the rights of the child, and we have *already shown* that instruction is one of the absolute rights of children, and to deprive them of it, is an act of the most heinous and unnatural criminality. In short, we consider that to bring up a child without reference to its higher interests—its intellectual, moral, and spiritual welfare—is an offence before God and man, and of no less culpability than that of keeping it without pure air or wholesome food, or that of selling it to slavery, or consigning it to misery or to death. Children, moreover, are members of the State as soon as they are born, and are as much entitled to have their interests protected, as any chartered company in the kingdom. With regard to the children of the rich, the Lord Chancellor does, in

many instances, take them under his charge, and exercise a parental care over them, while even one of the natural guardians may be alive. Thus our laws in spirit, and, under special circumstances, in the letter, assert their authority over both parents and child; and, therefore, the right of interference on the part of the State, in compelling parents to discharge their duties to their children is plainly recognised. Besides, society has not only the right to demand, or make provision, that the natural claims of all be respected, but every father of a family may urge the claim on the ground of protection to his own children, who may constitute a part of the next generation. "No fellow citizen," he may say, "no fellow subject, should have the sanction of society for bringing up his children in ignorance and vice."

We do not say that one class of children are more entitled to this guardianship than another; but the principle that the most helpless, the most neglected, the most oppressed, have demands which should be specially regarded by a just and humane nation cannot be gainsayed. Where the State is the only source of protection that the children have, it is cruel and criminal to withhold it.

"The object of government," observes Aristotle, "is not to increase the wealth of the few, nor to favour the poor at the expense of the rest, nor to encourage mere equality; nor is it established for mutual defence alone, nor for the promotion of trade and commerce alone, nor for any other exclusively material purpose; but its greatest and highest end and aim is to make virtuous and good citizens, to promote the happiness arising from blamelessness of life, to lead to the perfecting of man's social and moral nature, and to encourage those great and noble deeds that dignify and adorn one's country."*

The child is like a new-built vessel destined to convey the most precious of earthly treasures over the ocean. The care in her building, the framing of her timbers, the fashioning of her keel, the manufacture of her cordage; indeed, the structure from the figure head to the rudder bands accords with the value of the cargo to be entrusted to the violence of the storms that may assail her, and to the length of the voyage to be undertaken. No expense is spared, no amount of toil or labour is regarded; science, industry, and art are unsparingly bestowed to adapt her for a long, a perilous and important voyage. Thus prepared, she is committed to the ocean, supplied with the best charts, the most carefully adjusted compass, directed by a skilful pilot, and commanded by an experienced captain. Such is, or ought to be, a fit illustration of the care and attention bestowed upon a being so fearfully and wonderfully made as man, to fit him for that "voyage of life" which is to convey him to the confines of a boundless eternity. Our duty is by every possible means to save beings of such high trust and hopes from wreck

* Aristotle. Book III.

upon the shores of an eternal world, and society is entrusted with this awful responsibility.

By the establishment of schools and universities; by means of private, public, and royal beneficence; by the spread of the sacred writings; by the diffusion of useful knowledge; there has sprung up a more exalted view of this subject among a portion of the people. The upper and middle classes have become somewhat convinced of the importance of training up their own children in the way they should go, and among the humbler classes much has been effected towards the fulfilment of this sacred duty; still there remain large masses of the population to whom a religious and useful education is of the utmost importance, but for whom no adequate provision has yet been made.

It may be observed, that physical and intellectual powers constitute the sole wealth of these children. These should be regarded as the capital or funded property which is to produce, by its application as labour, an income on which they must subsist. This wealth may be regarded as accumulating in infancy, childhood, and youth. Moreover, this part of the national resources is of the greatest consequence, not only to the well-being of the labouring classes, but also to all others. Destroy this source of wealth and the nation perishes!

The value of it may be said to be equal to all other property. But its actual value to the parties themselves may be thus approximately computed. Supposing that £25 is required to maintain a labourer for a year, the capital to produce this, at 2½ per cent., may be considered equal to £1,000, and, therefore, the capital of 800,000 such labourers would amount to £800,000,000, or a sum as great as our national debt. This reference to a part of the nation's wealth, is merely to show the importance and value of those powers lodged in the mind and body of a rising generation, and on this ground we maintain that it is the interest, as well as the duty, of a State to pay every attention to the religious, moral, social, and physical condition of its children.

"Pericles, in his famous oration," observes a writer in the *Spectator*, "at the funeral of those Athenian young men who perished in the Samian expedition, has remarked, 'That the loss which the commonwealth suffered by the destruction of its youth, was like the loss which the year would suffer by the destruction of the spring. The prejudice which the public sustain from a wrong education of its children is an evil of the same nature, as it in a manner starves posterity, and defrauds our country of those persons who, with due care, might make an eminent figure in their respective parts of life.'"

That children have social rights and moral claims on the State, is also seen if we consider that they are held amenable to the laws. They are therefore entitled to demand preservation from crime and a regard to their education. Indeed, without the recognition of this principle, the

dictates of justice, the feelings of humanity, and the rights of a considerable portion of the people, are totally disregarded. "Laws should aim continually to elevate the low, to instruct the ignorant. They should enable the low to rise, the ignorant to learn, by the use of their own rights. Just laws will not direct the poorest to be educated in the same degree as the richest. But just laws will not allow a condition of the community, in which any class is condemned to a degradation, or poverty, or ignorance, from which they cannot escape."*

Again, children being members of the community, and obedience to the law being demanded of them, they ought to be instructed in the nature of the duties they are expected to perform. "Among the ancient Romans the earliest laws and the maxims and formula of laws, were inculcated in the earliest years of life. Their children were made familiar with those expressions as our children are with nursery rhymes. Cicero† says to his brother, "A pueris enim didicimus, si in jus vocat, atque ejusmodi alias leges nominare." And again, "Nostisquæ sequuntur discebamus enim pueri XII. tabulas, ut carmen necessarium."‡

This was a moral education for the Romans from age to age; why should we not afford such education to our people? Each generation deriving its education from the established laws and customs of the country, and being impressed with the conviction that those laws and maxims which they enjoy are right and just, would then transmit the same education to their children. We may refer even to a period anterior to Roman history, when by the highest sanctions the Jewish people were ordered to instruct their children in the laws and institutions of the nation on every possible occasion: "Thou shalt teach them (the laws) diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up."‖

All young persons have a natural and political claim on the State for subsistence and protection. Moreover, justice and humanity are their inalienable rights, and a State disregarding these cannot do so, says Whewell, "without divesting it, (shocking to all good men,) of its moral character, and renouncing its hope of that moral progress which is its highest purpose."§

Next to their moral and religious education is their right to the preservation and development of their physical powers. And if it appears that on these their chief dependence in life will be placed, their

* Whewell on Polity, § 998.

† De Leg. ii. 4. "From the time of our boyhood we learnt, if a man sues you at law, and other laws of that kind by rote."

‡ Id. 23. "You know what follows; for when we were boys we learnt the twelve fables like a familiar rhyme."

‖ Deut. vi. 7. § Whewell's Morality and Polity.

demand on the State for every attention to the healthy preservation and expansion of their corporeal structure is most imperative. These are their absolute rights, vested in them by the immutable laws of nature, the preservation of which, society, or its representative, the State, is bound to protect. "Allegiance," says Judge Blackstone, "is the right of the magistrate, and protection the right of the people."* "Personal security, personal liberty, and private property, constitute the primary articles in the government of a free people, even the infant," *in ventre sa mère*, "is entitled to these benefits." It is capable of having a legacy. It may, as we have already shown, have guardians and possess an estate. Adults claim these rights, and permit no restriction to them except for their own good, or for that, which is the same, of the community. These can protest against any infringement, but they must submit to a constitutional majority. Children have no such power, or if they have it is left to others to assert it, which has resulted, through neglect and other causes, in the majority keeping some hundreds of thousands of them deprived of their rights for no other reason, except that neither they nor their friends have sufficient influence to enforce them. They are compelled to obey the State, while the State ignores their rights. This is despotism—this is slavery or something worse; for it is argued that slaves, having no rights, can commit no legal crimes; whereas these children having rights are deprived of them, and in their defenceless condition are held responsible for any offence as if they had them; yea, this obedience is demanded in the face of the fact that their claims are set at nought, and punishment is inflicted by the very party whose duty it is to watch over their interests. When will our own State, while most rigid in enforcing its rights by the police and the gaolers, by aid of the whip, the cell, and the gallows, show that it is fully mindful of its obligations to these children?† There has been, and still is law without justice, and punishment without mercy, even towards those to whom the State should be emphatically *in loco parentis*. What should we say to a parent who never looks after his children to bring them home, to feed, to clothe, and instruct them; but only keeps a number of servants for the express purpose of watching their actions and punishing their misdeeds? Our State leaves its children to wander abroad, to provide for themselves, except when she punishes them for vagrancy, felony, and such like. This is so opposed to our ideas of what God requires, and of the treatment that children are entitled to receive at our hands, that we would say in

* Com. v. i. p. 122.

† Something has been done through the medium of Ragged Industrial and Reformatory Schools, but we regard it only as a preface to more enlarged efforts on behalf of the demoralised children of the country.

the words of Bishop Hooker, "So natural is the union of religion and justice that we may boldly deem there is neither where both are not."*

SCHOLARS' PRIZES.

THE Committe of the Ragged School Union have decided upon awarding prizes to those Scholars of Ragged Schools who have kept in one situation, with good character, for a period of not less than twelvemonths, terminating in the year ending Christmas, 1860. The object being to stimulate those in school to prepare for service, and those in service to acquire and keep good character for industry, integrity, and civility. The prizes will be awarded only on full compliance with the following conditions:—

The Committee of the Ragged School Union, being desirous to encourage Industry and Dilligence in all who have passed through the Schools in connection with them, have again decided on giving a prize to young persons who have kept their situations with good character for at least twelve months, up to Christmas, 1860, and coming within the following conditions:—

1. That the candidates for these Prizes must be over twelve and under seventeen years of age, and must have attended the Ragged School giving the recommendation at least six months previous to entering the situation.
2. That those scholars who have remained in one place for twelve months, ending Christmas, 1860, and have not before received a Money Prize, will be entitled to a Prize of Ten Shillings, as well as a Card, provided the Committee of the School recommending the scholar will pay Two Shillings and Sixpence of that sum. That if any scholar had kept his place for twelvemonths, but left it before Christmas for another, he shall be entitled to his Prize, provided he be in his second place at Christmas, 1860.
3. That those scholars who have received a Money Prize previously, and are again recommended (in accordance with Rule 2) for further service to Christmas, 1860, will be entitled to a Prize Card and a sum of Five Shillings, provided the Committee of the School recommending the scholar will pay One Shilling and Sixpence of that sum.
4. Those Girls who are engaged in business must have been regular in attendance at the Ragged School on Sundays for the period for which they are recommended. This rule does not apply to girls employed as domestic servants.
5. Apprentices, children employed by their parents, and scholars earning more than Ten Shillings per week, will not be eligible for the Prizes.
6. Certificates must be furnished by the employers and school authorities, to show that the previous conditions have been complied with, and that good conduct has been continued to Christmas, 1860.

The Prizes may be given in Books, Clothes, or otherwise, as the Committee of the School may determine.

* Eccles. p. 8, bk. v. c. i.

NUTFIELD PRIORY—WHY I WENT, AND WHAT I SAW.

A NEATLY printed card was left at No. 1, Exeter Hall, to the following effect:—

"Mr. Henry Edmund Gurney requests the favour of Mr. ——'s company on Wednesday, Sept. 5th, 1860, to spend the day with him at his house at Nutfield."

In addition to the treat thereby implied, the card indicated that, in a spirit of thorough hospitality, a special train had been placed at the disposal of Mr. Gurney's guests. This was the third time such an invitation had been given to the Ragged School Teachers of London; but official duties had hitherto prevented my *practically* saying "Yes."

After a summer when great coats had almost become a necessary of life, we had some fears that the train would have to carry a cargo of 450 umbrellas as well as 450 passengers. Happily the wind blew steadily W. N. W. throughout the day, so that the satirist's definition of an English fine day was for once foiled:—

> "A day determined to be wet,
> Though it hath not actually rained yet."

Called a "Priory" as is this modern Elizabethan structure, we knew that we should not meet with bare-footed friars, walking with downcast eyes and measured tread, nor hear the vesper hymn float on the evening breeze. But we knew that we should meet something better than the religion of Ritualism, namely, that practical piety which, knowing that God has given his children "all things richly to enjoy," desires that others with scantier purse should see how beautifully God works in this wondrous world of ours. It is not a rare thing to hear of opulent men, but it is a rare thing to see wealth used well. All this we had in perfection at Nutfield Priory; for, with every evidence of opulence, there was still richer proof of an opulent heart. Articles of vertû scattered in profusion—rare artistic gems, which indelibly depicted the shifting beauties of nature—vista glimpses of the lowlands below; and above all, the portrait of the father of the proprietor, Mr. Samuel Gurney, upon whose children his rare philanthropy seemed to have descended as a precious heir-loom. All this was placed for the time at the disposal of nearly 450 Ragged School Teachers, chiefly labouring in the northern and central parts of London, who had left the dingy lanes and smoky sky where they labour, to inhale long draughts of nectarous ozone, brewed in nature's laboratory. Roaming from group to group, I recognised committemen and officers of the central Society; hard-working superintendents, who are true bishops of the waifs and strays of society; preachers to the poor of the flock in Ragged Churches; and voluntary teachers, who are as God's lights in the gloomy districts of the great metropolis. There is no need to say that what with nutting, and quoiting, and boating, and cricketing, and sight-seeing, and other pleasurables ending in "ing," the appetite of the visitors was so sharpened that the diners recalled the celebrated line of Wordsworth, "Forty feeding one," only in this case the picture was reversed, for one was feeding like forty. To those who know Mr. Gurney's

genial character it need not be said that he made every one feel as much at home as if in his own house; his excellent lady, though unhappily unable to leave her room through ill health, well meriting, from the interest she has always shown in these friendly gatherings, the hearty cheers given in her honour at parting. Nor can the readiness displayed by every member of the household to make the visitors feel that for the time they were "monarchs of all they surveyed," be forgotten. Mr. W. Locke, and Mr. H. R. Williams, in brief addresses—for set speeches were not wanted on such an occasion—fitly expressed the grateful, we may say the affectionate, feeling of all present. And, judging from his apt reply, it cannot be doubted that Mr. Gurney felt the fullness of our Lord's axiom, "It is more blessed to give than to receive!"

As the best soil is all the better when it is allowed to lie fallow for a time, so I feel sure that, after the wear and tear of a London life, an occasional holiday better fits us for our duty. At all events, as true wisdom can discern "sermons in stones," so ideas were gathered in the quiet glades of Nutfield which will supply the Ragged School Teachers with fresh matter for class or collective addresses. Nor can we doubt that, by the social contact of rich and poor, of givers and workers, hearts will be knit which would otherwise be too much severed by the miserable conventionalities of society. It was well said by Thomas Hood, that "certain classes at the poles of society are already too far asunder. It should be our duty to draw them together by kindly attractions, and not aggravate the existing repulsion." Now such gatherings as those at Nutfield manifestly tend to this Christ-like end. And that I might see the moral effect—not merely in printer's types, but with the eye—is the reason why I went; and that this beneficent object was effected, is what I *saw!*

TWO GIRLS SAVED.

On one of the few warm bright days we had in April last, a gentleman was hurrying along High Holborn about four o'clock in the afternoon, when his attention was suddenly drawn to a dirty, miserably-clad girl, who was slowly creeping along the busy thoroughfare, unmolested, and apparently uncared for by those who were going to and fro. The gentleman stopped at a distance from the poor wretched-looking girl, to observe her countenance and watch her movements. He saw the forlorn young creature first stop at one shop window and then at another, not begging, but simply to pass away the time and gratify her eyes. At length, she came to a large silversmith's window, and here she stayed some minutes, admiring the many valuable articles exposed for sale. While thus occupied, the gentleman drew near to the girl, and said to her, "Have you no home?" to which she replied, "No, sir." He further inquired, "Have you no parents or friends?" when, with a sorrowful countenance, she said again, "No, sir." He then gave her the address of the Girls' Refuge, desiring her to wait there till he came. Having directed her how to find the Refuge, he left her. The girl was taken in by the matron, but while waiting for the gentleman who sent her, the girl manifested the greatest

anxiety lest he should not call, and she would be again thrust out into the streets. She said several times to the matron that if the gentleman did not call, she would go the next day and stand in the same place where he met her, in the hope that he would pass by again, as she felt sure, from the way he spoke to her, he intended to do something for her. The matron said to her, "Well, if I take you in without seeing the gentleman, will you be a good girl?" Her answer was most touching, and indicated the feelings of her heart at having found a home and friends to sympathise with her in her mournful condition,—it was this, "All I can say is, if I do not behave myself, you may turn me out directly." The girl was admitted that night. She had not slept in a bed for more than two months previously. Her condition can be better imagined than described. All the articles of clothing she had on had to be destroyed. On the following morning she seemed a different creature altogether. The account obtained from her is as follows:—She was born in Marylebone. Her father was a journeyman cutler; he died when she was six years old, leaving her mother, three brothers, one sister, and herself. After the father's death, the widow supported herself and children by going out to wash at a laundry. Subsequent to the father's death, the eldest boy went to sea, and the other two children died in the mother's lifetime. About two years ago the mother died rather suddenly, leaving this poor girl wholly unprovided for. The eldest brother was, and is still, at sea.

About a month after the mother's death, the landlady put in a distress for the rent due, and the few articles of furniture were sold, and then the girl was entirely homeless. A poor woman, however, who knew the mother, got the girl a place at a rag-shop near where they used to live; she had no wages, only her food, lodging, and a few old clothes were given to her. She remained there above a year, when the people left the rag-shop, and went from the neighbourhood without letting any one know where they were going.

Thus the poor girl was again left without a home, and never again obtained one until received into the Refuge. From the time she left the rag-shop until coming to this Home (a period of two months) she had not slept in a bed. During the whole of that period (being parts of February, March, and April) she used to sleep at nights in waggons, carts, or cabs, in the mews in the neighbourhood of Marylebone, and during the day to wander about the streets. She never begged, but sometimes persons pitied her and gave her a few pence, with which she bought food, and sometimes persons gave her victuals. A policeman, who had often seen her in the mews, was very kind to her, and several times took her to a coffee-shop and gave her an early breakfast. Some little idea of the forlorn condition into which this poor orphan was plunged may be gathered from the fact, that she said to the matron, a short time after she first arrived at the Refuge, "I wish I was in heaven with my poor mother; nobody cares for me here. I have been two or three times to the Serpentine to drown myself, but so many people were there that I could not." Poor child! her tale is very different now; she has at last found somebody who does care for her. She is very happy and grateful, and is going on satisfactorily. Before coming to the Refuge she had only been to school for a short time. She has no relations besides the brother at sea, and two aunts who reside somewhere at Gravesend.

The other girl was one of three human beings who appeared to be a mother with a little boy, and a girl somewhat older, squatting on a door-step in Brewer Street Golden Square. They seemed half asleep (although it was only a little after three o'clock in the afternoon), and much dejected, were very dirty, and altogether presented a pitiable picture. How long they had sat there is not known, probably not long. Necessity no doubt compelled them to rest awhile, and being a quiet street, they were allowed to sit without being disturbed.

As a gentleman passed this group of poverty and wretchedness, the girl lifted up her head; he saw her face, and was much struck with her countenance. He passed on, but could not forget the girl's face. He stopped and considered what had best be done, and then resolved to try and get the girl; he returned to the little company and made a few enquiries of the mother, and finding her utterly destitute and homeless, he pointed out the consequences of bringing up the children to such a life, especially the girl. He then asked the mother if she would be willing to let the girl go into the Refuge, to be educated and trained for service. She seemed much pleased with the idea, and expressed her willingness to do anything which would benefit the girl.

The address of the Refuge was given her, and she was desired to wait till the secretary arrived. On his arrival he found the woman and her children there. The object of the Institution was more fully explained to them, and the mother appeared most anxious for the girl, to stay. The girl, on the contrary, seemed unwilling to separate from her mother. They had never been parted, and every allowance was therefore made for the girl's affection for her mother.

After explaining more at length the advantages the girl would enjoy, by availing herself of the opportunity of coming into the refuge, and that her mother would be able to come and see her once a month, the poor child said she would stay. After many warm and affectionate tears were shed by the mother and her two children, the girl was left in the care of the matron, where she now is.

The particulars of the family, gathered from mother and daughter, are these:—The father at one time was a master cabinet maker in Shoreditch, and employed four men to work for him. Their circumstances were then pretty comfortable. A change, however, came over them, and the father was obliged to go as a journeyman. While out one day with some chairs, he fell and hurt his foot. Ultimately he went into the hospital. The surgeons advised him to have his leg taken off. He declined to submit to this, and left the hospital and went home. In little more than a week after he died. This was about two years and a half ago. By this bereavement the mother was at once reduced from comparatively easy circumstances to poverty. Six months had passed away, and the poor widow being in arrear with her rent was compelled to see her little home broken up, and her goods seized and sold for rent. Their happiness was now gone: the widow struggled as long as she possibly could to keep a home over the heads of her children, but had failed. She has never had a home since. For about two years she has with her children been sleeping about in different workhouses in the casual wards and lodging-houses, and sometimes a friend has taken them in for a few nights.

Sometimes she got a little work from a person who knew her, but generally she sells a few combs, tapes, &c., about the streets to procure food. The girl says the mother had some of these articles with her on the day the gentleman met them. They were not, however, exposed for sale.

The girl is quiet and steady, is thankful for her home, and very happy: had been to school, but is only able to read a little.

BIBLE-WOMEN.

"Weak things of the world, to confound things that are mighty."

HARD by the wealthy neighbourhoods, where stately mansions rise,
What scenes of vice and wretchedness are hidden from our eyes!
Here swarms of human creatures their guilt and misery hide,
Victims of direst poverty within these "depths" abide.
No "Visitor" hath entered here, or "Pastor's" foot e'er trod,
To teach the lost and perishing the way to heaven and God.
And who hath dared to venture near these haunts of crime and sin,
To shed a ray of heavenly light, these "moral wastes" within?
A gentle woman wends her way, in deep and earnest faith,
Where scenes of fearful misery are lying round her path,—
The starving child—the drunken sire—the suffering wife—she sees,
For she alone can penetrate the homes of such as these!
She enters as a sister—the drooping hearts to cheer,
With loving words and kindly deeds she finds a welcome here.
Oh, see within these dark abodes the glorious "Word of truth,"
A "Marian" brings the "blessed Book"—a "Lydia"—or a "Ruth"—
Sent by that blest "Society,"—the noblest and the best,—
To tell the weak and "weary" ones where they may find a "rest."
Her high and holy "Mission," Oh, be it ours to cheer!
For she hath trod a dangerous path, in trembling hope and fear.
But some there are who little heed the sorrows of the poor,
And some would turn the "Messenger" from many a humble door.
And here in Christian England, what may we think of those
Who oft the "entrance of the Word," so bitterly oppose?
You ask their aid and sympathy for a cause so just and true—
They talk of "order" in the "Church"—*they cannot work with you.*
One Saviour hath redeemed us!—one heaven we seek to gain!—
But for Christian love and "union" you plead with them in vain.
Oh, followers of Jesus! while you the work disown,
Immortal souls are perishing, unpitied and unknown!
Oh! when in holy "brotherhood" shall Christians here unite,
To shed o'er these benighted homes the Gospel's heavenly light?
May blessings fall on those who seek the helpless poor to save,
Till rich and poor together meet, in realms beyond the grave!

S. S.

The Children's Gallery.

A HOME MISSIONARY.

When missionaries from heathen lands visit our schools, and talk about the ignorance and wretchedness of heathen children, boys and girls sometimes feel that it is a noble thing to be missionaries, and wish they could go across the ocean and try and do some good to the poor pagans. If any of our readers have had such feelings, they will be glad to learn that they can do just such work at home.

A little boy, who was sent from home to school, at the age of twelve years, was much grieved, on his arrival there, to find that the daily duties were commenced without prayer,—that there was no family worship. But when Sunday came, he was still more surprised to see that in the afternoon the boys prepared their lessons for the Monday, Saturday being a half-holiday, and spent in play.

In a week or two he found a companion in a boy a few months younger than himself, to whom he proposed that they should learn Monday's lessons on the Saturday, that they might on Sunday read a chapter in the Bible, and learn to repeat a hymn. This was agreed to and done, our young friend also praying God to bless and make them good boys, to forgive them their sins.

In the course of a few Sundays they were asked by another boy for leave to join them. Another and another came, all retiring to a corner of the school-room, till, before the holidays, their number had increased to nine. This came to the master's ear; he listened to the prayer and reading, and was so struck with all he heard, that the next Sunday he took the Bible, called the boys together, and carried out his pupil's plan.

During the holidays that pupil was attacked by scarlet fever; and, after six or seven weeks of great suffering, went to "his home," as he said, without a murmur; only regretting that he might not see his sister, who had taught him to love Jesus. To her he sent many messages that he wanted her to talk and read to him. He always carried in his pocket a small hymn-book, which she had given him; and he sent to her for another copy for his companion, that he might not be obliged to part with the treasure so dear to him.

Was not our young friend a true home missionary?

THE SURREY SESSIONS

Commenced on June 18, 1860. The calendar contained the names of 43 prisoners for trial, and 3 for judgment; 42 for felony, and 4 for misdemeanour. The degree of education was as follows:—

Can neither read nor write	11
Can read only	9
Read and write imperfectly	25
Read and write well	1
	46

THE RAGGED SCHOLARS' EXCURSION.

It having been ascertained that between 2,000 and 3,000 children in the Day Ragged Schools of London had not had a holiday this summer, it was arranged, through the kind assistance of the Earl of Shaftesbury, that these should be invited to spend a day amidst rural scenery, engage in happy childish sport, and enjoy a hearty meal on the living green carpet, in addition to a tolerably long ride to and fro. This excursion became due on 19th September; and this number of children, with nearly 150 teachers, spent one of the most happy days they have yet experienced. We intend giving further details of this excursion, so successfully carried out and completed, in our next number.

Papers, Original and Selected.

THE ORIGIN OF RAGGED SCHOOLS.

WHEN looking at a noble stream swelling over its verdant banks, and bearing on its bosom vast treasures to enrich the people inhabiting its shores, it is only natural to feel a deep interest in its source, and to feel an enthusiastic desire to trace its origin; we would like to mark its rise and progress, and to observe from what small beginnings such a mighty current at first arose. Those who traced the source of the Nile and the Niger felt this; just so is it in tracing the origin of any social movement.

We love to note who first gave rise to what is so great a blessing to our fellow-men, who invented the new panacea for earthly evils, who discovered the balm for human woe. Take Ragged Schools for an example. How interesting to know the individual who originated these and gave so great an impulse to benevolence and humanity. The feelings of love, respect, and gratitude, are so natura, and so lively, that we are apt to fix on any one that may be brought before us vividly, and to accord to him the palm, not knowing, perhaps, that such a one little deserves the distinction we bestow, though, albeit, entitled to great honour for his goodness and philanthropy. It is because we feel that honour is not always given to whom it is due that we make these remarks on the origin of the Ragged School movement, so intimately allied to our Ragged School Union; and also because the question has lately been started, and somewhat discussed, as to "Who was the originator of Ragged Schools?" This question, we are free to admit, is far more easy to ask than to answer. Any one looking at a steam-engine, with all the recent appliances, might ask, Who was the inventor?* But who could give an answer, by naming any one person as the inventor of that mighty masterpiece of man's ingenuity? The palm could not in justice be awarded to any one individual. So in Ragged Schools, there is no one individual that could be named as the originator or founder of these institutions as now conducted.

* James Watt is often named as the inventor; but did not the idea emanate from the celebrated Marquis of Worcester?

Our friend, Dr. Guthrie, who has played an important part, by giving an impulse to the movement, caught the idea of Schools for the Destitute from looking at a picture of John Pounds, on the wall of an inn in an old town on the Frith of Forth; and others, with this for a foundation, publish John Pounds as the originator of Ragged Schools. This may do for poetry, but it is not fact. With far greater pretensions Robert Raikes and Joseph Lancaster may be named as founders of Ragged Schools; for those philanthropists, the one in Gloucester, in the year 1783, and the other in Southwark, in the year 1797, gathered in the destitute and the neglected, and never ceased their labours till their schools in all parts of the country were benefiting the poor by tens of thousands. The schools, however, that they founded rose in course of time above the class for which they were established, and the lowest portion of the poor were again neglected. Other benevolent men, observing this neglect, formed schools expressly for the very poor; and on the south side of the Thames were founded "The Fragment Schools," being schools for those that other schools banished, or would not admit. In Westminster the name adopted was "School for the Destitute." In the provinces similar efforts were made, and among them was that noble example of "John Pounds, late of St. Mary Street, Portsmouth, who, while earning an honest subsistence by mending shoes, was also schoolmaster gratuitously to some hundreds of children of his poor neighbours."

Thomas Cranfield is another of those noble men who laboured hard and long in the same field. Many others could be named, but their efforts were somewhat desultory, isolated, and intermittent till the Ragged School Union was formed in April, 1844.

The principle of Ragged Schools is older than Christianity, for David said, "Deliver the poor and needy." Jeremiah exhorted, "Lift up your voice for the young children that fainteth for hunger at the top of every street." Our Saviour, too, commanded, "Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind." Actuated by the spirit of their great Master, Howard, Raikes, Lancaster, Pounds, Cranfield, Burchett, Watson, Guthrie, Locke, Starey, Payne, and others, and, above all, a Shaftesbury, have gone forth into the streets and lanes, and have brought in the poor and the maimed, and by God's blessing resting upon their labours, large portions of the poor have been made comparatively rich and happy, and the maimed, both in body and mind, have been made whole.

Among the workers of the early Ragged Schools were many whose names have not been handed down, but we possess their descriptions, such as the "Poor Tinker," who aided in the formation of New Pye Street Schools; and "the Poor Chimney Sweep," who conducted the Windsor School, with 100 scholars in attendance.

Sheriff Watson has been most indefatigable in this movement, and by opening his school in Aberdeen in the autumn of 1841, is often quoted as the first in the field to do so, but with what correctness will be seen when we refer to the dates that other institutions commenced their benevolent efforts.

The Ragged School Union was founded in the April of 1844, at which period there were sixteen schools in operation in London, of which fourteen are in effective working order at the present time. Of this number

4	were opened in	1844
6	" "	1843
1	was "	1841
1	" "	1840
1	" "	1839
1	" "	1835
1	" "	1816
1	" "	1800

The school established in 1800, or in the year before, was under the same management as the "Fragment Schools," of Southwark, under the auspices of the late Rev. Rowland Hill, and so well worked by Thomas Cranfield and Mr. J. R. Burchett.*

Mr. Burchett convened a meeting in May, 1799, to consider the condition of the neglected poor of Southwark, but only four persons attended, and only four guineas were subscribed; but this they thought was enough to begin with, for after a little consideration it was agreed to open a school in the Mint. Two of the four gentlemen were deputed to search for a room, and in doing so they afterwards described the locality as worse, if possible, than Kent Street, where they already had a school in operation. "It abounded with filth and iniquity, was inhabited by persons of the worst description, and appeared to be a place where the Prince of Darkness had long held universal and undisputed sway. Nothing daunted, however, they hired a room, in the very heart of Satan's dominions, at £4 per annum, and then personally waited upon the inhabitants, with a request that they would send their children for instruction. The school opened on Sunday, 16th June, 1799. On that morning more than forty were entered. The children appeared in a

* It is to J. R. Burchett, Esq., the son of that Mr. Burchett, that the Agar Town Ragged School owes its establishment, and with which that gentleman still labours.

most wretched condition, few of them wearing shoes, and scarcely more than two or three having covering to their heads. It is not to be supposed that this work was accomplished without strong opposition. Satan had here too long wielded his sceptre to allow it to be wrested from his grasp without a struggle; and accordingly, the teachers were reviled, insulted, and pelted with mud. Stones were sometimes thrown into the school, the windows broken, and all sorts of disturbances created, but these devoted men kept the even tenor of their way—insults and annoyances only serving to cement their union and to increase their fervour and boldness at the throne of grace. Having put their hands to the Gospel plough, they never, for one moment, looked back; but in breaking up the fallow ground, they advanced with an energy that defied every opposition, and a spirit that towered far above every obstacle."* The school thus opened was for the first eight years superintended by Mr. Burchett, aided by Thos. Cranfield, and a few others, and having passed through many vicissitudes, and in different rooms, continues its operations to this day in a new building, erected in the year 1854, in Harrow Place, Mint.

The term "Ragged" was not applied to schools till the year 1843, and was first used by the "Field Lane Sabbath School," in advertising for funds. A printed copy of that advertisement is now lying before us, as cut from the "Times" of Feb. 18th, 1843, and is headed thus:—

"Ragged Schools.—Field Lane Sabbath Schools," &c. The treasurer of this school at that time was Mr. S. R. Starey, who aided Mr. W. Locke and a few others in the formation of the Ragged School Union in the following year, the chairman of which was Lord Ashley, M.P. So great was the impetus given to the movement by the formation of this Society, that the systematic and real working era of Ragged Schools may fairly date from the foundation of the Ragged School Union. Small in its commencement, it progressed gradually, extending its efforts, its influence, and its support year by year to the present time, as may be seen by the following figures, each embracing a period of four years, showing

THE PROGRESS OF THE RAGGED SCHOOL UNION.

	School Buildings.	Sunday Scholars.	Day Scholars.	Evening Scholars.	Industrial Scholars.	Voluntary Teachers.	Paid Teachers.
1st year, 1844 ...	20	2,000	None	None	None	200	None
4th year, 1848 ...	62	5,843	3,480	3,500	None	822	80
8th year, 1852 ...	110	12,423	7,526	6,476	2,270	1,657	203
12th year, 1856 ...	150	16,937	13,057	8,085	3,224	2,139	332
16th year, 1860 ...	170	22,310	15,437	9,413	3,741	2,670	416

* Memoir of Thomas Cranfield, by his son.

At the Third Annual Meeting of this Society the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, when speaking of the origin of Ragged Schools, and the class they are designed to benefit, said, "There does exist a class of whom few had before any knowledge; they are a large and distinct class, found in our police-courts, jails, streets—in every corner, in our courts and alleys, from which stream forth such masses of beings as we did not believe existed within the Bills of Mortality; and these in such a state of destitution as no pen or tongue could describe. Then we find the vast proportion of those children are without parents, some having lost one, some both. If we examine into their moral habits, they are birds of prey, without discipline, without moral culture, without domestic training. They appear to be so many thousands of scattered units, existing only to trouble society and to do mischief; and if we endeavour to discipline them, we are encumbered by such obstacles as defy all the measures of Government. *It was the contemplation of such moral and spiritual misery that first gave rise to Ragged Schools.*"

To admit the necessity for Ragged Schools is to acknowledge the degradation of no inconsiderable portion of society; and it is a source of grief that the necessity exists, has existed so long, and with such gigantic proportions. We would not, however, be like the ostrich, shut our eyes to facts, bury our heads in the dust of forgetfulness, and fancy all is safe around, because we *will* no longer look upon the danger; rather would we imitate the skilful surgeon, probe the wound, and apply the caustic, till we saw the progress of the disease stayed and the cure not far distant. While much is due to the establishment of Ragged Schools—and all honour to those who took the lead in their formation—yet we think the merit and the praise of Ragged Schools consist not so much in their establishment as in that they have indicated a class; that they have pointed out an outcast grade of home savages—at once our terror and our disgrace—a class than on whom the reclaiming and educating of which money could not be more beneficially or more wisely bestowed—a class, for the accommodation of which the more schools we build we shall simply have to erect the fewer prisons.

Lord and Lady Palmerston, accompanied by the Right Hon. W. F. Cowper, arrived in Leeds on Wednesday evening, October 24th. Thousands of persons congregated to give the Premier an enthusiastic reception. On the evening of the 25th his Lordship presided at the Annual Meeting of the Leeds Mechanics' Institution; and on Friday, the 26th, the Premier took the chair at the Annual Meeting of the Leeds Ragged School Society, held in the Music Hall.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A RAGGED BOY.

(*Continued from page* 228.)

We left off in the Incidents of the Life of a Ragged Boy last month just as poor Jack had witnessed the last of the demoralising scenes in the penny gaff. The night had far advanced when the poor youth was again in the streets, without a home, and the remainder of that night he slept in a basket. In a basket? says the reader. Yes, in a basket, and would have slept longer than he did had he not been disturbed. The gaff that Jack and his mates went to was situated in Whitechapel, and as they were going along they noticed outside some of the butchers' shops some baskets in which meat is brought from the country, and which were filled with straw. Into one of these Jack and his mates jumped, closed the lid, and soon fell asleep. They had not been asleep more than two or three hours when a policeman, going his rounds, heard a rustle in the basket, lifted up the lid, and seeing the contents, signalled to another for help. Now these night police like a "bit of fun." The boys were turned out and chased by one policeman to the end of his beat; arrived there, another took up the chase, and the poor boys were chased by three or four different policemen to the end of their respective beats. Thus do the "guardians of the night" occasionally beguile the weary hours. The boys turned up several back slums, soon found a piece of waste ground, where they scratched for themselves a bed, and again fell asleep. On awakening the next morning they went to Covent Garden Market. There they carried parcels, held horses, and helped the market women. In the afternoon they played at pitch and toss, and in the evening went to the gaff again. Thus passed some months. One Sunday evening Jack and his mates, three in number, were walking along, not knowing what to do or where to go. They had been looking at a fight in the afternoon; and being Sunday, there was no gaff; they were totally at a loss for amusement, and were about getting up a fight amongst themselves, when they met a lad who asked them if they were "game for a lark." They were, and so following him, they came, after turning up several back streets, to the outside of a Ragged School, where a number of boys were already assembled, evidently intent upon enjoying themselves, one favourite amusement being to snatch a cap from off a boy's head, and toss it about, to the owner's discomfiture. The door of the Ragged School was opened by a gentleman in a buff waistcoat and white shirt front, who no sooner showed himself than he received a substantial mark of the boys' playful disposition in the shape of a bunch of turnip-tops, which came upon his buff waistcoat and clean white front, leaving a most unfavourable impression upon them.

The boy who threw it came up and apologised, saying he didn't mean it for him, but for "that long teacher that turned him out last Sunday." The gentleman was of course obliged to content himself with the explanation. The boys being all in and seated, the superintendent (or rather the superintendent *pro tem.*, for the regular one was absent on account of illness) mounted the desk and knocked for silence, which he did not so soon obtain as he seemed to expect. He then gave out a hymn, which was the well-

known one of "Here we suffer," &c., and forthwith started the tune. The noise which followed may be more easily imagined than described, some boys singing it in one key and some in another; one boy singing the proper words, another words of his own composing; some singing the chorus only, and for the sake of variety, others were "catcalling" in the most "gaff-approved" style.

It was some time before anything like order could be obtained. Quiet at last being obtained, a prayer was offered by one of the teachers, after which he read a chapter from the Testament, and spoke to the boys, urging them to be quiet and orderly. The teaching then commenced. Now it happened that the class in which Jack was placed had for its teacher a gentleman who had never attempted to teach ragged boys before, and who had some difficulty in bringing himself to frame his language in a suitable manner. The boys not being interested began to look about for some person, place, or thing from which they could derive some amusement. Jack's eye rested on a small piece of wood. This he got, then obtained a pin, which he fixed into the end of the stick. With this he began slyly to prick the boys in the calf of the leg, and this caused them to jump up and overturn the form.

The teacher, having discovered what Jack was doing, boxed his ears. This insult Jack resented by kicking the teacher's shins. A struggle ensued, the class came to the rescue, the school rose *en masse*, and the school-room was soon a scene of uproar. Forms were overturned, books thrown about, lights partially extinguished, and ultimately the teachers left to meditate upon the lesson they had been taught. It will be needless to depict the distress of the teachers or the state of the school, and the incident is merely inserted to show to what every Ragged School is liable when a person undertakes to teach who is unfitted for the work, and when there is not a proper superintendent.

Jack and his mates were delighted with their achievement, and agreed that "the fun" was almost as good as the "gaff," that being the ragged boy's standard of excellence. The next Sunday Jack had "a job" to groom a horse, and did not go to the school; but the Sunday following Jack was one of the first to be there. That night the *regular* superintendent was present. The boys being all seated, he mounted his desk and knocked for silence. The noise, which had been rather loud, softened; he knocked again, and glanced all round the school; the noise died away, and silence being obtained, he told them the nature of a hymn and the need of singing it softly, after which he gave out that hymn beginning, "O what has Jesus done for me!" two lines at a time, starting the tune, which the boys sung very well indeed. After the hymn a short psalm was read, with prayer, and teaching commenced. The teacher of the class in which Jack was placed that evening understood his duty, and knew how to discharge it. He began by asking them what they remembered of the hymn, with the meaning of it; but finding they turned it into ridicule, he began telling them an anecdote which gained their attention, and then he told them in simple and plain language the narrative of the Saviour's life. It will not be necessary to give the lessons of the teacher that evening, but it may be as well to add that Jack quite forgot the "lark" he had come for, and was, with the other boys, leaning forward, chin in hands, elbows on knees, listening with "eyes, ears, and mouth." When the

teacher stopped, the boys urged him to go on; but, as he told them, he had been nearly three-quarters of an hour talking to them, and the time having arrived for closing the school, he must leave off, but if they were spared till the next Sunday he would be very glad to tell them some more. The boys all promised to come, and Jack in his hurry said, "I wish it was next Sunday now, teacher." The school having been closed by singing and prayer, the boys were dismissed one by one, shaking hands with the teacher as they left. The next and several succeeding Sunday evenings Jack was regularly at the school, and having one night expressed a wish to go to sea, the teacher promised to do what he could for him.

Jack, through the kindness of his teacher, soon found "a berth" on board a collier, and the teachers made up sufficient to buy him some clothing; and having received a note to the captain, away he went to the Regent's Canal Dock, where the ship was lying. Having found out the ship, he presented the note he had received from his teachers, and was forthwith incorporated as one of the crew of the collier brig *James*, of South Shields.

Life in a Collier.

By the time the brig had arrived again in the River Thames, Jack had had quite enough of sea life, and made up his mind to run the very first opportunity. The vessel was hauled into dock about midnight of the same day that it arrived, and "all hands" having "turned in," Jack secured his bundle, and was soon out of the ship and going towards the dock gates; but as he went he saw the glimmer of the watchman's lantern, so throwing his bundle over the fence he quickly followed, and found himself in the street. He was soon making his way along that notorious Ratcliff Highway, and having been up all the previous night he felt very tired, and looked about for a place where he could sleep. Arrived near the London Docks, he found a piece of waste ground by the side of a sugar refinery, where there were some half-dozen men and boys, "black and white," huddled together near the wall, which was quite warm from the boilers being just inside, and thinking that if he went further he might fare worse, he followed, and was soon fast asleep. He was soon aroused by a policeman, who routed them all out, and the poor wretched creatures were deprived of the little comfort they derived from the warmth of the wall. They all slunk away, muttering curses and imprecations upon the police, while Jack, as soon as the policeman was gone, returned with two other boys, and they scratched for themselves a hole and covered themselves with old mats and rubbish, their heads alone being visible above the rubbish.

Jack was disturbed no more that night, and the next morning, having disposed of his bundle at a "leaving shop" to obtain some breakfast, he went to Billingsgate Market, where he found plenty to do, such as carrying baskets of fish, and helping the men up the hill with their loaded barrows. After the fish market was over, he went to his old quarters in Covent Garden Market, where he met his former mates, who were very desirous to hear his adventures. Having given a very graphic and somewhat enlarged account of his doings, he joined them in a game of pitch and toss, at which he won a shilling. That night he slept in a lodging-house, where he enjoyed the

blessings of clean (?) sheets, &c., for fourpence, that being the price for the best accommodation which the house afforded.

The Hop-pickers.

The next morning he was at Covent Garden Market jobbing about, when one of the boys with whom he "gaffed" informed Jack that he was going with his mother into Kent "a hopping," and if Jack liked he might come with them. Jack, being of a roving nature, expressed his willingness to go, and next day started with a party of hop-pickers for Kent. The party consisted of three men, five women, three strapping girls, Jack, and his companion. They "tramped" along the main road into Kent, halting two or three times a day by the roadside for their meals, which they cooked in a large iron pot they carried with them. After travelling in this manner for three days they arrived at their destination, a large farm, and took up their abode in the place prepared for them, which was a range of buildings divided into compartments about six feet by four feet, and the whole covered by a slanting roof. In each of these was some straw, and they were occupied by men, women, and children indiscriminately. It is not necessary for the purposes of this narrative to describe the process of hop-picking. They were there about three weeks, earning about twelve shillings a week, and having finished and received their pay, the "hoppers" prepared to return home. The more sensible walked to the nearest railway-station, and thus got home in a few hours for about a shilling, while the penny wise and pound foolish "tramped" the distance. Among the latter was Jack's party. They were continually stopping at the roadside public-house for a drop to help them along the dusty road. Arrived at Maidstone, they decided upon sleeping there, soon found out a lodging-house, where they sat round a blazing fire (although the weather was very mild), cooking meat for dinner, and having bought whisky, they determined to stay the night. They indulged in pipes and drank whisky; then they began singing; a fiddler was called in, and they had a dance; then from shaking hands, kissing, and vowing eternal friendship, they proceeded to quarrelling, swearing, and fighting. Quart pots, pokers, tongs, gridirons, chairs, fenders, and sticks, were in great requisition, and doing much service. The police came, and they all turned against the common enemy. Policemen's hats were smashed, and their heads bruised, and for self-protection out came the truncheons. Blow after blow was given, and peace was not restored till bones were broken and many fearful bruises received. Jack and the other lad, who had been hard at work throwing glasses, cups, and pots at the police as soon as they entered, seeing the state of affairs, thought "discretion the better part of valour," and set off as fast as possible for London. They walked a mile or two out of Maidstone, and jumping over a hedge into a meadow, crept under a haystack, and were soon fast asleep. In the morning they were discovered by some of the farm servants, and being thought suspicious characters, were given into custody and taken before the justice, who sent them to prison, as vagrants, for seven days.

(*To be concluded in next Number.*)

EDUCATION AND CRIME.

SOME returns which have been lately published, embodying the judicial and criminal statistics of the year 1858, are remarkably interesting, and afford material for much encouragement and hope to all who are interested in the moral advancement of our people. We direct the attention of our readers to some of the facts disclosed in these returns, in the hope that their real significance may be recognised, and their bearing upon our educational status and prospects duly appreciated.

It appears that in the year 1857 the number of persons committed for trial in England and Wales was 20,269, of whom 15,970 were males, and 4,299 females. In the year 1858 the total number of committals was 17,855, of whom 13,865 were males, and 3,990 were females. On comparing the two years, we find an actual decrease of 2,105, or 13·1 per cent. in the number of male criminals; a decrease of 309, or 7·2 per cent. in the number of women; and an aggregate decrease in the number of committals of 2,414, or 11·9 per cent. There is also a very considerable decline in the proportion of *young* criminals, the number under fifteen years of age being relatively less than in any one of the few preceding years.

When it is considered that the population of England increases at the rate of 769 per day, or 280,000 per annum, and that at our present rate of progress the population will double itself in less than seventy years, it will be seen that the figures we have given fail to represent the real extent of the improvement. A large positive increase in the population has coincided with a great diminution in the number of criminals, instead of the increase which might reasonably have been expected to show itself, had the moral condition of the people remained unimproved. Moreover, this fact is especially illustrated in the large towns. The returns show that the decrease in the number of criminals has been relatively far more striking in the great centres of manufacturing industry than in England and Wales taken as a whole. In Lancashire, for example, the actual decrease in the number of committals is only 7 per cent.; but when it is considered that the population of that county has increased in a far higher ratio than that of the country generally, the position occupied in the returns by the great manufacturing districts is, on the whole, above the average. So far, therefore, the recently published statistics present very hopeful results.

It is right to notice, however, that, side by side with the diminution in number of those grave offences which justify a magistrate in committing a prisoner for trial, there has been a slight increase in the number of the minor offences. The following table will show the number of summary convictions by magistrates in two years, 1857 and 1858.

London	51,924	52,999
Birmingham	1,861	1,612
Leeds	2,022	2,551
Liverpool	23,678	18,009
Manchester	7,287	6,134
Newcastle	2,683	3,153

It is possible that the difference here indicated may be partly attributed to the more systematic vigilance of the police, and partly to the greater com-

pleteness of the police returns; but the fact, nevertheless, deserves to be seriously noticed, that the total number of persons apprehended for indictable offences, and summarily convicted by the magistrates, has increased in the year.

We are not justified in drawing any hasty inferences as to the cause of that change for the better which is apparent on the face of these returns. The increasing wealth of the nation, the remarkable abundance of employment, and the general prosperity of our mercantile enterprises during the year, must be fairly taken as a partial explanation of this gratifying result. On the other hand it must be remembered that good wages, while they diminish the temptation to crime in some forms, increase the tendency to many of those vices which bring the offender within the grasp of the law. The whole difference cannot therefore be accounted for by this cause alone, and we think it is fair to claim the improved education and its wider extension among our people as a second, and not less potent, agent in the repression of crime.

This view is partly confirmed by the curious difference between the ratio of diminution in the crime of the two sexes respectively. It will be observed that, relatively, the number of grave offences committed by women is diminishing far more slowly than in the case of men; and that, although the absolute difference in the returns of the two years is satisfactory, the proportion of female to male criminals has increased. Now, national prosperity affects both sexes pretty equally; but education generally operates first upon the male portion of the lower classes, and influences the other sex by slower degrees. It is manifest that any improvement in the moral status of men will not fail to affect that of the rest of the community.

While, however, we believe that the promoters of education may reasonably congratulate themselves upon this change, and in attributing it in a great measure to the spread of knowledge, we feel that there is no ground for exultation. The diminution of crime has not been at all proportionate to the improvement in our educational appliances, nor to the increased number of the population who are brought within the range of instruction. The multiplication of schools and scholars goes on in a far higher ratio than the decrease in the number of crimes. And thus, after an attentive study of such returns as those to which we have adverted, the question recurs with more seriousness even than before,—What sort of education is that which will most effectually repress crime?

It is certain that, up to a given point, education helps to increase the facilities for ill-doing. Many of the arts and accomplishments taught in schools are made constantly available by the dishonest in the commission of crime, and we can never hope it can be otherwise. Certain forms of evil-doing require considerable knowledge and cultivation on the part of those who practise them. To teach reading, writing, and arithmetic is therefore, in a certain sense, to render crime easier than it would otherwise be. This is a view of the case which must not be overlooked. On the other hand, considered as a source of innocent and ennobling pleasure, as an occupation for leisure moments, as a stimulus to ambition, and as an increase in the effective power of a man, all knowledge is valuable; and in the immense majority of instances, the possession is a safeguard against many moral dangers. The temptations of education are in the long run far less than the temptations of

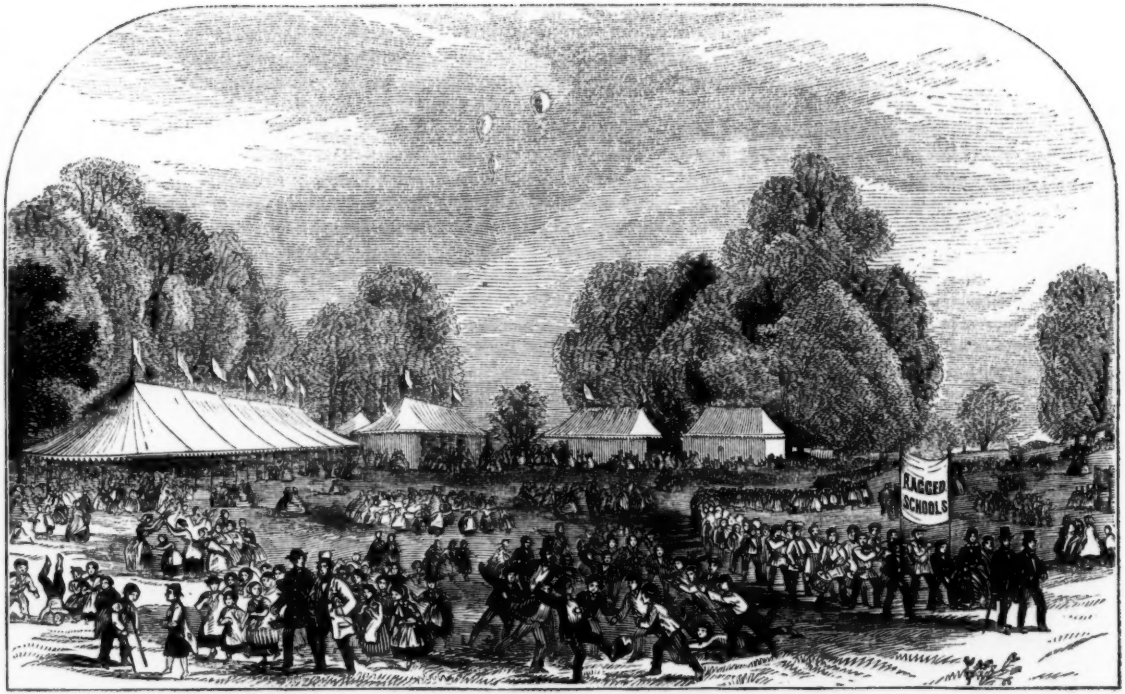
dulness and ignorance. There can, we are sure, be no knowledge which does not, *pro tanto*, render a virtuous and useful life more possible to its possessor, whatever his worldly position may be. But, since knowledge does not by itself deter from crime, the effective checks and restraints upon the evil tendencies of our nature must come from another source.

The only education which will really operate upon the repression of crime, is the education of *character*, the training of the feelings and the will. Acquaintance with truth, even though it be the highest truth, can never by itself suffice for the guidance of a moral being in the midst of the temptations and dangers of life. If school education is to regulate the conduct in after years, it must furnish discipline for conduct in youth. Its moral teaching must be practical. It must inculcate moral truth, not merely *as* truth, but as having a direct bearing on the behaviour of every day. To teach the Divine omniscience as a dogma simply, is of course useful; but to cause it to be felt as a constant check upon action, to make it the ruling and pervading principle of school life, will prove far more efficacious. Is the religious teaching of our schools practical enough? Does it connect itself sufficiently with the daily life of the children? Is it felt to be applicable to their little faults, follies, and temptations? Does the teaching affect the habits and general bearing of the learners? Does it make them thoughtful and watchful over their own conduct? or, are the lessons derived from Scripture and from historical examples so remote in their allusions that they can with difficulty be brought home to the consciences of those who receive them? Is the sense of the Divine presence made to pervade the school? Is the fear of God not only inculcated as a duty, but habitually kept before the eyes of the scholars? Is the habit of looking for the Divine guidance and seeking the Divine sanction in all acts, little and great, steadfastly and systematically strengthened? It is on the answer to these questions that our hopes or fears for the moral welfare of our people must depend. All experience confirms the belief that our true safeguard lies in *religious* training. The knowledge of the Holy Scriptures and of the Divine will, as disclosed to us in that revelation, requires to be supplemented by a diligent training of the character and conduct, in accordance with scriptural precepts. If we can do this, and train children to reverence, to self-control, to watchfulness over their own conduct, and to an habitual conviction that religion is meant to act on their daily lives, we shall find our teaching tell with great force upon the moral statistics of our country. But otherwise our educational schemes, whatever other triumphs they may effect, will wholly fail to check private vice or to diminish public crime.

THE CHILDREN'S HOLIDAY.

"'Mid alleys close, and dingy homes,
And courts so dark and drear,
A sound of joy and thankfulness
Breaks on the startled ear."

No wonder, for it is the morning to which the Ragged School children have been so long looking with so much expectation and delight. They knew that their teachers and friends were determined, if possible, to give them a day's



THE SCHOLARS OF TWENTY-FIVE RAGGED SCHOOLS IN PETERSHAM PARK, SEPTEMBER 19, 1860.

trip into the country, and there supply them with a homely, but substantial meal. The morning for the start has arrived, the children are flocking together, the parents are gathering, and the passers-by are stopping to ask, "Why so much joy in *such a place?*" One of the mothers answered, "Why my girl has been too full of joy to sleep for some nights past. After coming home from the school on Sunday night she said, 'O mother, I have to go to bed only to-night, the next night, and the one after, and then we all go out for our treat, a long way into the country,' and then she sang for joy, and there she is," pointing with her finger to a slight-made little thing, with odd boots on her feet, "dancing for joy."

A very general effort was made by the teachers during the last summer to give a day's holiday to their scholars. This has been done by raising a special fund, and without infringing on funds for educational purposes. From the particulars received we can supply the following summary of the many excursions given during the last summer.

Places where taken to.	Number of Schools.	Number of Scholars.
Buckhurst Hill	5	1,620
Charlton	1	95
Crouch End	1	200
Crystal Palace	5	418
Deptford	2	250
Dulwich	1	150
Ealing	1	250
Epping	8	1,084
Erith	2	305
Forest Gate	5	960
Greenford	1	150
Greenwich	8	1,810
Hammersmith	2	250
Hampstead	6	890
Hampton Court	1	250
Henley	1	240
Highgate	1	200
Hoddesden	1	200
Hornsey	3	550
Kennington	2	600
Kensal Green	2	200
Kew	1	250
Loughton	1	400
Muswell Hill	6	1,125
Peckham Rye	2	350
Primrose Hill	1	120
Richmond	6	1,425
Snaresbrook	1	260
Stanmore	1	60
Southend	1	400
Woodford	1	30
Wormwood Scrubbs	1	102
Yeading	1	190
	82	14,682

Although so large a number of children had enjoyed a day's holiday, yet it was ascertained that a considerable number of Day schools were too poor, and unable to raise the fund needful to give their children also a similar treat.

This being known to Lord Shaftesbury, and a few friends of the Parent Society, it was agreed that an effort should be made to raise a small special fund by which these children also might, before the close of the summer, have a little holiday. Lord Shaftesbury gave a donation for this special purpose, and sent the following note to the Secretary :—

24, *Grosvenor Square, July 18th*, 1860.

DEAR GENT,—I trust that you will succeed this year in obtaining a sufficient sum for the annual treats of the Ragged School children. I must repeat what I have often said, that we have no more effective means of discipline than the prospects of these recreations. Yours truly,

SHAFTESBURY.

By means of this note contributions were obtained sufficient to justify the friends to hold out a hope of a day's holiday to the children of those Day Schools that had not had a holiday, and because of poverty were without a prospect of one from other sources. The number of these schools, it was ascertained, was twenty-five, and the daily attendance in the aggregate was upwards of 3,000 children. To the whole of these schools invitations were sent, and most thankfully accepted. The day fixed was September 29th, and the free use of Petersham Park was secured for that day. The schools assembled that day were from Dockhead, Southwark, Lambeth, Westminster, Marylebone, Paddington, St. Pancras, Islington, Clerkenwell, City, Shoreditch, Bethnal Green, Spitalfields, Whitechapel, Stepney, and Hackney. Arrangements were made with the North London and the South-Western Railway Companies to convey the children from the following stations :— Waterloo-road, Fenchurch-street, Stepney, Hackney, Caledonian-road, and Camden-road, to the station at Richmond. Three special trains were employed—one on the South-Western line, and two on the North London. Fortunately, the train that took the children from Fenchurch-street immediately *preceded* the one the engine of which running off the rails, broke them up, and so stopped the traffic for a considerable time. Had it followed that train, the children from Fenchurch-street and Stepney would have spent the whole morning on the line, locked up in the carriages.

The whole of the children and teachers arrived at Richmond all safe and in good time, when the brass band of the Industrial School, Bridge House, Wandsworth, met them. The band consisted of 7 Cornets, 1 Trombone, 2 Saxhorns, 1 Euphonia, 2 Side Drums, 1 Bass Drum, 2 Clarionets, 1 Cymbal, 1 Triangle. The drum and fife band of the Lambeth School was also present. The bands playing, the children marched three abreast through Richmond to Petersham Park, where the banners of the schools were fixed for the day in the ground, and around which the children of the respective schools assembled for dinner, tea, &c. &c. ; at all other times the schools intermixed, and were dispersed over the park. The games consisted mostly of those that would give good bodily exercise, such as racing, skipping, foot-ball, scrambling, and trials of strength. The ascension of twelve fire balloons at intervals during the afternoon, gave much amusement, especially when two or three were sent off together for an aerial race. So completely were the arrangements made and carried out, that tea, bread-and-butter, and cake, were served out to the whole number, and all satisfied, in forty-five

minutes, the contract being that each child, instead of receiving an allowance, was to have to eat what it required. After tea, all were again dispersed for play. A large supply of fruit was freely distributed. Five marquees were erected, one covering 3,000 square feet, to afford shelter in case of rain; but fortunately, although there had been an early shower, no rain fell after ten o'clock. At a quarter past five the schools again mustered, and, with the bands playing, marched from the park to the station, a distance of over a mile, and left for their homes, which they all reached in safety, greatly delighted with their day's holiday.

The remarks of the Richmond inhabitants, as they observed the children pass through their town, were gratifying to those who overheard them. Some were not, however, satisfied with a *verbal* expression of the pleasure they experienced at seeing so many poor children made happy, if only for one day, but gave expression to their pleasure in a more tangible form, of which the following is one:—

September 20th, 1860.

SIR,—I had the pleasure of seeing a vast number of Ragged School children at Richmond yesterday, and was at a loss which to be most pleased with, the happiness of the poor little things, or the kindness and good nature of the gentlemen in charge of the little band. I take the liberty of enclosing a cheque for £5 for the Society, with my best wishes for the success of the blessed movement.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

A. H. CHRISTIE.

To the Secretary of the Ragged School Union.

The Officers and Committees of the schools taken out on that occasion have since expressed their feelings and opinions, of which the following may be taken as a specimen:—

63, *Welbeck Street, W.*
Sept. 25th, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in expressing the cordial thanks of the Committee of the Lisson Grove Ragged School for the very great enjoyment which was afforded to a portion of their scholars by the excursion to Richmond last week, together with other schools, by means of the tickets which you kindly placed at our disposal.

The whole affair seems to have given great pleasure and entire satisfaction; and those of our Teachers who were able to accompany the children (business, unfortunately, prevented *my* doing so) speak of the whole of the arrangements as being most complete and excellent, and liberal in all respects.

We hope all the others enjoyed it as much, and returned home without inconvenience or accident, as our did.

I am yours, very truly,

FREDERICK BENHAM.

10, *Amwell Street, Pentonville.*
15th October, 1860.

DEAR SIR,—Annexed I hand you a copy of a Resolution passed at a Committee Meeting of the Vine Street Ragged School, on Thursday, the 27th ultimo. At the same

time I would individually assure you that the children all thoroughly enjoyed themselves, and I did not hear of any colds or inconvenience arising from the dampness of the morning.

Yours, truly,
JAMES DIX, *Hon. Sec.*

Resolved unanimously—

"That the thanks of this Committee be presented to the Ragged School Union, for the excursion given to the children to Richmond; also for the admirable arrangements made for their welfare and comfort. So much did the children enjoy themselves, and have repeatedly referred to the pleasant day they spent, that the kindness of your Committee and friends will not soon be forgotten."

Mr. J. G. GENT,
Secretary of the Ragged School Union.

The sketch of the children in the park, furnished this month, was taken by a Ragged School Teacher, who went to Petersham Park for the purpose, and who, without any charge, prepared the same for the engraver.

THE RIGHT HON. C. B. ADDERLEY, M.P., ON EDUCATION.

EDUCATION is divisible into three branches or stages—that of boys, which prepares for manhood; that of youth, which prepares for the business of life; and that of adults, which includes the business of life, and fits them for the life to come. Leaving the third stage, which is not within my province, the first and second are distinguishable by the terms "general education," and "apprenticeship" for the business of life. General education bore a triple division. It extended to twenty-one years. The first, or rudimentary stage, reached to the age of ten; the second, the education of boyhood, to eighteen; and the third from eighteen to twenty-one. Up to ten years of age all classes were enjoying the same instruction. After that age, those who lived by the profits of trade sent their children to commercial or proprietary schools, while the poor made use of the National schools. The richer classes sent their children at this stage to large private schools, or to such establishments as Eton, Harrow, and Rugby. In the third stage, from eighteen to twenty-one, the richer classes enjoyed the Universities, and then their apprenticeship for life commenced. The middle classes, when they had finished their second stage, usually began their "apprenticeship" of life by entering on the business of their fathers, becoming merchants or farmers, or devoting themselves to some art or profession. The poorer classes habitually left off their general education at the end of the first stage. General education tends to make a man—the apprenticeship a man of business. When general education ended the business of self-education commenced, and this was greatly facilitated by libraries, mechanics' institutes, and a cheap, sound, and healthy literature. The question to consider was, Whether legislation was called for in connection with any of these classes of education; and, if so, where? At what point was the pressure of legislation required? It was not required in the case of the Universities. Legislation had lately taken place in the way of leading to an improvement of the internal government of the Universities, and giving them the power to reform abuses and extend their powers of usefulness, and they

had so far shown symptoms of extending their sphere of usefulness by those middle-class examinations by which they tested the progress, and raised the standard, of education in our middle-class schools. One of the first and most practical forms of extending the usefulness of the Universities would be by their cheapening the process of education, by reducing the expenditure, both collegiate and private, of students, so as to admit persons of moderate means to obtain the advantages of a University education. Then, again, legislation was not required in the schools of the upper classes. With regard to the great public schools, they ought also to cheapen the process of education; and, indeed, the country was already teaching them to do so, for they would have to cheapen their process in order to hold their own against public schools, now being carried on at a much less cost, and as instances may be named the Marlborough School and the High School of Edinburgh. In the case of endowed and commercial schools used by the middle classes legislation was necessary, and it is hoped will not be long delayed, to render the valuable endowments which we had in this country for the education of the middle classes more available than they now were. Let greater power be given to the Charitable Trusts Commission to deal with those schools—power to introduce easy, inexpensive remedies, to take measures in non-contentious cases to introduce reforms without application being necessary to the Judges or the Attorney-General. These schools were of great advantage to the middle classes. The upper classes had both the means and the pride that would lead them to thoroughly educate their children. The lower middle class, as they might be termed, had been deprived of the means of education intended for them. The upper classes were sure to look to their children; the poorer were provided for out of the public Treasury; and he hoped, therefore, the funds connected with these schools would be made available for the middle classes. With regard to the case of the humbler classes educated at the National school, no coercion ought to be used, nor should parents be violently induced to keep their children at school when they found they were fit to earn wages. At ten years of age their general education usually ended, and then they were left to the short intermitting education of the night schools and of institutions of various kinds. Night schools, so far as they were *bonâ fide* schools for the poor, had legitimate claims on the funds of the country; but encouragement should not be given to schools for the higher class of artisans obtaining State support. We have lived to see the evils of physical pauperisation in this country; let us not run the risk of encouraging the still worse moral pauperisation of the people.

The most important point for consideration in the programme laid down was the education subsidised by the national Treasury. We had been 20 years subsidising education. The sums granted had reached £800,000, and it was increasing at the rate of about £100,000 annually. Yet there had been no reluctance on the part of Parliament to vote these sums, and it was believed it would be ready to give double the sum if a way could be found rightly to spend it. The present system had, no doubt, its defects as well as its advantages. Was it possible to remedy any of these defects by legislation? On this subject something might be learnt from the free States of America and the Continent, though I thought nothing could be learnt from the autocratic States of Europe. It was not to France or Austria, or even to Prussia, that we were to look. In those countries they were labouring to prop up old systems and seeking to stereotype the past; but we were looking to the future. We saw that the great mass of the people were passing into power. We saw it

not only without dismay, but with pleasure, as a development of the greatness of this nation. We said to those masses, "So far as you are prepared for power, have it at once; and so far as you are not, we will facilitate your preparation for it." The autocratic powers may develop best the machinery of education, but freedom develops best the spirit of education. England is the only civilised country in which the system of education has no element of compulsion. Even in the new England States the State Legislatures look into the affairs of the townships, and compel the initiated to be taken by any township which is found deficient in education. Now, we might take this hint, and so far supplant the system of subsidising as to provide that, when the inspectors reported a want of education in any part of England, the Board in London should have power to send to that locality, and to require them to make provision for the education of the people. Let them have time—12 months, say—to elicit voluntary action: but if that was not done, then let the central power direct that the ratepayers should provide a school, and decide among themselves what kind of a school it should be. Many were afraid of too much centralisation, but it was, in truth, impossible to succeed without the mixture of central and local influence. In the United States they had eliminated religious instruction from their schools, and there was a prevalent notion that they conducted it cheaper in consequence; but the fact was that the cost of education in New England was very nearly the same as in England, where the religious teaching was believed to cause an enormous cost. It is hoped we shall not go on for ever discouraging ourselves by disparaging what was going on in England and exaggerating what was going on in foreign countries. One is sometimes astounded at the exaggerations of which the description of education in foreign countries mainly consisted. In the case of the United States it was found from their own writers that there were great defects in their mode of teaching; and in Canada loud complaints were heard of the inferiority of the school commissions in point of Education. On the Continent of Europe, are found the strongest symptoms of imperfect education, and the grossest superstitions, and, in times of constitutional trial, violent agitation. In England it was found that the social struggles which were inseparable from a free community, and even expressed its health, were conducted without violence. We have seen a great struggle between employers and employed, and in that struggle there had been an appeal to right reason. They had vindicated the dignity of scientific principles, and had not exhibited the mere blind impetuosity of ignorance. The people of this country had for many years, slowly and patiently, but surely, obtained many great reforms—as many great reforms as a neighbouring country had had revolutions—and even the classes in this country who, by their position, had to make the concession of these reforms had made them, if slowly, at all events with a good grace. If a tree must be judged of by its fruit, these were not the fruits of an uneducated nation.

A ROUGH PASSAGE, BUT A HAPPY LANDING.

It is a bitter cold night; the wind is piercing; the moon shines clear and bright, and the frozen ground is as hard as iron. I was glad to get home; and now that I am seated before a blazing fire, it is as much as I can do to keep my-

self warm. My fingers get so cold moving this pen. I said I was glad to get home; but what must they be suffering who have no home to go to? And there are many poor little boys and girls in London, to-night, who have neither home nor friends. I saw a boy in Long Acre, to-day, that I cannot get out of my mind. He was standing at the door of a cook's shop, looking eagerly in at the steaming pies and roasted beef that he smelled, but dared not taste. He did not appear to have a shirt, and his feet were bare a long way above the ankles, and blue and swollen with the cold. I said he was standing; but he could not stand still, or his feet would soon have been powerless, and perhaps have stuck to the frozen pavement; so he kept lifting up one foot, then another, as fast as he could. Poor boy! where can he be to-night? Perhaps dying on a door-step. I think he was not more than eight years old; but what a long life eight of *his* years must be! But sometimes death takes these poor children away early; and if they know the Saviour, it can hardly come too soon.

This boy reminded me of poor James S., whose deathbed I will not soon forget. *He* had a place to live in, but you could scarcely call it a *home*. It was in a wretched court in Westminster. His father and mother were drunkards, and they left poor James to wander about without food, and almost without clothes;

> A child with bloodless cheek;
> Poor wanderer, pale and weak;
> Whose heart had never learnt to share
> The kindness of a mother's care.

He never had any shoes or stockings in his life, until he got a pair at the Ragged School, and he could not wear them, his feet were so swollen and chapped by the frost. At last he caught a cold, which settled on his lungs, and brought on consumption. When his teacher went to see him, he was lying in a corner of the miserable room, on a pallet of dirty straw. The mother brought him the only chair in the place; it was but the frame of one, for it had scarcely any bottom. A large deal box, which stood in the middle of the floor, served as a table. James's mother was dirty and ragged. She thought more about getting drink than cleaning the room. The floor was filthy; the walls were black and dirty; there was no bed, no drawers, no nice things on the mantel-shelf, no books but a few little ones James got at the Ragged School; the door had been battered and broken, and the frosty wind was drifting the flakes of snow through the shattered window that had once been patched with a piece of newspaper. A dreary, dreadful place this, for one to die in! But James had a better home to go to—a home in heaven; for he had learned to love the Saviour; and now he felt glad that he would so soon be with him. He knew that he was dying, and he asked his friend to read to him, and tell him more about the love of Jesus.

On calling another day, his teacher found him much worse, and evidently about to die. He was very anxious about his brother and sister, who stood at the side of the cold straw pallet on which he lay. He first said to his brother, "George, you must try to be a good boy, and pray to God to give you a new heart;" and then he told his little sister she must go to school, where she would learn about Jesus and the way to heaven. His father and mother were also in the room, looking for the last time on their dying boy. Turning his clear, bright eyes upon his mother, he said, "Oh, mother! will you give up drinking and go to chapel, and pray for a new heart? I would like to meet you in heaven. Do, mother!"

The mother's cold, withered heart was full; tears ran down her squalid cheeks; she sobbed aloud. The dying request of her own boy came upon her like a voice from the grave. In her conscience she felt she had never been a mother to him, and that his death was brought on through her neglect. And yet he speaks to her words of tenderness and love: "*I would like to meet you in heaven, mother!*"

When he had revived a little—for he was very weak, and could scarcely speak—he told his father he would soon die, but that he was going home to God. With a most anxious, sorrowful look, he then said, "Will you give up swearing, father, and bad words, and begin to read the Bible, and go to a place of worship? Oh! *do* father; and pray to God for a new heart, or we shall never meet again." The father could not answer a word, but stood wiping away the tears with the tattered sleeve of his flannel jacket; but the mother answered for him, and said, "He will, James—*yes, he will!*"

Little Mary, in the next room, was very ill of the same complaint. She had been at school with James, and he requested his mother to carry him to see her for the last time. He kissed the little girl very tenderly, told her Jesus loved her, and then bade her farewell. He was brought back to his straw pallet, but his work was not yet finished. His grandmother had been kind to him, but she was not there to see him die. He said to his teacher, "Tell grandmother to give up buying things on Sunday, and read the big Testament you gave her, and go to chapel."

Prayer was then offered for the little sufferer, and in less than an hour afterwards he exchanged his wretched home and cold straw bed for the white robes and the palm of victory, and a place among the redeemed on high!

Correspondence.

WHY GOVERNMENT WILL NOT HELP RAGGED SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of the Ragged School Union Magazine.

Sir,—I was sorry to read your *résumé* of the history of Government Grants for Education, in the October number. The facts detailed too clearly evidence that what the State—or, rather, Parliament, seeing that the one is merely a reflex of the other—will not do for the waifs and strays of society, it will lavishly do for the children of well-to-do publicans (!) and small shopkeepers. Not that I think that Government aid to Ragged Schools would prove anything but "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare." For it would only place the genuine Ragged School worker in the position of Samson, when shorn of his strength by Delilah, and bound hand and foot by the mocking Philistine. And why say I this? Simply because, if the blessing of the Almighty has accompanied the movement from the first, it is because the grand aim of the workers has been to fit the outcast and the depraved for that city which hath no sorrow, because it is without sin. Hence, whatever were the secular or industrial elements introduced—and so long as man is a compound being, the secular and the spiritual cannot be divorced—

it was simply because Ragged School Teachers wished, in imitation of Paul, "to become all things to all men that they might win some!" Yes, the object of the genuine Ragged School Teacher is not to give our British Pariahs a smattering of mathematics or geography, but to so tame the wild human soul as to render time the vestibule to a happy eternity. Now the humble agents usually employed, and the *outré* plans they are often necessarily compelled to adopt, can scarcely be appreciated by men versed in the logic of the schools,—though the social results may command their praise. Some of our friends have, however, arrived at a different conclusion from the large majority of Ragged School Teachers, and think that a State crutch would assist them up the hill Difficulty they are called to scale. But hitherto, however, their expectations have been frustrated, either by the proper requirements of Her Majesty's inspectors, or by the stringent unelastic rules of the Committee of Council on Education. Two facts which have recently come under my notice will fitly illustrate this position.

Having placed it under Government inspection, the Committee of the Rotherhithe Ragged School applied for the usual capitation grant. In accordance with the Government regulation, a list of those scholars who had attended 176 days during the past year was furnished, and the Committee expected a cheque for the sum thus *earned*. But a question followed—"What weekly fee do the scholars pay?" As, being a genuine Ragged School, no fee is paid, the capitation grant was at once refused, as it is only accorded to schools which charge at least one penny per week. But some may, however, imagine that the grant was really refused because the school was disorderly, and thus, that the nominal was not the true reason. In reply, it may be intimated, that the Rotherhithe Ragged School is taught by a Master who has passed his examination for a certificate, and can compete with most British and National Schools as regards organisation and order; and many of higher pretensions would be much improved in discipline were they to take this humble Ragged School as a model.

But a still more striking confirmation of your statement, that, if Ragged Schools are to receive State aid, "they must alter the character of their schools, so as to come within one of the recognised classes," has just come under my notice. The Ragged School in Bradmore Lane, Hammersmith, applied for pupil teachers for the Boys' School. Two lads, having teaching talents, were selected, and passed their examination before Her Majesty's Inspector. The Committee naturally expected that these lads would be apprenticed, but their hopes were as completely crushed by the following minute of the Council on Education, as tender corn is by a blighting east wind:—

"My Lords have had under consideration the Report of Her Majesty's Inspector on the above-named School, and on the Candidates for apprenticeship in it. The apprenticeship of these Candidates cannot be sanctioned, as the School is not in charge of a Certificated or Registered Master."

But, after all, this apparently was not the real, but merely the *formal* reason for the refusal: for the following tabulated note of the Inspector on the Boys' School probably gives a clue to the under-current at work:—

"The children are all of the poorer class, and attend very irregularly. It is at present conducted on a false system. *The children ought to pay, and the School be put upon the footing of a 'National School,'* with thoroughly qualified teachers. It would then probably rise, both intellectually and financially."

Like the Rotherhithe Ragged School, this Institution is in a satisfactory state as regards both discipline and attainments. So obvious is this the case as regards the Girls' School, that the same Inspector reports that—

"The tone is still good; and although the attainments of the children are not high, the School seems to do good to the class of children to which it is at present confined."

Why then, a school consisting exclusively "of the poorer class," and which does "good to the class of children to whom it is at present confined," should be turned into a pay National School—in other words, an academy for the children of small shopkeepers—is a mystery to any one who does not occupy the standpoint of a Government Inspector.

These two illustrations of what Government will *not* do for Ragged Schools, I leave for the consideration of your readers; especially for that section who imagine that they can accept State gold without in the sequel finding themselves strangled by *red tape*. The Ragged School Union have wisely left the acceptance or rejection of State Grants an open question. But it is right that the local friends should know *how* the Government views the question, before they seek for such aid. From all that has lately transpired, whether in Parliamentary debate, or in Privy Council practice, it is too clear that the State will only help those who ought, from their position or income, to be above accepting a State subsidy, or else that Ragged Schools must be so changed in their primary features as to render that appellation only a misnomer. Hence, I trust, that those who feel that the soul of the most depraved child is of equal value to that of the proudest prince, will continue to rely on Him who hath hitherto provided both funds and labourers, and not be tempted to "trust to this broken reed, this Egypt; whereon if a man lean, it will go into his hand, and pierce it" (Isa. xxxvi. 6). Go down to Egypt for help we can, if we so will; but let us beware lest we only return with the galling shackles of the slave. And even were this not so, and Government Grants could be accepted by Ragged Schools without the religious element being ignored, let us not forget what has been so pithily stated by the leading Journal, that, "a nation is a very rough sort of material, and its virtue, when we get it, is not manufactured by Act of Parliament!"

Q. IN THE CORNER.

The Children's Gallery.

TOMMY, THE DYING RAGGED SCHOOLBOY.

IN one of our London Ragged Schools, a boy, Thomas H——, had, for several months, attended the week-night school. He was the eldest of five children. His parents could neither read nor write. They did not attend any place of worship, and were living in ignorance of the Holy Scriptures and of a future state of eternal happiness or misery. The boy was very anxious to learn to read and write, and gradually became able to do so, though imperfectly. This knowledge was of great service to his parents. He procured employment at a few shillings weekly; and, on leaving his daily work, would come direct to the school. He was always very attentive when the Word of God was being read and explained, and showed marked interest and pleasure in hearing of the Divine Jesus—of his having come down

from heaven to this world to die for sinners—of his miracles—and life of love and holiness.

It pleased God, a short time since, that young Tommy should be laid on a bed of sickness. He expressed a great desire, through his mother, for his teacher to visit him, to read and speak to him about Jesus, and to pray for him. This the teacher did. The poor boy expressed himself as being so much happier after he had himself prayed, and when prayer was offered up for him at the throne of heavenly grace; and took delight in hearing read, and conversing about, the gracious Saviour, and his great salvation. The hope of heaven cheered him, and the name of Jesus was sweet and precious to him.

He was very patient under his affliction, and said that if it were God's will he should not live, he was not afraid to die; for he loved and trusted in Jesus; and he felt Jesus loved him, and all his sins were forgiven for Jesus' sake. When near his death, perceiving his mother, and young brothers and sisters, crying by his bedside, he begged of them not to cry at his dying; he was prepared to die, for he was going to heaven, and they, too, would be there with him for ever, if they would love Jesus.

Knowing that his weekly earnings had been of much service towards obtaining necessaries for their very humble home, he, on one occasion, said to his mother, "Mother, you will miss my money on a Saturday when I am dead, but I know Jesus will be a friend to you, and not let you want, if you ask him."

He often spoke kindly of his companions at the Ragged School, some of whom visited him; and not long before his death, he said to the teacher, "Tell the boys not to forget me. I should like to see them all with Jesus in heaven."

Feeling he was fast sinking, he remarked, "It will soon be over—it will not be long now—Oh, God, take me!" A few moments before his death his teacher said to him, "Do you feel Jesus is with you?" he replied, "Yes." "You love him?" "Yes." "Do you feel that he loves you?" "Yes." "Do you feel happy, and that you will soon be with Jesus?" "Yes, I do."

Tommy was much attached to his mother, who scarcely left his bedside. As he was dying he held out his little hand, and said, "Mother, mother!" and clasping her hand in his, calmly, peacefully, and happily, his spirit passed away into the presence of his Saviour and Redeemer whom he so much loved.

Two of the elder boys of the school, at their own wish, assisted in bearing the body of their schoolfellow to the grave.

The recital, by the teacher, of the circumstances attending poor young Tommy's death, to his former schoolfellows, and of his having made peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, made a deep impression on them.

God grant that each of our young readers may come to Jesus, and believe and trust in him as their only Saviour, to the salvation of their souls; and love to read and hear his Holy Word, as did young Tommy. They will never regret it; for our dear gracious Saviour himself will be their teacher, and will never leave nor forsake them, and no one shall pluck them out of his hand. Ask of him, in prayer, to give you his Holy Spirit, that you may learn of him who is meek and lowly of heart, and he will give you wisdom in your ignorance, guidance in perplexity, peace in trouble, comfort and joy in sorrow, and preserve you in every time of temptation.

Give your hearts to Jesus now you are young. He loves children now, as he loved them when he was upon earth, and when he said "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not;" and he says, also, in his Holy Word, "I love them that love me, and those that seek me *early* shall find me." Come, then, to Jesus at once; he is ready to receive and bless you, and will in no wise cast you out from his gracious love. He will be your guide through your life, and, when you die, you will dwell with him in heaven for ever.

Papers, Original and Selected.

SCHOOL FOR THE RAGGED, THE VAGRANT, AND THE CRIMINAL.

["*Times*" *Leading Article, October* 11*th*, 1860.]

MR. CHARLES DICKENS has recorded as his latest observation of metropolitan life that three things in this modern age and this vacation season appear to be clamorously required of man in the streets of London:—First, that he should have his boots cleaned; secondly, that he should eat a penny ice; and, thirdly, that he should get himself photographed. On the origin and development of the last two of these latter-day duties we shall not speculate at present, but the first on the list is in reality an expression of a social revolution on which for some years past the most active philanthropists of the country have been earnestly engaged. Who are these little shoeblacks who beset the thoroughfares of the metropolis, and whose fixed stations and regular uniforms betray so systematic an organisation of juvenile labour? What would they be if they were not shoeblacks and had still taken to the streets? What were they before they were shoeblacks? and how did they obtain appointments to their respective "brigades"? All that industry must in any case have found some field or other. That energy of professional practice which is hardly surpassed by the importunity of a Jewish salesman must have had its vent, and the urchin who presses his services upon you in the way of honest trade would probably have been as indefatigable in a different calling but for the agencies which made him what he is. The truth is, this new profession is a safe opening for a considerable class in early years. It is an easy, eligible, and remunerative trade, standing in much the same relation to ragged schools that "civil service" occupies towards greater seminaries. One class wants its "openings" as well as another. The children of the poor and the reckless must have their chance like the rest. If they are not, in some way or other, fairly trained and fairly set to work, they will go to work after a fashion of their own, and will

prey upon the community, which, in neglecting them, has neglected its proper duties. What all this was coming to only a few years ago most readers will be able to recollect; what the present state of affairs is like may be learnt from the very best authority by reference to another of our columns.

It must have been with extreme satisfaction that Mr. Hill, in delivering his customary charge to the Grand Jury at Birmingham, found himself able on that occasion to report such substantial progress in the work which he has so zealously promoted. It is not every philanthropist who can look back upon nine years of efforts so productive. The great duty with which Mr. Hill charged himself was the diminution of crime, and the special process which he advocated was that of cutting off the supplies by which the criminal population was fed. His argument was that thieving was a profession, learnt by the young, and practised regularly till the law put a termination to the career. There was a certain period of life at which the class from which thieves were furnished was amenable to treatment. Little vagrants who were not yet thieves, or not confirmed thieves, might be captured in time to save them from that fate, and turn them towards some better pursuit. Besides the good thus conferred upon the immediate objects of reform, there was the advantage devolving on society. Extinguish the class of boy thieves, and the class of men thieves would be reduced enormously. In other words, crime itself would be diminished almost beyond conception, for it was a thoroughly accepted maxim in these matters that a very small proportion of criminals became such after an original start in an honest calling.

But what were to be the means for accomplishing such a work? They were of various descriptions, but all falling under one title—education. Teach the innocent to avoid crime, the contaminated to throw it off, the depraved to forsake it; but teach always. *Establish schools for three separate classes—"ragged schools," or free day schools, for those who have only to learn; "industrial schools" for those who have made a beginning in vice; and "reformatories" for those who have fixed habits to unlearn.* Keep these institutions in operation, and the perishing and dangerous classes must soon be absorbed in classes contributing to the benefit rather than the injury of society. The thing was done—not, of course, perfectly, or without drawbacks, but done so far that Mr. Hill now declares the results to be visible to the most careless observer. He affirms that nobody can mistake the case; that the swarm of street

depredators has been greatly diminished, and that the practical success of the preventive and reformatory establishments has been placed beyond question. Far be it from us to doubt it. With the evidence of our daily columns before us we feel unable, indeed, to admit that crimes, even of the most heinous character, are decreasing in frequency or disappearing from view, but the full effects of reformatory practice will not, perhaps, be felt for another generation, and it is, of course, obvious to remark that, whether the standard of public morality be high or low, it might have been much lower but for the measures adopted to improve it.

The only question is whether we are all on the right tack, whether we should look more to prevention, or more to reform; whether we should concentrate our efforts on the young and uninjured, or bestow a little care on plucking brands out of the burning. It would be hard to say which process Mr. Hill regards with the greatest admiration. He begins by eulogising reformatories, but ends with a most earnest commendation of ragged schools. He will not allow that prevention is better than cure, if it is meant by the application of the proverb to withhold cure from those who have come to need it. In this he is plainly right, for if the argument of his opponents could be substantiated it might be turned to the disparagement of medicine altogether. Still, although it is probable that cure will always be needed, however active may be our measures of prevention, it is evidently better to make a stand at the latter point than to take post at the former. We might borrow, indeed, Mr. Hill's own reasoning, and urge that exactly as he hopes by reclaiming small peculators to extinguish the race of adult thieves, so we may expect by picking every child out of peril to destroy the class of small peculators. If reformatories are to supersede prisons, why may not schools supersede reformatories? Of course, it will be answered that we can never hope for absolute success in any of these cases, but we may at least see where we can act to the greatest advantage.

Mr. Hill adverts to a particular point in the case which deserves especial attention. His labours in this field of charity have shown him how much depends, for good or ill, on personal influences. Turn a clever lad loose upon the streets, and he will not only become a thief, but a captain of thieves. He will teach the trade to others, who will follow him with admiration and obedience, executing his behests and imitating his achievements. Just so is it in the ragged school. A clever teacher will enchain the minds of the lads under

his care and will make them follow as he pleases, but such teachers are rare, and when they are met with must fetch their price. Qualifications of this kind are as precious as any other faculties. In a ragged school they are worth more than the highest literary attainments. To impress, control, and guide these hardy, careless, wayward, but not unmanageable children, requires a kind of Garibaldi, and Garibaldis are scarce. Let no one think, therefore, that they are unworthy of their hire, or that little is needed either in money or wit for the management of schools like these. The work can be done; that, at any rate, has been proved; but, besides the devotion of men like Mr. Hill, it calls for the liberal co-operation of the public.

LORD PALMERSTON ON RAGGED SCHOOLS.

THE Premier presided at a very large and influential gathering of the Yorkshire friends of Ragged Schools, in the Leeds Music Hall, on Friday, October 26th. The occasion was the annual meeting of the Leeds Ragged School Society and Shoe-black Brigade. Lord Palmerston was introduced by Mr. Beckett, and was supported by the Earl Fitzwilliam, the Lord Bishop of Ripon, Sir J. P. Kay Shuttleworth, Sir Stuart Donaldson, Sir Peter Fairbairn, the Hon. W. Cowper, M.P., E. Baines, Esq., M.P., Rev. J. Blomefield, Rev. E. Monro, Rev. P. M'Owan, Dr. Hardwick, &c. &c.

Lord Palmerston having taken the chair, called upon Mr. R. B. Jowitt, the hon. secretary, who read the report.

The noble Lord, on again rising, was received with cheers. He said: Ladies and Gentlemen—and I put the ladies before the gentlemen not simply on account of that courteous deference which is due always to their sex, but because we are met upon an occasion of charitable benevolence; and on occasions of charity and benevolence the ladies always take precedence, from the kindness of their nature, over the male part of the community. There cannot, I am sure, be anything more interesting to the minds of all those who sympathise with the condition of their fellow-creatures than institutions of this description, and they may justly be considered as ranking among those great social improvements which have been made in our arrangements during modern times. Undoubtedly it is not in recent times only that the benevolence and active charity of the wealthy and the prosperous have been directed to the bettering of the condition of those in the humbler classes of life, but formerly the attention of men were directed simply to affording bodily relief—the comforts of the body were considered to be sufficient to occupy the attention of those who wished to relieve their fellow-creatures. It is only of late years that public attention has been actively and successfully directed to the minds of men, as well as to their bodily comfort—and there can be no institution more usefully applicable to the intellectual and moral culture of the rising generation, than that for the encouragnment of which this distinguished meeting is now assembled. If we look upon it simply as regards the poor

creatures who are the objects of the institution, it is plain that nothing can be more praiseworthy and nothing more useful than institutions of this sort, in their effect. We all know that from the arrangements of Providence it is impossible to expect that in large communities there shall not be the rich and the poor—it is impossible to hope that any human arrangements shall entirely relieve the humbler classes of society from the pinching effects of poverty, and all those afflictions, physicial and mental, which arise from such a condition; but wealth and comfort may relieve the afflictions of poverty, and there cannot be a better direction for generosity than that which this institution points out. There must be in all great communities a large class of this description. The greater the community, the greater the development of industry; and the greater the accumulation of population, the more will this class exist. There must be in a great community a vast number of children who either have parents whose poverty prevents them from caring as they ought to do for them, or whose imprudent and dissolute habits render them negligent and indisposed to give that care and attention which even their limited means might enable them to afford. There must also be many who by the visitation of Providence have been at the earliest period of life deprived of those parents upon whose care and attention they ought to have relied. In those cases institutions of this sort step in—they rescue the poor child from the improvidence, from the neglect of those parents; they rescue the orphan from that destitution which too often besets him; they give to those children early habits of industry, early habits of order, early instruction of a moral and religious description—early instruction in those things which may conduce afterwards to their success in life; and when I see the vast demands which this great city affords for the industry and intelligence of every working man and woman, I think I may truly say that those seeds which are thus sown in the minds and bodies of those little children are not sown to run to waste; but as surely as you instruct those children in the habits of a proper, orderly, and moral life, in the habits of procuring by their industry their livelihood, so sure will it be that when they come to an age at which their labour may be properly employed, they are certain of finding an adequate demand for that labour, and a proper remuneration for its exercise. As far, then, as sympathy for these unhappy little beings extends you would have adequate, completely adequate, motives for assisting institutions of this kind; but if we take a larger view, and look upon these institutions as bearing upon the social interests of the country, we shall see in that view also the strongest possible motives for encouraging and enlarging them. One of the great evils of civilised society is the uncivilised portion of the community. There must —and it is in vain to hope it should not be—there must and will be in every great community a certain amount of crime, of offence, of dissolute habits, of recklessness and improvidence; but the amount of these evils will greatly depend upon the direction which is given in the earliest years of life to the minds of the rising generation. It is true that it may sometimes happen that those who have instilled into their minds in early childhood the best principles may yield to temptations, be led away by fortuitous circumstances, and desert those paths in which they were early instructed to go; but those cases are comparatively rare, and you will find that the great offence and misfortune—for crime is misfortune—the great source of all those evils which afflict large communities and nations, is the want of early and proper instruction of children in the first years of their lives. In moral and intellectual matters, we may take as examples the means employed in

physical and material matters. If you want to dry up a morass, and to get rid of the noxious exhalations from an unhealthy district, you do not simply go and pump out the water which lies stagnant of the surface of the ground, but you go to the source of the evil, to the heads of the springs which percolate through this marshy district, and by turning them into new channels, diverting them from the country which they have impregnated, you lead them into healthy currents for the uses of mankind; and at the same time turn that which was only a noxious morass into profitable, fertile, and healthy land. In the same way I say you should intercept the sources of crime at the fountain head. Inculcate early in the minds of the children of the country maxims of religious and moral principles. Teach them betimes the value and importance of rules, regulations, and order; teach the child, even in his school hours, to be obedient to certain regulations, and you will find that when he becomes a man he will be equally ready to submit to the laws of his country, and to maintain order in the society of which he is a member. If, then, we succeed in this—if we rescue from vice and crime a vast number of those unhappy children, who, if left to all the hazards and temptations to which their condition exposes them, would become criminals and victims of the law, I say you will be conferring an enormous benefit upon society—a benefit not confined to the day, not confined to the creatures who are the objects of your charity, but a benefit which every day becomes more and more extensive, which prevades every class of society, and the advantage of which will be felt in future generations as well as in the present.

The Bishop of Ripon, in an excellent practical speech, proposed the following resolution: "That this meeting is deeply impressed with the necessity of providing some means for the rescue and elevation of the children of the most destitute and degraded classes of the population."

The motion was seconded by E. Baines, Esq., M.P., and unanimously adopted.

Sir J. P. Kay Shuttleworth, Bart., moved: "That this meeting is of opinion that the establishment of ragged schools has been productive of much good in diminishing crime and ignorance; and that a large extension of this species of benevolence is imperatively demanded in our large and populous towns and cities."

Mr. W. E. Foster seconded the resolution, which was supported by Sir Stuart Donaldson, and adopted unanimously.

Sir Peter Fairbairn having taken the vacated chair,

Mr. Darnton Lupton, President of the Leeds Chamber of Commerce, moved, and Mr. Joy seconded, a vote of thanks to Viscount Palmerston for presiding.

The motion was carried by acclamation, and Lord Palmerston having briefly acknowledged it, the proceedings terminated.

His lordship was cheered enthusiastically as he quitted the hall.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A RAGGED BOY.

(*Continued from page* 249.)

On page 249 we left poor Jack in Maidstone Jail, to which he had been sent, under the Vagrant Act, for having been found sleeping under a hay-stack. Upon

the release of himself and companion, some money was given them, and they set off for London. They arrived in Bermondsey about nine o'clock in the evening, and made for the workhouse; outside of which, on the pavement, were about fifteen to twenty boys, all lying huddled together fast asleep. Jack did not quite understand this, and was going to knock and ask admission, but was stopped by a policeman, who told him he could not go in, and must go somewhere else. Jack determined to make the "best of a bad job," and laid himself down with the other boys, and slept until "the break of day," when he arose and trudged away to Covent Garden market, and got what jobs he could, and in the afternoon went into a soup shop, and there meeting his old companions, related his adventures, with many additions. Jack had not changed his clothes for some time; and when we consider the variety of employment, his love of dirt, and his habits of "open-air" sleeping, they might be said to present a very unwholesome appearance. Several of his companions being in no better condition, they all agreed to get some fresh clothes that evening. But how were these boys, who had little or no money, to get fresh clothes? asks the uninitiated. The "ragged boys" of London have a way of obtaining a suit of clothes, with employment, board and lodging for some days, and all without any charge to themselves. The plan is a somewhat peculiar one, and one which Jack and his mates (six in all) determined to put into execution that evening. As soon as it was dusk they all went up a gateway, stripped, destroyed their clothing, and soon after, emerging in a state of complete nudity, began capering about the street. The attention of a policeman was of course soon called to it. He placed them all in a cab and took them to the police station. The inspector on duty sent to the workhouse and obtained some clothes, which were given to the boys, and they were locked up all night, and next morning taken before the magistrate, who sent them to prison for one month. Arrived at the prison they were invested in the prison dress, and having served the time of imprisonment, the clothes that had been obtained from the workhouse were given them, and they were discharged. Jack was met outside the prison by a lad of eighteen winters, and who was a leader of a gang of petty thieves, and who rejoiced in the *sobriquet* of "Ginger." This "Ginger" tried to induce Jack to join the gang, and told him of many brave deeds which he and his gang had done. Jack being full of the valorous deeds of Jack Sheppard—which he had often seen performed at the Gaff—thought that, perhaps, he might some day be as notorious a character, and consented. He went with his new leader to a place in Clerkenwell, and was introduced to the gang as "one of us," and forthwith incorporated a member of that body by the name of "Colley," on account of his having been in a collier, took the required oaths of allegiance to the leader and his gang, and took his seat as one of its members.

The system adopted by the gang was as follows:—In the day-time they would sleep, or play at pitch and toss, or practice picking pockets, among themselves. This was occasionally varied. When there were executions at the Old Bailey, or Lord Mayor's Show, or a boat-race on the Thames, they never failed to attend. As soon as it was dusk they would go out, in companies of four or five, into those streets where goods were exposed for sale on the shop-boards. Two would go on one side, to give warning of danger, and, if necessary, help; and two or three would be on the opposite side. They would then abstract cheese, bacon, boots, clothes, or anything they could get. All the provisions they sold to a man

who kept a chandler's shop. The boots, clothes, &c., were bought by an old woman who kept a marine store dealer's shop, and who was called "Mother Nash." At night time they would go into some soup-shop where they were known, and where they could hide in case of danger, and divide the proceeds of the evening's plunder. When they wanted clothes they would go to Petticoat Lane on a Sunday morning, and purchase second-hand ones; and frequently, when they had been fortunate, they would spend the money in luxuries, sometimes give it away, and at others even *throw* it away.

This sort of life pleased Jack exceedingly at first; the excitement, the independence, and the frequent chases with the shopkeepers, in which he generally came off the victor, furnished a great variety. Jack was very comfortable, and went to the Gaff every now and then when not otherwise engaged. But happiness is not lasting in this world. The members of the gang were frequently wanted by those gentlemen known as detectives, and these gentlemen generally took two or three at a time. But then the gang often received additions; *some of whom were boys who had good homes to go to and respectable parents, able and willing to keep them, but who, from the lessons they received at the Gaff, preferred this mode of living.*

Jack was not more fortunate than the rest; one day, to show his daring, he went into a baker's shop and stole a loaf of bread; he was pursued, caught, and taken before a magistrate, who sentenced him to one calendar month.

Troubles seldom come alone; he had not been released many days when he was taken in the act of stealing bacon, for which he received three months imprisonment; soon afterwards he had five months for stealing some rings, then six months for taking a coat. So quickly did one offence follow another, that Jack had been eight times convicted for various thefts, although only sixteen years of age, and had been in four different prisons. On the 9th of one November he was discharged from the House of Correction at Westminster, after serving three months for taking a till; he found his way to the old haunt, but it had been "cracked," through one of the gang "splitting." This he learned from the soup-shop woman, who also told him where they were staying, but said they were at the show (Lord Mayor's), with the exception of "Ginger," who was in "trouble." Jack made his way to Ludgate Hill, and was there looking for his mates, when he noticed an old gentleman in the crowd, from whose coat-tail pocket a silk handkerchief was hanging in a manner too temptingly for Jack. Accordingly Jack, having looked about to see if the "coast was clear," quickly transferred the coveted prize from the gentleman's pocket to his own, and was slipping up a passage when a hand was laid on his shoulder, and he, looking up, found himself in the hands of B——, the well-known City detective. For this offence he was sent to prison for six calendar months.

Jack had by this time arrived at that state of feeling which believes every man's hand to be against him, and, therefore, his hand ought to be against every other. He was, to a certain extent, sick of prison, but he did not care much about it, for he was kept clean, and although the "skilley" was not the most nourishing of food, yet he liked it well enough. He certainly would like a change now and then, and the thought struck him that he would go and see the teacher of the Ragged School, and see if he knew of a ship for him. Upon the day he was released he made up his mind to go that evening and see this teacher. Accordingly, he looked about for a job, so as to get himself some food, and soon had earned a shilling, sixpence for tending a horse, and sixpence for carrying

some parcels; with this he bought himself some food, and evening coming on, he found his way to the Ragged School. In that school one evening in the week was devoted to religious instruction, conducted by voluntary teachers. It was on the "voluntary night" that Jack arrived at the school, and not liking to go up at once to his old teacher, he sat himself down in a class and began looking about him. The school was opened as usual by singing, reading the Scriptures, and prayer. In the chapter read that night Jack heard these words,—"Let him that stole steal no more, but rather let him labour, working with his hands the thing which is good." Jack thought, "I wonder if that is in the book, or whether he means me." After the teaching there was an address, about "Honesty is the best policy," or, as the teacher explained it, "To do what's right is always best." The address made a deep impression upon him, and he began to feel ashamed of himself for having been a thief so long, and imagined all the boys knew he was a thief, and, happening to put his hand to his head, he felt his "short crop," and *knew*, indeed, he was a thief.

The teacher of the class Jack was in that evening had been telling the boys about the thief on the cross, how he prayed to our Saviour and was saved eternally. And this narrative deepened the impression on Jack's mind, which the teacher noticing, spoke to him after school. Jack made himself known to his former teacher, and said he wanted to be honest if he could get work, but that if he were about the streets he knew he could not keep honest. So the teacher finding that he was in earnest gave him a note to the secretary of a refuge, who on his application admitted him. There he was brought under kind discipline, was taught the trade of a carpenter, was well fed, clothed, and cared for, and last, though not least, he was taught to read and love the Bible. After staying at the refuge some time, he was then desirous of emigrating to Canada, having heard that it was a good place to earn an honest livelihood. The committee of the Ragged School Union, and the committee of the Refuge, conjointly paid his passage, and provided him with an outfit. He left England, and on his arrival at Canada had a choice of three places.

He hired himself to a carpenter, and is now doing well, and is a member of a Christian church in Canada West. The religious impressions he received while at the Ragged School and Refuge, went on deepening, until, as we have seen, he decided for Christ. Without prolonging this narrative any further, the best mode of concluding will be with extracts from a letter he wrote to his Ragged School teacher, dated Canada West, 27th November, 1859, being seven years since he left England:—

"I send you my likeness. . . . I am very glad to hear the boys are doing so well, and I shall owe a great deal to them for the good they did to me, and I am deeply indebted to you for your kindness to me ever since I knew you. I hope that God will spare me to see you again in this world, and if not, I hope in the next, where we shall part no more for ever, to dwell with our Lord Jesus Christ for ever. . . . I am sorry that I cannot write all the letters that I would like to write home. I am very sorry that I can't get time to write to Miss ——, for her kindness to me. . . . I was very glad to see her kind love sent to me in your letter. I hope that I will see her myself soon, as I think that I will come home and see you all some winter. . . . I do not mind whether I told you that I joined the Scotch church in my last letter. I became a member the last week in September. . . . I have been in the same neighbourhood

ever since I came to Canada; the people are very good to me, and I am quite happy, and quite at home here. We have a good Sunday School here, which I have belonged to for the last four years back. We have a good Bible class; I belong to the Bible class myself. Times are very hard in Canada now, and have been for some time back, and not likely to be better. Wages are quite low, and work scarce. I have been in the same place two years. I never was out of work since I came to the country. Give my love to Miss ——, and to Mr. ——, and to all the gentlemen of the committee. I would like you to send Mr. ——'s likeness the next letter you write to me. May God bless you all Farewell."

In Memoriam.

Considering the foul atmosphere in which most of the paid Ragged School teachers spend their best hours, to say nothing of their labours, "in season and out of season," in behalf of perishing outcasts, we are ofttimes led to wonder why death does not oftener thin their ranks. That this is not more frequently the case we ascribe to their temperate and regular habits; but, above all, to the fact that, with a special vocation for this Christ-like work, they find recreation in toils which often require a giant's strength. Thus fitly they illustrate the Divine prediction, that in the latter days, "the people that do know their God shall be strong, and do *exploits*" (Dan. xi. 32).

But during the past five months five paid teachers have been called to their eternal home. From personal intercourse, we can vouch that, though paid for their labours, their duties were performed in no hireling spirit. No; love of Christ was their constraining motive; and it took the best, because tangible, form, namely, love to perishing souls. Thus, they daily said to the destitute, both spiritually and temporarily, "We are journeying unto the place of which Jehovah said, I will give it you,—come thou with me, and we will do thee good" (Numb. x. 29).

The first who was called to her eternal reward was Miss Hannah Annie Beresford, who died last July, at the early age of 26. She had long and ably taught as a voluntary teacher at Field Lane. The first time we saw her, about ten years ago, the rough lads, of which her class was composed, were nestling around her to drink in every word; and not a few had the seeds of Divine life sown in their hearts, as their letters testified. The secret of her success—as it is the secret of all fruitage in Ragged School work—was this—she prayed for her flock, she spoke to them in private, and kept up a correspondence with them when they left the school for the busy scenes of life. Her evident vocation—should we not rather say *mission?*—led her to become a paid Ragged School teacher. For this work she showed great aptitude, especially at Brewer's Court, the Ragged School connected with Dr. Cumming's church. Within six months she so remodelled the Day School, as to render it all a Ragged School should be.

But her mental activity was far beyond her physical strength; for having some literary talent, she occupied a portion of her leisure time in contributing to religious periodicals. But overwork accelerated innate tendencies, and consumption claimed its prey. Well-prepared, however, was she for this visitation, for her soul had early found rest in Jesus; and, faithful to his promise, he left her not as she trod the dark valley that leads to the celestial city. What, then, need we say further of our departed sister, save this:—She had a work to do for Christ, and she *did it*. Fellow-labourers, would this be your epitaph?

The next fellow-worker who passed into the silent land was Miss Cunningham who died last September, aged 60. She was among the first of the noble band who laboured in the notorious Devil's Acre of Westminster—the haunt of burglars, coiners, cadgers, and females whose drunkenness was the least sin. This Ragged School, or "School for the Destitute," as it was then called, met in a wretched old stable, well ventilated by holes in the roof, and with the floor rotting with age, over which rats were often seen gambolling. The flock there gathered was as *outré* as the building; for little girls attended wearing their fathers' coats; few had shoes or bonnets; combs had been a luxury unknown to many; and the faces of most spoke of a prevailing hydrophobia. But, before long, this old stable became a true moral pharos, saving thousands from soul-shipwreck, and giving a "place of repentance" to hundreds more. Hence, if about 1,000 scholars and 300 adults are now weekly brought within ear-shot of the Gospel trumpet in this district, it is mainly because the New Pye Street Ragged School was established in 1840. Heartily did Miss Cunningham throw her soul into this missionary work; for not being a person to do things by halves, what she did was done *thoroughly*. The following extract from an old tract gives an insight into her motives and character:—"The Lord opened the heart of an efficient teacher to undertake, for a small salary, this sphere of labour. She felt a constraining power within her—the love of Christ; and she willingly resigned brighter and better worldly prospects to be mistress in the old stable." Nor was her work confined to the school-room; but she visited the homes of her flock, and so brought the knowledge of Jesus' love to their depraved parents. This self-denying work was not unrewarded: if such had been the case, it would have been the first instance of faith not being followed by results. Many thieves and drunkards were reclaimed; poor, outcast females were rescued from lives of shame and infamy; and not a few, through grace, became members of the family of heaven. Hence we do not wonder that many a repentant one still exclaims from the heart, "God bless the old stable!" Failing strength (for she was subject to fits through nervous prostration) compelled her at length to leave this her beloved work-field for less onerous duties; but her memory is still green in many once forlorn hearts, to whom she had pointed out the way to the better country. We are glad to intimate that a few of her old patrons, by means of a small annuity, cheered her declining days. But her work for Christ in this world being over, she hath "entered in through the gates into the city," into the presence of Him whom she loved, and for whom she so long laboured.

The others were not so prominent in Ragged School work. Mrs. Cremer, who heard the voice "Come up higher" in October last, was aged thirty. Mrs. Cremer was the matron of Brook Street Refuge. Though not privileged to labour long, yet from the *heart* she threw into the work was regarded by her rough, yet grateful flock, as a true "mother in Israel." This is real praise, for

none better than our pariahs know the difference between earnestness and *sham*, or so readily discriminate betwixt the pure gold and the counterfeit metal.

In August last, Mr. Bowles, the master of Britannia Street Refuge, was called to give an account of his stewardship, at the age of sixty-one. Like the last-named teacher, his connection with the refuge was of short duration. But still it was sufficiently long to enable him, by his sympathetic words and actions, to win the hearts of the once friendless inmates. One who knew him well states that "he was originally a butcher, in a large way of business, but, from various circumstances, not within his own control, he fell in the world. I believe it was the loss of his worldly goods that was made the means of his conversion. He was a man of rough manners, but of very kind and warm heart."

The last of this sad list was Mrs. Andrews, who died last November, aged fifty-five. She was the teacher of York Mews Ragged School. This school was formerly conducted in Blandford Mews. One fact will indicate the class among whom she was called to labour, namely, that out of 156 on the books, no less than fifty-two were found to be the offspring of parents avowedly of "no religion," on the ground that "they had too much to do to provide for this world to trouble themselves about the next." Their offspring she delighted to point to Jesus, some of whom, we trust, will be her "crown of rejoicing" in the day of the Lord.

And what more need we say of our fellow-workers, when the epitaph indited by the Holy Spirit so fitly indicates their inner life and their closing hours, "These all died in faith." (Heb. xi. 13.) Yes, they had first tasted of the love of Christ, and so, instinct with Divine love, they spoke of his exceeding grace to the waifs and strays of society. It is in this spirit that Ragged School teachers should ever strive to labour. For it is poor work to invite the perishing to Christ, unless we have first felt the exceeding preciousness of his blood. It is a melancholy thought, that after all teachers may be merely used as the scaffolding to the heavenly temple, and never enter its holy precincts. Yet this will be the case with all who do not imitate the apostle, who affirmed, "I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection, lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." (1 Cor. ix. 27.) But, with piety learnt at the foot of the Cross—whether we are called home, like Miss Beresford, in early years, or like Miss Cunningham, when the hair is grey in the Master's service—we may feel assured that we are "immortal till our work is done." For no true-hearted evangelist was ever called home until, like his Divine Master, he could, in his lower measure say, "I have *finished* the work which thou gavest me to do!"

Dear fellow-teacher, is this the spirit in which you are labouring among the outcasts of London? In other words, "Is thine *heart* right?" For it is only when the love of Christ constraineth us to work as missionaries in the festering dens of London, that we are properly equipped for this deadly struggle. O may it be said of every Ragged School teacher, when they are called to the city without change,—"they went forth to go into the land of Canaan, and into the land of Canaan they came." (Gen. xii. 5.)

SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS.

THE expression, "social science" contains an adjective and a substantive, which, until late years, were never brought together. Science was isolated and exclusive; it could investigate the phenomena of nature, it could penetrate the secrets of the stars, it could occupy itself with the history of the earth; but until very recently it never condescended to apply its maxims to questions of a social character, or to change its peculiar application from the regions of abstract thought to those of practical life. It is a significant sign of the times that science can now lay aside her solitariness and bring the results of all her inquiries to bear on social and domestic questions.

The recent proceedings at Glasgow were very instructive and interesting. When such men as Lord Brougham, Sir A. Alison, Sir David Brewster, Sir J. K. Shuttleworth, and others, unite in promoting the welfare of an association which has such objects in view, it is a happy sign for the country in which such meetings are held. Of Lord Brougham's opening speech, and of the subsequent exposition of social jurisprudence, it is hardly possible to speak. Both addresses were long, clear, comprehensive, and exhaustive; and it would be impossible in the limited space we have, to take exception to any statement which might appear, or to object to occasional expressions which do not affect the general tenor of the argument or the conclusion in which it would result.

A very large number of subjects were of course discussed, some of which do not come within our province, some of which do. The Hon. A. Kinnaird read a paper on "Punishment and Reformation," containing sentiments which we have often advocated, and which are worthy of notice. The picture which he drew of the evils resulting from wretched and comfortless abodes, experience amply verifies. "The men and women who live in these places, and the children who are reared up in them, cannot be otherwise than depraved, and hence breakers of the law. Their very existence in such places is in defiance of right principle; and this opposition to right grows up with them, and grows up into them, and must show itself by and by in some fruit—that fruit is crime. You see these emaciated, dirty, slovenly, sottish beings—and none others can grow in such regions—and from these your jails are filled. Let us then begin here, for I contend that we ought, and might to a great extent, anticipate the work of the jailer and deprive him of it." This point is one on which we have long laid great emphasis. We fully recognise the real benefit which reformatories have conferred, and the rescues, which in numerous instances they have effected. Whatever slight defects may arise in their working, the principles on which they are conducted are in the main correct. There is literally no chance for juvenile criminals, after they have once been in prison, to regain an honourable position in society, excepting through the medium of such institutions. When they are released from prison, their character is forfeited, they cannot obtain employment even if they wish, which they seldom do. Between them and the respectable world a great gulf is fixed, the gulf which society always places between itself and those over whom the taint of crime and dishonesty

hangs. We are far from saying that this state of things is wrong; in fact, it is impossible it should be otherwise. If two applicants apply for a situation, both poor, one honest, and the other an ex-prisoner, sympathy for the position in which the dishonest one has placed himself ought not to render us insensible to the prior claim which, in virtue of his unblemished character, the honest one possesses. It would be placing a premium upon crime, and showing a very poor appreciation of goodness, if the man who had lost his character was to be preferred, from sympathy with his position, to the one who, perhaps under very difficult circumstances, had maintained it. Yet, even criminals must live; and when they emerge from prison what are they to do? Their only resource is to return to their previous modes of life; and the last state is of course worse than the first. At this juncture, the reformatory is of great value. The children are saved by being sent to it. The stigma of the jail but very slightly attaches to them. They are removed from the putrid and contaminating atmosphere which they have hitherto breathed; habits of industry are engrafted upon them, they are instructed in useful trades, get accustomed to hard work, and gradually become, first from necessity, then from choice, industrious and honest. Exceptions are to be found, sometimes numerously, to this rule. Some—perhaps many—in spite of kindness and opportunity, will prove incorrigible and relapse into a life of crime; but experience has hitherto shown that cause and effect are generally combined, and that, as a whole, the experiment may be regarded as successful. Notwithstanding the truth of all this, we think, that amidst the earnest and well-meant attempts to cure one of the most serious evils in our social system, there is something more important still, viz., to try and prevent it. The simple adage that "prevention is better than cure," embodies profound wisdom. Now, supposing, for the sake of argument, that *all* our prisoners could be reformed, that as fast as they were committed to prison by the magistrate they could be drafted out again into the reformatory, and that the influences there brought to bear upon them were successful in their recovery and reformation; even this, which is the culminating point of the reformatory system, would be far from a desirable state of things; for it is obvious that if it were possible, and we believe it is so to a large extent, it would be more advantageous to dig up the fountain of crime at its very source, to melt away by a slow, yet certain process, the great mass of our criminals, and, by a well-organized system of prevention, completely to anticipate and render unnecessary a system of cure. By the one system we might hope to see our criminal population diminished, if it did not become quite extinct; but the very highest results that it is possible for the other to secure, are a continual alternation in our criminals of sin, followed by repentance, and departure succeeded by return. Without for a moment relaxing in any attempts to reform those who have already commenced a career of crime, strenuous efforts ought certainly to be made to go lower down still, to lay hold of the juveniles of large towns before they become criminals; to give them secular and religious information; to enable them to obtain an honest livelihood, and by these means to destroy those causes which render reformatories themselves a necessity. The history of Industrial Schools, in various places, proves that this is possible, and that it is also more economical. The

difficulty is in an enormous city like this to provide a sufficient number of schools for the immense masses of children who so earnestly need them; yet, if the public were sufficiently alive to the importance of the question, this might surely be overcome. An Industrial School may be both established and supported at very little expense, and a multiplication of these would go very far to remedy the evil. The majority of boys who become criminals do so for want of honest employment. Their parents have either totally neglected them, or have trained them to dishonest habits; their notions of right and wrong are often confused and distorted; their only possibility of living is by theft. Yet there is nothing so intrinsically beautiful and pleasant in a life of crime to cause them, for its own sake, to desire or prefer it, and if they are taught some trade, and an opportunity afforded them to maintain themselves, they would rather do so than remain in the exercise of their uncertain and perilous vocation. *Industrial* Schools are therefore necessary, in which the children can be taught tailoring, shoemaking, and any other description of work that may be deemed advisable, and by which they may afterwards support themselves. It is certain, that if the public were thoroughly convinced of the superiority and practicability of prevention over cure, they would at once prosecute the work with an energy and zeal that would ensure its success. For this reason the desirability of prevention needs to be insisted upon strongly, for reformation, we fear, monopolizes too large a share of general sympathy. Without denying that the reformation of the offender and his restoration to society are most important objects, yet they ought to be second, though only second, to that of deterring others from the commission of crime; for it is plain that if prevention were fully carried out, crime would cease, there would be no criminals to punish; while the recompense of complete success on the reformatory principle is simply that there would always be criminals to be punished, only they would all be reformed, a perpetual recurrence of moral disease and moral remedy. There is also this undeniable defect in the reformatory system, that it is an arbitrary interference with the moral condition of social life; it removes juvenile offenders from contact with the rough hardworking world, secludes them within a circumscribed space, and preserves their integrity by removing them from all temptation, and actually depriving them of the opportunity of doing wrong. This is at best but an artificial provision, and coming out of a reformatory into the ordinary world must be to a boy like stepping from the heated atmosphere of a conservatory into the cold air without. It would be far better, if it could be done, altogether to supersede reformatories by preventing the creation of criminals.

For these reasons we are very glad to find a gentleman like Mr. Kinnaird talking in an influential meeting like the Social Congress about "anticipating the jailer." Dr. Guthrie subsequently followed in the same strain. He said, "The principle of these schools is expressed by the familiar adage, 'Prevention is better than cure,' and in Scotland we have endeavoured to carry that thought out. Such was our scheme, and no scheme of our day, humane or religious, no invention of the nineteenth century, has been crowned with more complete success. Where these schools have been opened in numbers proportionate to the wants of the locality, the streets have been

cleared of juvenile mendicants, and the prisons have been all but cleared of juvenile criminals. It is little more than a dozen years since, notwithstanding all that prisons and poor-houses, police magistrates and ministers could do, the streets of Edinburgh, for instance, swarmed with beggar boys and beggar girls. Now we have none." We have dwelt on this point so long as to be unable to discuss any of the other questions brought before the notice of the Congress. It is however by far the most important as far as practical Ragged School work is concerned.

The gathering altogether may be regarded as pleasing evidence of a very strong desire to ameliorate the condition of all who are hard pressed in the struggle for life. Once the poor and the miserable could march by themselves, unheeded, to the grave, and no voice would have been raised in their behalf, and no hand outstretched to alleviate their distress. There is no more encouraging sign of the times than the intercommunication of feeling that now takes place between the different classes. The higher classes no longer despise the low; the low do not now scowl defiance at the high. Mutual obligation, and the oneness of all parts of the social system, seem now to be more generally realized, and we hope the time will ultimately come when the Social Science Association will, by accomplishing all its objects, render its existence no longer necessary.

Correspondence.

ORIGIN OF RAGGED SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of the Ragged School Union Magazine.

Sir,—With the exception of the note at the foot of page 243, I have read the article on "The Origin of Ragged Schools," in this month's number of the Magazine, with great pleasure. It has renewed reminiscences of sixty years ago, for well do I recollect the Kent Street and Mint Schools.

With reference to the note, I think it my duty to say that the Agar Town Ragged School owes its origin to my valued friend Mr. Gent, the Secretary of the Union. In a letter he wrote to the then minister of Tonbridge Chapel, in the Euston Road, he referred to the locality, and mentioned a building which might be obtained. That letter was shown to me, but beyond making myself answerable for the rent for a given time, in order that the trial of a school might be made, I had nothing further to do with it for some few weeks. After that I certainly had the privilege of co-operating with others in the erection of the present school-house, and have still so, of being connected with those who are zealously labouring there in the good cause.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. R. Burchett.

14*th November*, 1860.

St. John's, Upper Holloway, Nov. 14th, 1860.

Sir,—In your article on "The Origin of Ragged Schools," in the "Ragged School Union Magazine" for this month, the names of Robert Raikes and Joseph Lancaster are mentioned as founders of Ragged Schools. I do not for one moment doubt that they were the first who actually opened schools for ragged scholars. The idea, however, of such schools was propounded still earlier, by "the pious Robert Nelson," the well-known author of the "Companion for the Festivals and Fasts of the Church of England." In the memoirs of his life and times, by the Rev. C. F. Secretan, M.A., there is the following proposition of Nelson for the education of "*blackguard boys*":—

"Whereas the charity schools erected in the several parts of this kingdom have abundantly improved the morals of poor children educated in them, to the honour of God and the benefit of the nation. And whereas the children commonly called blackguard boys, are destitute of all manner of provision for instruction, tending either to the good of their souls or bodies, so that they are not only a scandal to the country they live in, but a disgrace to human nature. And whereas a school might be formed under such regulations as would make them more useful in their little stations, as well as less wicked and profane, we whose names are underwritten, do hereby agree to pay towards setting up of a charity school, in such place as shall be thought most proper for teaching the blackguard boys to read, and instructing them in the knowledge and practice of the Christian religion, as professed and taught in the Church of England, and such other things as are suitable to their condition and capacity." An estimate follows of the charge of supporting a "charity school for blackguard boys," who were to be clothed as well as taught, and "if the subscriptions will amount to so much, a halfpenny loaf of bread may be allowed to each boy at noon that comes to school seasonably in the morning."

Nelson died in 1714. Robert Raikes and Joseph Lancaster founded their schools, the one in Gloucester, in the year 1783, and the other in Southwark, in the year 1797. Is it not then probable that the first idea of such schools emanated from Robert Nelson?

I am, Sir, yours truly,

H. S. Bramah.

Poetry.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY THE HONOURABLE R. SPENCER.

Be merry all, be merry all,
With holly dress the festive hall;
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball,
To welcome merry Christmas.

And, oh! remember, gentles, gay,
For you who bask in fortune's ray,
The year is all a holiday,
The poor have only Christmas.

When you, with velvets mantled o'er,
Defy December's tempests roar,
Oh! spare one garment from your store,
To clothe the poor at Christmas.

From blazing loads of fuel, while
Your homes with in-door summer smile,
Oh! spare one fagot from the pile,
To warm the poor at Christmas.

When you the costly banquet deal
To guests who never famine feel,
Oh! spare one morsel from your meal,
To feed the poor at Christmas.

When gen'rous wine your care controls
And gives new joy to hopeless souls,
Oh! spare one goblet from your bowls,
To cheer the poor at Christmas.

So shall each note of mirth appear
More sweet to Heav'n than praise or prayer,
And angels in their carols there
Shall bless the rich at Christmas.

Notices of Meetings.

BELL ALLEY.

THE third annual meeting took place at Albion Hall, London-wall, the chair being occupied by Warren Stormes Hale, Esq., Alderman of Coleman-street Ward. The chairman, in opening the business, congratulated the promoters of the Ragged School movement, and eulogised the teachers on their success, through which there had been a great diminution of crime. The report, which on the motion of the Rev. Hugh Allen, seconded by Mr. Judge Payne, was unanimously adopted, showed that the schools were favourably progressing. They were attended chiefly by children residing in the neighbourhood, many of whom had previously attended no other school. In the depth of winter the attendance was far greater than in the summer. The report expressed a wish for the establishment of public playgrounds. Many independent shoe-blacks attended the schools, many of whom had been induced to abstain from Sunday trading. During the winter soup and other relief had been distributed, and a mothers' meeting had been established. The Grocers' Company had contributed £20, the Goldsmiths' £10, the Drapers' £10 10s., and the Bank of England £10 10s. The report paid a tribute of respect to the late Rev. A. Fletcher, one of the earliest promoters. The total receipts had been £187 9s. 3d., while the expenditure had exceeded it by £11 18s. 9d., which amount was due to the treasurer. Mr. Sheriff Lusk moved a resolution expressing thankfulness to God for success, and pledging the meeting to aid the committee. In the course of his address he adverted to the great amount of ignorance which existed, and how much work, in an educational point of view, was therefore required to be done. A man required a considerable amount of education before he understood how ignorant he was. He was glad to have had the privilege of coming to that meeting, although he did not feel that he could do much by his own advocacy; but if the situation in which his fellow-citizens had placed him would enable him to be of any service to Ragged Schools, his humble efforts should be at their command. Referring to the criminal cases at the Old Bailey, he said he believed most of them were attributable to ignorance. He believed much good would result from right education, and was assured great benefits had resulted from Ragged Schools. He agreed with what the noble Premier had recently said, that much had been done for the benefit of the bodies of men, but little for their minds. He hoped the movement would go on and prosper, and concluded by urging the meeting to aid the committee, and those who had the means he urged should give some of their money to help them on. Resolutions according thanks to the teachers, and electing the committee, &c., were carried, concluding with thanks to the chairman, which closed the interesting proceedings.

SOMERS TOWN.

ON October 23rd, a most interesting meeting was held in the Mission-room, Weston-street, Somers-town, in connection with the Ragged School of Smith's-place. Smith's-place is situated in one of the most degraded parts of Somers Town, in which a Ragged School has been carried on for the last four years, in a loft over a stable. It is entirely unsectarian and unconnected with any Christian church. The teachers' efforts have been, and are much impeded by the unsuitableness of the building in which they meet. Strong efforts are being made by the teachers to raise about £200 for a new building, to which the Christian public are requested to contribute. The teachers will be most happy to receive a visit or help, either as teachers or contributors, from any one disposed to engage in so good a work.

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